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The Haverfordian

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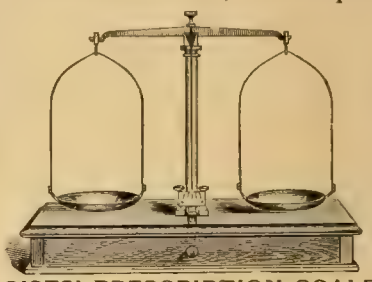

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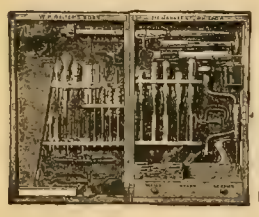

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

THE renewed efforts of the Managers to make the course of work as comprehensive as possible, ought not to pass unnoticed. He must indeed be blind to change who has attended Haverford, three, two, or even one year, without feeling that there is a power behind, somewhere, constantly lifting it higher and higher. The graduate goes from its walls better prepared for service in life than he did five years ago. The Senior can see that he has done more work than he expected on entering, without really noticing it, and the Freshman concludes that he is unable to pass the entrance examination on "flowery beds of ease." It would seem that in many of our American Colleges base-ball and foot-ball are the only things that are not optional. When our fathers founded Harvard their first thought was to educate their sons, and those educated sons were ready to sound the key-note in all our early struggles. Haverford is pre-eminently a college founded on principle. There was a reason for its being built, and the result of every year is a tribute to its founders that they built both wisely and well. It is in the same spirit and for the same reason that the managers are laboring to elevate and improve. *We* never hear of a fellow entering here on a "base-ball" or a "cricket course," at the same time we believe, as the record of our work and games will show, that to train the mental powers successfully the physical must be trained at the same time, and also to cultivate the physical man truly, you must educate (e-duco) his mental, moral, and spiritual faculties in as high a degree as possible.

THE Haverfordian was first issued five years ago, and has ever since continued as our college paper in its original form, and while it has had its ups and downs in literary merit, it has maintained throughout its external appearance the same. Much honor is due the few who planned and supported it in its early days and gave us such a good model to work on. Originating is worthy of far more praise than than mere copying, and we feel pleasure in saying that it was started on a good basis. But, as editors, we have not fulfilled our duty if we only try to keep it on a par with its original edition, our aim ought always be to improve. We want to send out a paper that will be satisfactory to the college and at the same time be entertaining to outside readers, and if we fail of this it is time for our paper to stop. We have long been cognizant of the fact that the Haverfordian,

while its aim has been high, has not in fact possessed enough of interest to Alumni, and occasionally it has presented a dry field of stubble to the home reaper and gleaner of interesting news. Any one who has held the position of editor of a college paper knows instinctivly how many disadvantages there are to be overcome before anything like an ideal can be reached, and we do not hesitate to say that our editors have labored assiduously to please all. With the past before us we conclude that the time has come for somewhat of a change. We have entered upon a year, which promises great success, and as the college rises, its organ should leave its Chinese shoes and expand with it. It is our determination to withold no effort to make it meet the demands of its readers. We want it in such a condition that it will not have to be forced on subscribers, but will be sought after; so that it will be taken, not on account of interest in the college, but because it is worth taking and on account of interest in *it*. We believe the present size will be more convenient and its appearance more attractive than the old. It has been increased from sixteen pages to twenty-four, and it is our intention to put in articles, not for the sake of filling up space, but to interest. Its corps of editors has been increased by the election of two new ones from the Loganian Society, making it possible for more and better work to be accomplished. In closing we would add that owing to various reasons, we have labored under many disadvantages in preparing our first issue and we hope that if its imperfections appear prominent it will not be taken as a representative number for the year. If we could be judged by our intentions and desires we should feel confidant of the favor of all.

CHANGE! Change!! Change!!! How much Haverford has improved during the past four years! The alterations made to ensure increased benefits to the student have been numerous. A brief sketch of this subject may not be void of interest to some of the Alumni who have not had the good fortune to visit Haverford recently, and see for themselves the improvements. Perhaps one of the most important additions is to the observatory. A new building, about equal in size to the old one, has been erected, and in it placed a refracting equatorial telescope of ten inches aperture, by Clark. Thus students have even more extensive resources for the study of astronomy than heretofore.

In the gymnasium, also, we find a great change. Most of the old machines for exercise have been removed and others better fitted have been instituted. Indeed, except from the shape of the room, one would scarcely take it to be the same. Above this room is the laboratory which has been enlarged and made more convenient. Haverford means to keep up with the requirements of the times, for this is the second important change made here recently.

And now to more literary fields. In the library and Alumni Hall, one need but take a glance to see how much kind friends have done in memory of their college days. The manuscript cases will need enlarging if donations continue to be made so rapidly. As you go from the library to Alumni Hall you see over the rostrum a portrait of ex-president Gummere, and to the right and left of the doorway those of Daniel B. Smith, Father of Haverford, and Prof. Pliny E. Chase. It seems fitting that the present students, and those to come, should have a true likeness of the men who have given their lives to this work, the high calling.

From the library to the old meeting-house where so many students have sat, some mindful of the object for which they met; others, more thoughtless, using their knives on the benches thinking thus to leave a lasting memorial. But alas! Change has

been here also. The "jack-knife's carved initial" is gone, and in place of the seats on which our fathers sat are new ones with comfortable backs and good cushions.

And now to the dining-room. But where is it? Useless for the old student to go down stairs to find it. It is gone from there and we are pointed to the "old collecting room." This, enlarged by including the former office, is where the students meet so often. Four colored men instead of two are there, but we look in vain for "Judge." He too has departed.

Thus change after change is made. But one thing remains the same. No, not the same for the lawn has become more beautiful. It is the great Workman that has done it. May the day be far distant when this kind of improvement shall cease at Haverford.

THE opening of a new college year is an event of considerable importance to us all. We leave our homes and friends and, with fresh remembrances of our long and pleasant vacation, return to our work. We notice changes, every class has moved forward, and we look in vain for many familiar faces. '84 is no longer among us, but we extend a hearty welcome to '88 and trust that as, step by step they ascend the ladder which they are now just beginning to climb, they will become more and more attached to their work and their college and perform all their duties in Haverford's traditional manner.

In the face of the new year all of us are, naturally, thinking of what that year ought to result in. Each one, we doubt not, expects to make it tell, in his intellectual progress, and looks forward to a successful course. In how many ways ought we to exert ourselves! Leaving the subject of individual work in our studies and our college duties, we may turn our attention to those matters which, while they depend, in a great measure upon individual work for their success, yet pertain to a body of students collectively. Naturally we first think of our societies and society work. We do not wish to be continually harping on the well worn theme, of the good that our societies do us, but, inasmuch as each member of a society desires the well-being of that society, it behooves us all to perform all our society work, however distasteful and laborious, cheerfully and to the best of our ability. To pass from this. There are matters which concern the whole college, not merely a part. We look forward to the near approaching foot-ball season and all hope sincerely, that in all matches in which either the class teams or the college team may take part, Haverford may make a good showing. We do not wish to thrust this matter unduly forward, esteeming it as we do decidedly secondary to all matters concerning our intellectual developements, but we consider it the duty of all students to show themselves, from time to time, upon the foot-ball ground and, while enjoying for themselves the hearty and vigorous exercise, help as best they can in giving the team good practice. To perform our duties rightly we must have health, and to the preservation of health nothing is more needful than exercise. We venture to add that good, active work on the foot-ball field is worth vastly more than any amount of dull, automatic gymnasium exercise. We want to see all interested in this subject, but would not have anyone get so enthusiastic over it as to neglect his higher duties.

Let us first seek to do our duty fully in our studies, and in all things "*quae ad humanitatem pertinent*," and then see that we are not unmindful of the less important duties.

This much for our look into the future. We trust we have not tried to give too much advice, and hope that what there is worthy of being followed, in what we have said, will be carried out and that whatever is worthless will be pardoned.

NO one who has been here a year or more can fail to notice the great improvements in the grounds and buildings. It is a marked feature of Haverford that its grounds are kept in such excellent order, and this is, and should be, a great source of gratification to us all. It always seems that when some improvement is needed it is made practicable by the liberality of some one of the managers or other friends of the college. We refer especially to the great change which was made in the appearance of Maple avenue, especially at the lower end, at the close of the last college year. The road has been vastly improved itself, and instead of the tumble-down gate-posts that formerly stood at the entrance on the turnpike, elegant posts of massive granite have been built, with the name of the college engraved on either side, and the dates 1833—1883 on the side fronting the turnpike. Continually we notice some such change as this, although all are not on so large a scale, and our grounds are growing more beautiful constantly.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE Haverford student has been anxiously watching for the last five years to hear when Bryn Mawr College would open its course for young ladies—for this reason, of course, that they felt hardly right to be monopolizing so many blessings of education, while the sex which have the same faculties to expand and being capable of the same expansion, were deprived of such privileges.

But at last the time is fixed, and everything will be in readiness for the college work to begin a year from this autumn. Were we not so well provided for in every way, we might well be envious of all the advantages which it will present to its students. Its buildings are among the finest that any similar institution can boast of. Taylor Hall, a magnificent granite building, will contain all the class-rooms, the library, and a nicely finished and commodious hall. Merion Hall, also of granite, is prepared with all the conveniences to make it a comfortable and pleasant home. A third building of brick is the gymnasium, which will be well fitted with suitable apparatus. It has been truly said that buildings do not make a college, and that one of the greatest teachers of mankind taught in a grove; but Bryn Mawr College is especially fortunate in this respect also, for it will count among its faculty some of our best educators. It is only necessary to name at present its President, Dr. James Rhoades, and its Dean, Minnie Thomas, Ph.D. This college with Haverford is capable in the succession of years of wielding a power with which that of our arsenals is a feeble comparison.

Haverford College Grammar School is another educational institution which promises to be a valuable addition to the community. Its prosperous opening fortells a brilliant future, and it is destined to play a very important part in preparing students for college, especially for Haverford. Prof. Isaac Sharpless will act as Principal until the appointment of a permanent head master. Walter F. Price and Charles S. Crosman, both specially fitted for this kind of work, are the teachers. Instruction is also given by Profs. Pliny E. Chase and Thomas Newlin. The school at present is being carried on in a building lately erected near Haverford College station, but it is intended soon to erect a new and commodious building on our grounds.

One of the committee of *Friends' Boarding School* has presented the school with a fine oil painting of John G. Whittier, which will be publicly unveiled on the 24th of next month. The work is being done by the finest portrait painter of Boston, and will without doubt be an exact likeness of the poet. Engravings of the famous American poets will be grouped around the painting at the unveiling, and it is thought that both Whittier and Holmes will be present. The address will be delivered by President Thomas Chase. It is especially fortunate that such an event should occur while the acts and words of appreciation and worthy praise can be seen and heard by the poet himself.

ON AND OFF THE LANCASTER PIKE.

THE beginner on the wheel, struggling daily with a "donkey" machine in the Philadelphia riding-school, hears a great deal of the Lancaster pike. He is not noisy nor peculiarly exhilarant, but he listens meekly to the tales and anecdotes of the road, as he gazes sadly over the handles of his wheel; for, if there is a possibility of a thoroughly unconceited person, he is one who can just *almost* ride, and can truthfully tell his friends that he has got his average down to so many "headers" an hour. Consequently he feels a great deal of pride and soreness after he has taken his first ride to Ardmore, or Bryn Mawr. But beyond learning the names of a few stations on the road, or noticing that the grade is principally up-hill, he neither knows, nor seeks to learn, anything of the interesting and historic country through which he rides. When he struggles with the hill just beyond Haverford he has not the consolation of knowing that the grade was recognized long before him, when the Welsh settlers called it Bryn Mawr, their name for big hill. As he glides through Ardmore, he is oblivious of the fact that it was christened Athens, degenerated into Athensville, when a rich inhabitant renamed it Ardmore, after his birthplace in Ireland. The pike has no pleasant features for wheelmen until it leaves the city limits. As a roughly paved street, filled with car-tracks, it passes through an unattractive part of the town. The experienced wheelman prefers to follow the outskirts of the park, along Girard Avenue, passing the Memorial Building, —that monument intended to preserve the last memories of the centennial. But unfortunately, the centennial must look elsewhere for memorials, for the building constructed so quickly is not occupying much more time in falling to pieces. Even the statue on its dome has been unexpectedly lengthened by an iron shaft sticking through its top, producing a novel and somewhat puzzling appearance. But however, a few relics still linger. The gaudy booths and museums, where California grape-vines and third-rate minstrel shows once held forth, are now deserted and dilapidated, but as yet not torn down, standing in neighboring streets. There was talk at one time of converting the site of the "main building" into a parade-ground for bicycles; but it is to be feared that this rumor has been stifled or has died away naturally. It is strange how quickly and thoroughly the traces of an American building even of this size, can be wiped out.

In 1738 a survey was made of the old Lancaster or Conestoga pike, but not until 1792 was a turnpike company incorporated. So great was the desire for stock, that the crowds around the company's doors drew lots as to who should invest their money. In 1794 the pike was completed, at a cost of $465,000, or $7,516 per mile,—a great deal of money and an enormous undertaking at the time.

It was the first turnpike road constructed in America, and, although followed by many others, it was excelled by none. The system of turnpikes rapidly grew after the completion of this enterprise, which was subsequently extended to Pittsburg, into Ohio, and also through New Jersey, forming a continuous road for over four hundred miles. A large number of similar roads radiating from these soon followed, through the State, traversing it in every direction.

Previous to their loss of trade, they presented a noisy and busy scene; for it is said that there was almost an unbroken procession of Cones-

toga wagons on the roads, each drawn by six horses, and many teams having a row of bells over the collar of each animal. As a matter of course the wagoners became a prominent feature, for they were a jolly, rollicking set of fellows; even when their occupation began to go, they consoled themselves with a song, a verse of which alone remains:—

"Oh! it's once I made money by driving my team,
But now all is hauled on the railroad by steam;
May the devil catch the man that invented the plan!
For it's ruined us poor wagoners, and every other man."

The "every other man" referred to was probably the innkeeper; and the railroad did, at the outset, entail a serious loss to them, while upsetting this slow but picturesque mode of travel.

"The importance of these old roadside taverns in the days of Conestoga wagons and Troy coaches, cannot be realized by the travellers of the present age. Then they were temporary homes for all kinds and classes of people, and consequently their name, their merits, their proprietors, and their surroundings were discussed far and wide. It was not an uncommon thing to meet, among the keepers of these hotels, individuals who knew, more or less intimately, all the dignitaries of the nation, and could detail by the hour anecdotes of them in connection with their travels and sojourns. But all this is changed by improvements which render travel by night as comfortable as by day, and necessitate no stoppages until destination is reached, whether that be a hundred or a thousand miles away."

But not only were there inns for chance travellers, but, in certain favored spots, hotels, famous as summer resorts flourished, now only open on the occasion of chance fairs from neighboring country churches. One of the best known of these was at Whitehall, just back of Bryn Mawr. For some occult reason it called down upon itself the wrath of an enterprising individual who was "doing" the country, seeking material for a guide-book. His language, supposed to be an off-hand result of an imaginary conversation between a traveller and a guide, runs somewhat as follows: "It is a fine hotel, much resorted to by Philadelphians; why, we cannot tell. Pure air? Fudge! Talk of pure air in a clay-flat like this! As well talk of raising potatoes in a snow-bank! Go to the mountains for pure air,—go to Pottsville,—or go with us to the cloud-capped summits of the Allegheny, and you shall taste pure air, fresh from heaven."

The eastern terminus of the pike is found where the Centennial Bank now stands in West Philadelphia, at the corner of 32d and Market, opposite the old Pennsylvania depot and the building now erected for the electrical exhibition. The bank replaces a curious shaped, hip-roofed dwelling, the oldest for miles around, commonly called "The Mansion." Originally it was a farm-house; afterwards it became famous as a hostelry until time and improvements wiped it out. The old "Conestoga" wagon, with its curved sides, its enormous wheels and tent-like top then was a familiar sight, rolling to and fro to Philadelphia or Lancaster. At the famous old "Buck Tavern" near Haverford, under the care of Jonathan Miller, whom tradition says was a typical specimen of an old-time innkeeper, many gay parties of young colonials were accustomed to stop. But now the traveller settles back in a palatial car, and is whirled past to Bryn Mawr or Devon, while the stage-coaches and their merry loads are forgotten, and the Conestoga wagon long since disappeared. Indeed I believe the only place they are found in use in the East is in Wilmington, Delaware, where their size and stability of motion make them useful in carrying powder for the Dupont mills.

This region was settled by Welsh or Cymric Quakers who had purchased the land from Penn. The prominent characteristics of this sturdy, religious people are their regard for family history and associations, love for old customs, and persistent and praiseworthy adherence to their beliefs. Their ancestors were the people whom Cæsar, in his invasion of Britain, found so brave and so ready to fight for their rude homes, and who, in after years, before the Norman conquerors, unwilling to be subdued, had retreated to the wild mountainous lands of Northern Wales.

They rejoiced in such names as Juns Justafs, Oele Coe Koe, Muns Junsen, Lace Mortense, Laers Boen. In the list of tydable or taxable

persons occurs the name of "James Sandering & slaue." I puzzled for a long time what a "slaue" was or is, or why it was taxable, until it suddenly flashed over me that it was one way of spelling slave.

The shrewdness and quaintness in their writings, together with the formal style then in vogue, was the cause of much curious and unconscious humor. There is a letter from Edward Jones to his friend John ap Thomas which is especially entertaining, not only for the information it contains, but for its old-fashioned phraseology and its perpetual repetitions.

This is the address:—

"These ffor his much esteemed friend John ap Thomas of Llaithgrom near Bala in Merionethshire, North Wales, to be left with Jo Boulten att the Boult and tun in humber street, London and from thence to William sky Butcher in Oswegtrie, to be sent as directed and via London—with speed."

The letter runs as follows:—

"My endeared fr'd & brother my heart dearly salutes thee, in a measure of ye everlasting truth, dear fr'd hoping that thes few lines may find thee in health or no worster yn I left thee. This shall lett thee know that we have been aboard eleaven weeks before we made the land (it was not for want of art but contrary winds) and one we were in coming to Upland, ye town is to be buylded 15 or 16 miles up yeri ver. And in all this time we wanted neither meate, drink nor water, several hogsheads of water run out. Our ordinary allowance of beer was 3 pints a day for each whole head and a quart of water; 3 biskedd a day & some times more. . . . Butter and cheese eats well upon ye sea. Ye remainder of our cheese & butter is little or no worster; butter & cheese is at 6d per lb. here if not more. We have oat meale to spare, but it is well yet we have it, fore here is little or no corn till they begin to sow their corn, they have plenty of it. The passengers are all living, save one child, yt died of a surfeit. Let no frds tell that they are either too old or too young, for the Lord is sufficient to preserve both to the uttermost. Here is an old man about 80 years of age; he is rather better yn when he sett out, likewise here are young babes doing very well considering sea diet. . . . . Ye master would faine be pd for 13 or 14 hogsheads yt run out byye way but we did not, and about 3 quarters of Tuns of Coales wep'd for: we laid in 3 Tun of Coales and yields no profit here. . . . We had much adoe to get a grant but it costus 4 or 5 days attendance besides some score of miles we traveled before we brought it to pass. I hope it will please thee and the rest yt are concerned, for it hath most rare timber,

A BIT NEAR HAVERFORD.

I have not seen the like in all these parts, there is water enough besides. The end of each lots will be on a river as large or larger than the Dye at Bala, it is called Skool Kill River. . . . The people generally are Swedes which are not very well acquainted. We are amongst the English which sent us both venison and milk, & the Indians brought venison to our door for six pense ye quarter. As for ye land we look upon it as a good & fat soyl generally producing twenty, thirty & fourty fold. . . . good large shoes are dear; lead in small bars vendible but guns are cheap enough. . . . They plow, but bungerly & yet they have some

good stone. They use both hookes and sickles to reap with. Time will not permit me to write much more for we are not settled. I [send] my dear love & my wife's unto thy selfe and thy dear wife and the rest of my dear friends, H. Ro.; Rich P. Evan Seese; J. ap E. Elizabeth Williams; E. & J. Edd; Ganior R.; Ro On.; and the rest of fr'ds as if named.

"I remaine thy lo' friend & Bro whl I am Edd Jones.

"My wife desires thee to buy her one Iron Kettle 3s. or 3s 6d.; 2 paire shoes for Maria, and one paire for Jonathan, let them be strong and large: be sure and put all ye goods in cases, if they be dry they keep well, otherwise they will get damp and mouldy. This is ye 2nd letter, Skool Kill Rive ye 26th of ye 6 mo., 1682."

What an amount there is of strangeness and incongruity in the different subjects grouped together, and what a scene can be brought up in the imagination at the the thought of the master who would fain force them to pay for the hogshead that ran out by the way, with the laconic conclusion, "but we did not"! But there is not a word in the letter of the beauty of the country, of his impressions of the settlers, or descriptions of the then unknown Indians. There seems to have been a disproportion between the amount of drink, three pints of beer and a quart of water, and the quantity of food, three biscuits, unless the water was used for cooking purposes, or the "biskedds" were more like modern loaves of bread. A glimpse that tells volumes of their thrift is seen when he speaks of wishing a kettle, 3s., or 3s. 6d. Bala, where this letter was sent, was one of the most beautiful regions in Wales, and perhaps would be interesting to wheelmen, for Lord Lyttleton said he saw there the prettiest girls he ever beheld.

The writer of this letter lived at Wynnewood for many years. He was a nephew of Wynne, the first physician in Pennsylvania, or, as he styled himself, "Practitioner in Physick." The rectangular form of the streets of his native town may have had something to do with the form of Philadelphian streets; indeed, Penn named one of the principal thoroughfares after him, but times changed, and Wynne street became Chestnut street.

The pike is practically used by Quaker City wheelmen only about as far as Paoli, twenty miles out. To one to whom Paoli is an historic name it is a somewhat disappointing place. The wheelman must be on the alert or he may ride through it and never notice the difference. The announcement at the Broad-street station of "Trains for Paoli and intermediate points," may cause one to expect a place of some activity or importance; but he will be disappointed, for Paoli is an inn, and not much else. Its curious Italian name is derived from the Corsican commander who rebelled against the rule of the Genoese. It was not far from here that the notorious butchery, known in history as the "Paoli massacre," took place. In the early part of Revolution, Lord Howe, with a much superior force, had hemmed in General Wayne at this point, and, by sending the fortieth and fifty-fifth regiments up the Lancaster pike to the Paoli tavern, succeeded in cutting off the east avenue of escape. "The rest of the enemy, under General Grey, guided by Tory spies, drew as near as possible to the camp of Wayne without betraying themselves. From here, Grey crept cautiously through the woods and down the ravine, near the present Malvern station. Through some treachery, the watchword of the Americans for the night, 'Here we are, and there they go,' was communicated to the enemy. The outlying pickets, deceived by the countersign, had been quietly bayonetted, but their absence was noticed by the patrolling officer, whose suspicions were aroused, and he hastened to head-quarters. The troops were aroused by the cry, 'Up men; the British are on you!' It was a dark night, made still blacker by the surrounding woodlands. The troops under Wayne fought with great bravery, but they were outnumbered by the enemy and gradually forced to retreat. General Grey had received from Tories accurate accounts of the strength and position of the Americans, which enabled him to secure victory; he knew exactly where to begin the attack, while Wayne was forced to move from conjecture. In emulation of an incident in the German war, Grey ordered his men to remove the flint from their guns

that not a single shot should be fired, and thus gained the sobriquet of 'No-flint General.' The attack was made in a most merciless and ferocious spirit, ending in a wholesale butchery. One officer, writing afterwards to a friend, said: 'Without saying a word, the whole battalion dashed into the woods, and, guided by the straggling fire of the picket that followed close up, we entered the camp and gave a cheer that made the woods echo. The enemy were completely surprised; some with arms, others without, running in all directions in the greatest confusion. The light infantry bayonetted every man they met. The camp was set on fire, and this, with the cries of the wounded, formed altogether one of the most dreadful scenes I ever beheld.' Even the wounded and sick were not spared, and many were killed after resistance on their part had ceased. A Hessian sergeant, boasting of the exploits of the night, exclaimed: 'I stuck them myself like so many pigs, one after another, until the blood ran out of the touch-hole of my musket.' The country people next day visited the place, and alleviated, as far as possible, the sufferings of the wounded. It rained; and, to assuage their thirst, the water was caught in leaves and hats and given to the men. Fifty-three mangled bodies were decently interred in one grave, adjacent to the scene, now marked by a monument,"

The stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is the son, one might say, of the Lancaster pike, are all pretty edifices, showing by their flower-beds and brightly colored buildings that sooty surroundings and disagreeable odors are not necessarily a part of the experience of railroad travel. But certain belated travellers learn to their dismay that the architects of some of them probably did not entertain the possibility of a person ever being in a hurry.

Meiriawn, Meyreon, or Merion, now a station, was an old Welsh king, filling somewhat the same position to the Welsh that King Arthur held to the English, existing about the same period of romance and chivalry. His possessions constituted what now is Merionethshire, a northern county of Wales.—"eth" being added to a man's name, in those days, to denote his possessions.

Berwyn is the name of a Welsh mountain range, as Radnor is of a Welsh town. Haverford, meaning the "ford at the confluence," and taken from Haverford West, also in Wales, perpetuates another Cymric name in America.

Three colleges are situated on or near the pike, entirely different intheir aims and beliefs. One is Catholic, another Quaker, and the third a woman's college, as yet unopened. The college of St. Thomas, at Villa Nova, was established forty years ago, for the education of young men for the priesthood. In its buildings there are strong traces of that style of architecture so peculiar to Catholic institutions. A most laughable incident occurred on the road just in front of this place a short time ago; a party of wheelmen, rolling along the pike, were singing, and one silent member, violently waving his arm, was supposed to be beating time. In the distance they noticed, with surprise, two young ladies dismounting from their carriage and standing by the road-side. Riding up alongside of the sleepy horse, all unconscious of their presence, one, more gallant than the rest, dismounted, and, after asking them if he could be of any assistance, the spokeswoman said: "Well, we didn't know, but we thought you wanted us to get out." On being assured to the contrary, to end a somewhat painful pause, she said, with feminine ingenuity, glancing at her sleepy horse, "I guess it was just as well, for our horse *is* afraid of bicycles."

Taylor College for women at Bryn Mawr is the result of a gift of $800,000 from a Quaker gentleman for whom it was named. It is composed of a group of imposing buildings, charmingly situated and with elaborately finished interiors, and it bids fair to do a noble work. The Dean of the college is Miss Mary Thomas, who was graduated at Cornell, and afterwards at Zurich, being the first lady who received the itle of Ph. D. from a European University. Her career, so far, has been an example of the yet unknown capability of women, and is another convincing proof of the intellectual equality at least of the two sexes.

Haverford College, established in 1833, stands very high as an educational institution. It possesses beautiful buildings, and among its faculty are men famous in the branches of litera-

ture and study. It has the option either of sending its graduates to the graduating class at Harvard without examination, or to the post-graduate course. Its grounds, composed of green lawns, winding avenues, and beautiful surroundings, have the reputation of being the handsomest in this region, where wealth and nature have made everything lovely.

The American Society for the Advancement of Science met on its grounds in the fall, bringing scientists from all over the United States and Great Britain. Its president, Thomas Chase, the editor of many of the classic writers, was one of the American committee for the revision of the New Testament, while his brother, Prof. Pliny E. Chase, is known through his works to every scholar in the civilized world. The astronomical observations taken here are the authority for those of the New York *Tribune*, and the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

A mile and a half back of the Wayne toll-gate is one of the most interesting and historic places in this region. It is a little stone church, charmingly situated, and built, as a rude, white stone in the wall informs us, in 1715. "Old St. David's, at Radnor," dates back to the earliest struggles of the colonists, and bears many signs of colonial Pennsylvanian architecture and solidity. Situated on a hill-side, in the midst of trees, and surrounded by defaced weather-beaten graves, it slumbers in a refreshing repose, unmindful of the bustle of the busy world around it.

We obtained the keys of the church from the pastor's house across the road, from a laborer who said he had never been inside the church but once. We unlocked the large iron gate, almost the only break in a mossy, massive stone wall, and passing through an archway of branching limbs, we entered the church.

Tradition reports that William Miller, the name on the gravestone serving for an entrance, was a famous Tory, and that in having his grave thus weekly trampled upon, received but a just and righteous retribution. Other accounts, conflicting with this, say this was considered a post of honor in olden times, and was given to him at his own request. The interior has been much changed, but not improved, by modern iconoclasts; the old pulpit, with its scarlet trimmings, has given way to a smart-looking piece of furniture fresh from the upholsterer's. As we groped around the church in the dark, for the windows were tightly shuttered, it seemed as though we were moving among the relics of the past, and that the old church, with its reminiscences and memories, had been shut in for a century from the world, and we were the first to enter its time-honored walls. Filled by some such feeling as this, entering a pew, reverently we lifted a prayer-book from the rack, perhaps expecting to read a long-forgotten name on the title-page,—a name perchance that had mildewed and become obliterated on some stone in the yard without; but our wandering fancies were suddenly put to flight, for in bright gold letters on the fresh-looking cover, we saw the name of one of Philadelphia's foremost men,—a man who knew and entertained the celebrities of to-day, and whose handsome villa was but a short distance off,—Mr. George W. Childs.

[To be Continued.]

WHITTIER.

Whittier thy soul was tuned by God,
To s rike the chord for Human right,
And from the fire within thy breast
Thou robed thy words with living light,
Which scattered darkness and brought peaceful rest.
From the cloudless mountain peak
To which Eternal Truth had raised thy ken,
Thou didst behold aright and speak
The unchanging ways of God to men.
Thy "Thus saith the Lord" we need to-day,
From pen inspired with love and hope
To lead us from our selfish way,
Out of the dark in which we grope.

THE LAWN PARTY.

ONE week before the opening of the Autumn term, our beautiful college park was the scene of the pleasantest of the festivities which were enjoyed, through the liberality of the Philadelphians, by the foreign and American scientists attending the meeting of the American Association. The college authorities had desired to offer some mark of respect to these distinguished visitors, and ac-

ceded with great pleasure to the request of the ladies' committee that our grounds should be used for this grand reception. Great credit is due to these ladies for the excellence of all the arrangements for the occasion, particularly to their indefatigable and judicious chief, Mrs. J. Dundas Lippincott.

From 5 o'clock in the afternoon till 9 o'clock, the grounds and buildings were thronged by a most interesting company of gentlemen and ladies from the British isles and Canada, various countries on the continent of Europe, Japan, and the United States. Many of the guests spoke with pleasure of the informality of the occasion, and the entire ease and freedom which they felt; and all pronounced the green turf and verdant shade, the pure country air, and the comfortable temperature, a most welcome change from the stifling city, where they had been confined during a week of the most oppressive heat which our climate ever inflicts upon us. The beauty of our grounds won universal commendation. "How like the park of an English nobleman!" said a dignitary of the Church of England to Bishop Stevens, as they approached the college. That the students were happy to whom the enjoyment of these scenes is always open, was a frequent remark. The rooms in Barclay Hall were praised for their cosy convenience, pleasant outlook, and tasteful furnishing; the library and alumni hall (from which the benches had been taken and disposed about the grounds), was a favorite resort; and a large number of distinguished scientists visited, with great interest, the observatories and the laboratory.

As dark approached the grounds were illuminated with electric and calcium lights. The effect was particularly beautiful from a distance. Persons walking in the southern portion of the grounds looked across the lawns and through the trees to a brilliantly-lighted scene in front of Founders' Hall, where ladies and gentlemen were seated or moving to-and-fro, engaged in animated conversation, or partaking of refreshments from the well-furnished tables. That very important part of such entertainments, the refreshment of the physical man, had been most liberally provided for by the ladies' committee; and if any of the fifteen hundred people present failed to get food and drink of the best quality to his entire satisfaction it was his own fault.

A number of ladies conspicuous in society in Philadelphia and the vicinity acted as hostesses, and many of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen of the city and region were present, including a number of eminent graduates and friends of the college. The following is a very imperfect list of some of the visitors who came from a greater distance: Sir James and Lady Douglass, of Scotland; Sir Frederick Bramwell, of London; Anna Maria Fox, sister of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick,—the greatest centre of attraction during the whole evening; Captain Bedford Pim, Prof. John C. Adams, of Cambridge, the joint discoverer with Leverrier of the planet Neptune; Dr. Robert S. Hall, Royal Astronomer of Ireland; Prof. Vernon Harcourt, the accomplished professor of chemistry at Christ Church, Oxford, William Penn's College; Dr. Edward B. Tylor, the distinguished anthropologist; Prof. Dewar; several Cambridge dons, among whom one, Prof. Lascelles, was of towering stature; Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, of Bristol College; Father Perry, director of the observatory at Stonyhurst; Prof. Fitzgerald, of Dublin; Sir Erastus Ommany, F.R.S.; Prof. Henrici and Prof. Cruthers, of London; the Bishop of Huron; Canon Carver, Capt. Belford, Dr. Sterry Hunt, Sir G. Vernon Harcourt and Lady Harcourt, Prof. Valentini, of Germany, and several French and Hungarian professors; Mr. Kakighi, of Japan; etc. It would be entirely beyond our limits to give a list of the prominent Americans present, representing all our leading universities and colleges; but it may not be invidious to mention Prof. Asa Gray, of Cambridge, and his accomplished wife; Mrs. A. L. Wister and Mrs. Butler Wister of Germantown; and Mrs. John Bigelow, of New York.

LITERARY.

A PERUSAL of the Book-buyer, and other papers devoted to books, shows what a flood of literature is about to be poured upon the reading world. A great many novels by leading authors are just ready for the press or are ready for circulation.

A notable outcome of the political campaign is the number of books, biographical principally, but also on the leading issues of the contest, that are before the public. Swift pens and quick issue have made political books possible.

We notice also a predominance of the best productions from noted authors, bound in new and pretty forms. The parchment series is worthy of mention.

The student of history will be interested in the "Life of John Kalb," by Friedrich Kapp. Many will be surprised to find that Baron de Kalb was simply John Kalb, without title.

Cushing, of index fame, has just completed a "Dictionary of Initials and Pseudonyms," with all the real names accessible.

Since ninety per cent. of weather predictions turn out to be true while the science of meteorology is still in a crude condition, a work setting forth in handy form the workings of the air and other influences in storms is particularly timely. Such a work is "*Elements of Meteorology*," in two parts, by Pliny Earle Chase, Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College, and Vice President of the American Philosophical Society. It is designed as a text-book for students, and a hand-book for the general reader.

Its authorship decides its merits as being at once practical, accurate and scholarly. We refer the general reader to it as the best source for becoming proficient in prognostications on scientific principles, and yet simple enough to be readily understood by all. The chapters in Part I. on "Weather Sayings," "Solar" and "Lunar Sayings" are exceedingly interesting. We wish the author had told us how many of these are reliable. Part II. is rather encyclopedian in its nature. The work is adopted as a text-book in Physiography by the Faculty at Haverford. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is the first opportunity we have had of noticing "*Over the Border*," by Eliza B. Chase. It is a spicy account of a trip to Acadia, the home of Evangeline.

Tourists and pleasure-seekers in particular, will be interested in this corner of the world, so little visited, and will no doubt plan trips to the same land of romance. Longfellow's masterpiece pictured this quiet country so beautifully as it appeared when the poor Acadians were driven away, homeless, that we were afraid to read any other account of it. But this charming book, with its apt quotations from the pen of the dead poet and fine illustrations by the author, only adds to the charms of a country rich in historical and romantic scenes. Though only issued late in June, the book has already entered its second edition, a sufficient proof of the approval of the public. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

The *Century* has made arrangements for a series of articles, to begin with the November number, under the title of "Battles and Leaders in the Civil War." General Grant will contribute four papers to the series. Beauregard, Rosecrans, Sherman and McClellan have agreed to contribute also. Admiral Porter will describe the passage of the forts below New Orleans, and Rear Admiral Walke will describe the Western Gun-boat service. The series promises to be unusually interesting and instructive, and will give additional value to the leading magazine in America.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the "Outing," the magazine by whose courtesy, we are enabled to reprint the article "On and Off The Lancaster Pike." Every one who is interested in outside sports of every class should subscribe to this magazine, for it covers the entire ground from bicycling and cricket, to photography and tennis, canoeing, lacrossse playing, yachting, everything that exists as a sport, find ample room on its bright readable pages.

LOCALS.

Chestnuts.

"Love 25."

Welcome '88.

"Gentlemen and Mugwumps."

'87 always was an *enterprising* class.

We miss "Puzzle" and his festive birds.

Hall has left, *but a Newhall* has come.

'88 probably has the smallest man that ever entered Haverford.

We learned lately that the peace of Westphalia was concluded by King Aelfred, with the Danes.

Professor to next student: "Name one of the highest articulates." Student: "I should think a Rhizopod."

Aesthetic student in history, describing William the conqueror:

"He was-eh-intense."

St. John has a few supporters here, but we have not heard of any "Widder" Butler or Belva Lockwood men in college.

Professor to Senior in Mental Physiology: "Describe a ganglion." Senior: "It is a bundle of nerve fibres with a terminus at the end."

Haverford has often been spoken of as having an abundance of most beautiful trees, and just now they are certainly beautiful in their Autumn coat.

It wears its hat on the back of its head, at an angle of about 80°, and gives free lessons in tennis playing. Any one naming the same is entitled to possession.

Purdy, '87, was married to Milly Converse on the 7th of October, at Friends' Meeting House, in Palmyra, N. Y. The class of '87 received invitation to the wedding.

"I just called in to see if you had decided what society to join. I hope you will not believe any of the scandalous lies which the other societies have been telling. My society is best."

The initiation of the Freshmen by the class of '87 passed off successfully without exciting any ill feeling; except when he called them "Mugwumps"—that was too much for human nature to stand.

Professor, in Dawn of History: "What did the Cave Dwellers put in front of their tombs to keep the ghosts from coming out?"

Student in the back part of the room: "A barb-wire fence."

The new course bids fair to be deservedly popular. With fairly good equipments, and a remarkably able professor at the head of the department, there seems to be nothing wanting to make it a pleasant and profitable course of study.

The Base Ball Association has received a large accession of members from the two lower classes. As several of the new men are excellent players, it is hoped by the friends of the game that this year will prove the most favorable to the success of our national sport in this college of any in its history.

The practice of some boarding-schools discouraging the sending of good things from home to the students, might possibly find some defence. But when it comes to a college taking away from a student a box containing sixty pounds of laundry soap which was sent to him, it's time for a free man to assert his rights.

A Soudean on seeing ye present unhappie lot of ye Juniors with ye studie, vulgarlie called geologie.

> Down the farfamed pike, they flock;
> Their forms are bent and shaken
> By heavy loads of common rock,
> By many a brick and paving block
> Through error, homeward taken.

A Blaine and Logan Club has been organized in the college with a membership of about seventy-five, and constitution proposed by the State committee adopted. The following are the officers: Rufus M. Jones, Pres.; J. E. Philips, Secretary; W. S. Hillis, Marshall. Executive Committee, R. M. Jones, E. L. Doan, W. S. Hillis, J. Dickinson, Jr., E. K. Barr. Black gowns and mortar-boards is to be the costume of the Club.

PERSONALS.

'80.—Charles Gause has gone to Harvard to spend the year studying.

'85.—Logan Smith has left us and entered Harvard. We wish him the best of success.

'73.—Julius L. Tomlinson, of Winston, N. C., was recently married to Mary Adams, of Wilson, N. C.

'84.—Charles R. Jacob has accepted the position of principal of the Grammar School at Sandwich, Mass.

'81.—Isaac Sutton has come back and joined the class of '85. He has been elected on the editorial staff by the Loganian.

'84.—Gummere gave us a very acceptable call a few days ago. He did not look as though the cold world had used him very badly.

'81.—Walter Price has taken the Post Graduate course at Harvard, and will teach this year in the Haverford College Grammar School.

'78.—Charles S. Crosman has received the degree of L.L.B., and has returned to Haverford to act as teacher in the Haverford College Grammar School.

'82.—George A. Barton was married to Carrie Danforth, of Boston, on the 26th of July. After spending the summer at his old home in Canada, he has returned to Friends' School, Providence, where he acts as bookkeeper, and has care of the religious work in the school.

EXCHANGES.

The Rambler, a copy of which has been sent us, is a "tough" Chicago sheet that lives up to its profession of being bright, sparkling and breezy. Like our exchange, "Progress," it is a journal of men, manners and things; or as "Progress" puts it, "A mirror for all men and women." But it differs from its Eastern contemporary in that it is more sharp, spicy and gossipy in tone, a difference you would expect from observation of the comparative styles of Chicago and Philadelphia journalism. "The Madding Crowd," by "Mundus," a most successful department, and a most attractive feature of the journal, is filled with a very entertaining variety of news, the sharpest criticism and commentaries. There is not a page of reading matter in the present issue that is not interesting, entertaining and instructive. It is plainly evident that a paper so thoroughly up to the times, so outspoken and progressive, will have a large circulation in the literary and society circles.

In a Russian novel, recently published, it is said of two characters that the one is so superior to the other, that their names are not to be mentioned in the same breath. Now when it is remembered that these names were respectively Bldijkstuzlsnuzentz and Rijqtolsamcjimdlquartdlnors, the truth of the author's statement may be easily appreciated.—*Chaff.*

The Philomathean for September has some excellent short articles on interesting subjects. Especially in the matter of editorials is it worthy of praise in that it takes the right side, emphatically, on some of the great questions of the day. But the great trouble with the Philomathean Review is that it is not large enough, and its articles are not long enough. It claims to have the largest circulation of any monthly paper published in Brooklyn, and yet it scarcely ever contains an article two pages in length. Its society, sporting and military departments consume quite a large portion of its space, and are doubtless some of its strong features. But what the paper seems to us to most need is two or three good, solid literary productions written by able, standard authors.

Says one of our exchanges in a recent editorial: "It is too much the tendency of students during the college year to neglect things not connected with school life, and to live as if the college walk shut them off from all interest in the wide world around them. At social gatherings and in their walks the conversations all drift toward school affairs, and in the society debate there is a noticeable lack of information concerning the events which are transpiring in political circles, and in the rushing, practical life of the world." No sounder collegiate wisdom has found its way into the college press for a long while. Let every student examine himself and be convinced that this is the case; especially those of the smaller and more retired colleges. Almost the entire time, thought and attention of the average collegiate is absorbed by his studies and daily routine. And the graduate goes out into the world a very green freshman as far as regards practical knowledge of general affairs. Politics and governmental affairs are often almost wholly disregarded by some students, and some even affect utter contempt for such vulgar things. Society is also neglected, until one hardly knows how to act, and can think of no topic that is of common interest, should he happen to attend a social gathering. Now this is all wrong, sometimes seemingly unavoidable, but still wrong. We are of the coming generation. Where are our legislators, statesmen, politicians and public men to come from if not from our schools and colleges? Our safety as a nation depends upon the wisdom of our rulers. From men of thorough and liberal education must these ideal rulers be derived. But knowledge acquired by

experience is the most valuable of all. We cannot, then, too soon interest ourselves in and carefully watch the great national and humanitarian questions of our day, so that when opportunity offers we may immediately step from the narrow limits of theory into the broad field of practice. As regards society, it is the province of the college, coupled with the earnest effort of the church, to raise the standard higher both mentally and morally. A correct knowledge of human nature acquired by contact with all kinds of people, will enable one to exert the greatest influence, and to do and receive the greatest good in life.

CRICKET.

An interesting game of cricket was played on Saturday, the 27th ult., between '87 of Haverford College and '87 of the University of Pennsylvania. The match resulted in a victory for the home team by five wickets. The following is the score:

UNIVERSITY, '87

FIRST INNINGS.

Wood, c. Garrett, b. Barr	2
Smith, b. Barr	5
Moffley, b. Wright	4
Gummey, b Wright	13
Brown u. Barr	0
Cowperthwaite, c. and b Barr	7
Pepper, b. Barr	0
Dunn, b. Wright	1
Thurlow, not out	2
Clay, b. Barr	5
Seguin, c. Lewis, b. Barr	0
Byes	2
Totnl	41

SECOND INNINGS.

Wood, c. Lewis, b. Barr	7
Smith, c. Yarnall, b. Barr	0
Moffley, b. Barr	0
Gummey, b. Wright	1
Brown, b. Barr	8
Cowperthwaite, c. Lewis, b. Wright	6
Pepper, run out	7
Dunn, not out	8
Thurlow, c Stokes, b. Barr	0
Clay, b. Barr	3
Seguin, b. Barr	0
Byes	3
Leg Byes	1
Total	39

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, '87.

FIRST INNINGS.

Barr, c. Moffley, b. Cowperthwaite	11
P. H. Morris, c. Smith, b Gummey	0
Stokes, c. Brown, b Cowperthwait	7
Wright, b. Cowperthwait	0
G. Wood, c Moffley, b. Gummey	3
Garrett, c. Moffley, b. Cowperthwaite	0
Hacker, b. Gummey	3
Strawbridge, not out	6
Yarnall, b. Gummey	2
Lewis, c. Wood, b. Gummey	2
Bacon, b. Cummey	1
Byes	8
Wides	1
No balls	2
Total	47

SECOND INNINGS.

Barr, not out	9
P. H. Morris, b. Gummey	2
Stokes, c. Brown, b. Gummey	3
Wright, b. Cowperthwaite	9
Garrett, not out	8
Strawbridge, b. Gummey	0
Yarnall, c. Smith, b. Gummey	3
Total	37

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

UNIVERSITY, '87—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs	Wickets
Barr	43	1	23	7
Wright	42	2	15	3

SECOND INNINGS.

Barr	58	6	9	7
Wright	60	2	26	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, '87—FIRST INNINGS.

Cowperthwaite	96	11	14	4
Gummey	90	3	22	6

SECOND INNINGS.

Cowperthwaite	34	2	12	1
Gummey	30	1	16	4

The prizes awarded by the cricket club were presented to the winners immediately after the exercises on commencement day, as follows: "The Cope Prize Bat," given to the player making the largest average number of runs per innings, was awarded to Samuel Bettle, '85, for his average of 17½.

The Congden Prize Ball was not awarded.

The Haines Prize Belt, for the best general fielding, was awarded to W. S. Hilles, '85.

The "Sophomore and Freshmen Prize Bat," for the highest average in batting in the ensuing practice matches, was awarded to A. C. Garrett, '87, for his average of 18¾.

The Sophomore Prize Ball was not awarded, no one in the class having an average sufficiently deserving.

The "Freshmen Prize Belt" for the best fielding in the practice matches, was awarded to P. H. Morris, '87.

The "College Prize Ball," for best average in bowling in the practice matches, was awarded to W. S. Hilles, '85, for his average of 2½.

The "Club Prize Bat," given to the player not a member of the first eleven for the most improvement during the college year, was awarded to Harry W. Stokes, '87.

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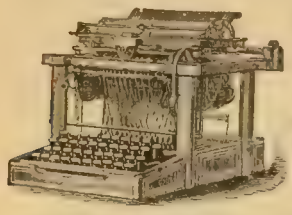

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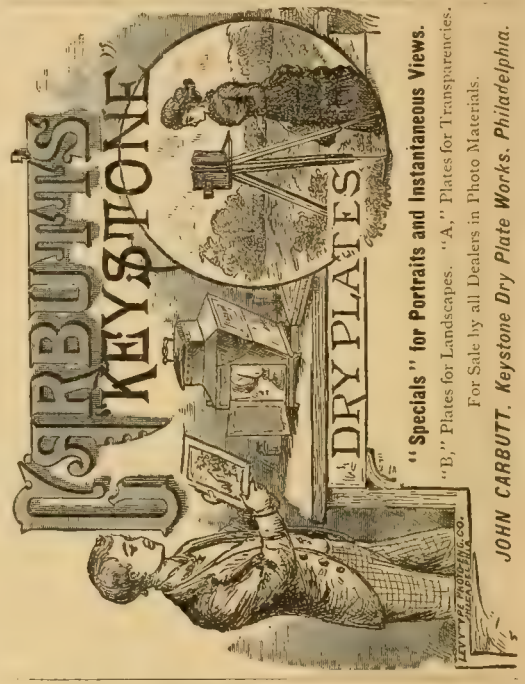

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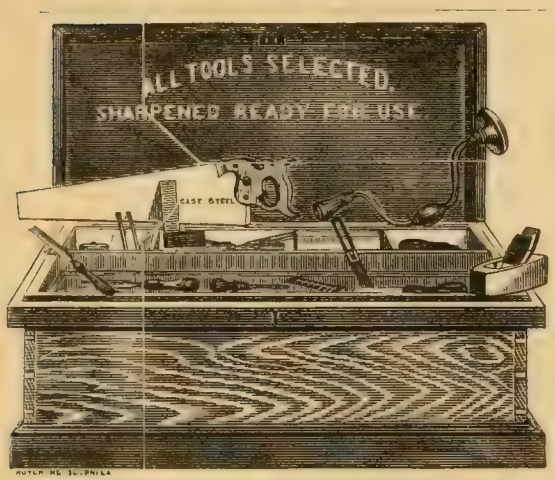

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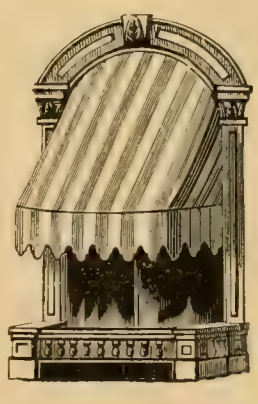

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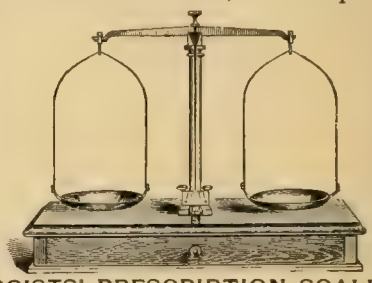

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The Haverfordian.

Vol. VI. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., November, 1884. No. 2.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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LOGANIAN.

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Single Copies,	.10
With the Student,	$1.50

THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

THIS is no place to discuss petty differences of feelings, or to say anything that would tend to make dissension, but we have so long noticed the feeling which openly revealed itself on the foot-ball field not long since, that a few words might not be superfluous. It seemed to be the opinion that the oldest class in college was trying to manage things to its own satisfaction, without regard to how others fared. It is certainly very unfortunate that in such a small college there cannot be the closest harmony among all the classes, and it is only from misunderstandings that any trouble has arisen.

The Senior class has never shown a bullying spirit, and it feels an interest in every other class, if some fellows are sometimes rough in a foot-ball game it is not because they have a spite against the opposing class. In the intense earnestness which every fellow in a foot-ball game feels, he does things which he had no intention of doing, not because he dislikes the fellow who opposes him, but because he has not time to think what he ought to do. Of course foot-ball or any other game does not deprive a gentleman of his gentlemanly qualities, and in every case where anything unfair was done an apology was made, which ought to have satisfied everyone. We believe in the equality of mankind, and a a Freshmen has rights which should be protected as much as a Senior or a Junior has. No one class has a monopoly of rights and privileges, but even one-eyed justice would say that a class of three years experience should not be condemned because it claimed for itself in general matters a little higher position than more recent classes. It has never asked for Benjamin's share, but only what by rights belongs to it. A decent understanding of any class of fellows is positively necessary before one can judge of their actions, and when it is found that they are unselfish in their motives and broad in their desires, even if they do have some of the qualities of Jeshurun they may be depended on. Now let us all try to understand each other, and not live together, year after year, suspicious and jealous. Every fellow and every class will get their rights if they will remember what Lowell says,

> "Folks never gains
> By using pepper-sass instead of brains."

BEFORE this issue of the HAVERFORDIAN reaches its subscribers, the great contest, for our chief executive will have been decided, and the excitement always

attending such an election will be over. Probably never before has so great an interest been taken by the educated class of people and especially by college men. While our newspapers have brought the canvas down to a mud-throwing basis, in which each candidate has been more or less smeared, there has been a large class of broad-minded men, who would scorn to be bickering, huckstering politicians, who have felt a deep interest in the campaign, and have spoken their opinions boldly. Nothing could be more desired than such a state of things, and only so long as this lasts can we feel any safety for the future of our country, notwithstanding that it has seemed to prosper through everything. It is only when we recognize that there is a contest which is above any party or policy or measure. "The contest for conscience, intelligence and morality as the supreme power in our politics," that we can hope for the salvation and safety of America, but it is not necessary to become a Pharisee, a Dude or a Mugwump before one can exercise a political influence any more than it is necessary for one to be a fool for five or ten years before he can be wise. A man with common sense once well settled on him, very seldom turns out to be a "crank," while a person who is always flying off a tangent or trying to shin an asymptote to show how big he is, will never make a sound political adviser. There have been some such, who have brought dishonor on every cause, and this is not an exception, but the mass of educated men have had an ennobling influence in this present election, which has never before been equalled in any such contest. College students as a rule, have very decided views in regard to the platform and candidate which they prefer and if they cannot vote it is well for them to have an opportunity to use their enthusiasm and influence on the community. Some might object to Clubs and parades, but to us it seems to be the best way we have for showing how we regard the issues and the candidates of the different parties, and if conducted rightly it cannot be without weight. We have been in line but few times, yet we have had a genuine good time, and we have shown the sentiment of the college wherever we have gone. Hence we conclude that not in vain was our Blaine and Logan club organized.

OUR college offers abundant opportunities for all branches of literary work, and, in all of them the highest inducements to faithful endeavor. Our curriculum has been made out on a basis which tends to give a broad culture and stable foundation for whatever branches one may wish to persue to a higher extent than is possible in the college course. We have skilled and learned Professors, a large and carefully selected library, and flourishing literary societies. All these things should impel us on to active work, and to a great extent they do. We say, without fear of being controverted, that the work done at Haverford will compare very favorably with that of any other institution in this country.

Yet, in one respect especially, we desire that the students of Haverford should be aroused to a more active appreciation of the duties and privileges,—namely, in regard to the work in the Loganian society.

This oldest society in college is, incontestably, the one which offers the most advantages. Made up, as it is, of the best members chosen from the other societies, and being the only one in which we enjoy the active cöoperation of the professors, this cannot be otherwise, and it seems clear that such a society should possess the greatest interest on the part of its members, and their heartiest support. But when students belong to two societies, either the Everett or the Athenæum, and the Loganian, their private society seems to possess the greatest attraction for them, and they devote their best work to it. This is the case with many of the members, we are

certain, and they consider the work put upon them by the Loganian as not requiring so much attention nor worthy of so much labor as that which is put upon them by their private society. We said that this was the case with many, but there are others of us who devote our best work to the Loganian and realize that it is fully worthy of all we can do. Some of the most interesting lectures delivered last year at the college were the addresses of the professors before the Loganian society, and the outlook for this year is equally bright. Since, then, we have the cöoperation of our Faculty; let us not ourselves be found lacking in interest. We hope that all the members will endeavor to do their best work, and that his zeal for his private society may deter no one from giving to the Loganian all that it demands of him. This being granted the society cannot fail to shine with a brightness worthy of its past record, and we ourselves will reap a rich harvest from our labor bestowed upon it.

IN comparing the advantages offered by a large University with those of a smaller College, there are some points that are especially striking. In the former the student has the benefit of larger libraries, more complete museums, and a more extended faculty. He is also thrown in contact with many men of his own inclination. Now unless the college offers something to counterbalance these important matters it cannot be denied that the University is the preferable place to go for an education. Our College offers many of these advantages but now we will confine ourselves to one.—For one who desires to obtain an extended view of country, staying on level ground or going down into a valley is not the way to accomplish the object. Common sense teaches us to seek a hill. Now in our intercourse with men we find valleys, plains, and mountains. It is difficult to improve by conversing with inferiors or even equals. Here, now, is found the peculiar advantage which we as students may enjoy if we will but do it. A student's work is not finished when he has simply prepared a lesson so as to make a respectable recitation. Every subject of study requires thought, and by expressing our thoughts among ourselves we get new ideas. But how often does a student go to a professor at any other hour than that at which the recitation takes place? There is not an instructor at Haverford who would not be glad to be called on in such a matter. And that for two reasons. First, the professor is encouraged to see the interest manifested. This of itself is compensation, but in addition the very form of a question frequently draws out new ideas.

Now none of us doubt the efficiency of the Faculty, for we all know that the heads of departments are representative men; men whose opinions have weight in the branches with which they profess to be familiar. As a good example of the question in hand we have the Library. It is very noticable that the students appreciate the proffered assistance of Prof. Thomas. Although the library is open at all hours, except those for recitation, and the students have unrestrained access to the books, yet these hours are especially well occupied.

Now this is only one example when there might be many. Let us try some of the other professors and see if the same result is not obtained. "Nothing stirs man like the expansion of the horizon of his life."

WE think that the students of HAVERFORD do not all sufficiently realize the advantages and opportunities that our excellent library affords. That would truly be a one-sided culture which should confine the students entirely to the studies prescribed in the college curriculum, without offering any inducements to intellectual development in other lines. A library is an indispensible adjunct to a college, and

an incentive to literary work. Ours is an exceptionally excellent one, and affords opportunities and advantages that should be neglected by no true seeker after culture. Every day our library is open for nearly four hours for the free use of all the students, and on Saturdays and Sundays it is open, practically all day. We would urge upon all, whether Freshman or Senior, to devote his attention to this branch of education, and to cultivate literary habits while these, excellent opportunities are in his grasp. Let all seek to make proper use of the library, remembering that it is not a lounging room, but a place for reading and study, and by a willing observance of all regulations pertaining to its use show their appreciation of its worth.

One feature of two years ago we missed last year—the open fire in the grate. We hope that, as cold weather has come upon us, this will be rekindled, adding, as it does so much to the comfort and pleasantness of the room. The more pleasant and attractive the room is made, the more will it be frequented and put to its proper use.

THERE have formerly been but three hundred Haverfordians printed at an issue. This year, for the present at least, we shall have five hundred printed, and have them circulated among those who are interested in Haverford. It is such a small thing to subscribe for it, while at the same time it brings no small amount of encouragement to those who are desirous of making it a success, that we would earnestly solicit all who can call Haverford their Alma Mater to help us in our endeavors to support our literary organ. It is not only subscriptions that we want, but if old students would send us facts of interest, which they happen to know, either of the college or of its sons, it would not only encourage us, but would increase the interest of the paper for present and past students. We want it distinctly understood that it is *not* the policy of the Haverfordian to growl or complain at the existing state of affairs, while we shall endeavor to record all the changes and improvements which are so frequently made externally and internally.

IT has generally been thought that Socrates did pretty well when he said "Know thyself," or as Carlyle says "Know what thou canst work at," and the same truth has been often repeated. It was thought when the Gymnasium was built that we should know ourselves enough to know, that we needed something more than food to make good animals of ourselves, but it was only to a few that this truth revealed itself. Last year Doctor Ford was unknown to most of the fellows except by name. This year the case will be different. All the members of the two lower classes are compelled to be examined, and to practice in the Gymnasium as much as they are to attend their classes. Perhaps it might be called a sumptuary law, but such laws have never been excluded from Haverford's platform, and the importance of exercise justifies making it compulsory. It is our duty, the neglect of which we shall sooner or later be punished for, to develop every faculty and organ, which has been given to us capable of expansion and development, and the person who neglects to make a man of himself, but contents himself with merely staying here below, commits a sin as much as though he had broken the moral law.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE unveiling of the portrait of John G. Whittier, at Friends' School, Providence, R. I. on the 24th ult, was an occasion which would have done honor to any educational institution in America, while it was especially appropriate for the leading institution of Friends in New England to show such a token of regard to one, who has by his pure and noble life, lived and acted the inseparable principles of that society, and

who at the same time has done so much to advance true education. The celebration has an interest not only to members of this denomination, but to all who have felt the sweet influence which Whittier has exerted, and to what home has it not penetrated, or who has not had the aim of his life exalted by what *he* has written and done? Haverford, too, has a peculiar interest in the ceremonies, apart from our admiration of the poet, since President Chase was chosen to deliver the oration.

Cicero was very desirous of being praised by a praiseworthy man. In the choice of President Chase, Whittier had the good fortune of being judged by a man whose life has been actuated by the same motives as his, and who has deeply felt and measured the work of Whittier, and was unquestionably fitted to test him by the laws of poetry. We cannot, now at least, give the oration in full, even if we could, no report can ever give that "congenial fervor, which went directly to the hearts of the auditors, impressing them with a new love for, and interest in, their author." He commenced as follows: "'Let us praise famous men,' saith the wise son of Sirach; 'the Lord hath wrought great glory by them through this power from the beginning, men giving counsel by their understanding and declaring prophecies, leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions, such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.' Far from me to-day be words of fulsome eulogy, but it is meet for us to recognize great gifts of our creator, employed to His honor in the service of mankind; it is meet to stimulate ourselves to greater faithfulness by contemplating a great example; it is meet to pay respect as we do now, to one who has been to many—shall I not say to all of us?—an instructor and a consoler, suggesting sweet fancies, inspiring a love of freedom, and arousing noble resolves, as he has enshrined in undying verse the lessons taught him by the voice of nature, and by that 'Spirit, that doth prefer before all temples the upright heart and pure.'"

His closing was as broad as it was grand and beautiful.

"The Society of Friends has always shown a love of mental culture; its spirit, if unhampered, would show that tendency in a much greater degree. Puritanic Quakerism has not always smiled on Art; but *genuine* Quakerism welcomes every form of art whose influence is wholesome, and through which breathes an effluence of the Great Spirit, who speaks to His creatures in beauty as well as in might. Who, then, is better fitted for the sacred office of bard, than a true son of that Society, who recognizes in the All Father the ever-present Friend of His children, speaking to them in all the lovely forms of nature, inspiring all the lovely productions of art; whose spirit is always lying close to our spirits, whom we serve in renouncing self, defending the oppressed, or helping the wretched, and whom we honor, when we point out the beauty of His creations, whether in the outward universe, or in the mind and heart and soul of man?

But we will not claim for sect or party what belongs to mankind. Whittier is ours; but he is no less the world's. As one of the world's poets, as one of the world's benefactors, we enshrine him to-day in our Valhalla. I congratulate this noble school, its officers and students, both those now here, taking part in a celebration which for the poet's sake, they will remember as long as they live, and those who are yet unborn, I congratulate this cultured community and the friends of good letters everywhere, on the acquisition of this speaking and living likeness. I congratulate the generous donor on his wise and happy choice of a gift to give to this cherished seat of learning. No words that have flowed from those lips, or have been written by that hand, no words that shall

come from them in the years which we hope our Heavenly Father will still extend to our much-loved bard and friend, no thought of his heart, no act of his life can ever inspire a regret that he was singled out for this distinction. The lessons which those pictured lips shall teach—let us trust for centuries to come—to the young lives flowing in and out before them so steadily,

"As in broad Narragansett the tides come and go,"

shall be lessons of purity, and nobleness, and truth; of love of nature, of love of literature and art, of hatred of every form of wrong; of love of man, of country, of liberty and of God. And as, from year to year, young men and maidens, old men and matrons, shall gaze upon those eyes, glowing with intelligence and feeling, and those features, sensitive as the mimosa, but calmed by the smile of God which rests upon them, many a lip shall breathe the grateful benediction:

"Blessings be with him, and undying praise,
Who gave us higher loves and nobler cares!"

Augustine Jones accepted the portrait in a brief, concise and very appropriate speech. Letters were read from G. W. Curtis, O. W. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, who also wrote a poem; Pliny E. Chase and A. C. Thomas, but the account would be incomplete without Whittier's letter:

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass.,
10th month, 13, 1884.

Augustine Jones, Principal of Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

My Dear Friend—I have received the kind invitation to be with you on the 24th inst., but it is hardly possible that I can avail myself of it, otherwise than by proxy. My double or "counterfeit presentment" will, of course, be there, and as the party most interested may fitly supply my place. The position assigned it, between the busts of the great English Friend and statesman, and the noble woman, who like the Master visited "the spirits in prison," seems so far beyond the desert of its original, that if the portrait had the miraculous power of locomotion attributed to mediæval pictures, it would feel constrained to walk out of its frame and seek a humbler place.

I have reached an age when flattery ceases to deceive, and notoriety is a burden, and the faint shadow of literary reputation fails to hide the solemn realities of life, but a genuine token of love and good-will has no limitations of time, and is never out of place. I scarcely need, therefore, say that I highly appreciate the generous compliment paid to me by my much-valued friend in placing my portrait in the old and honored institution under thy charge. I confess that I heard the first intimation of his purpose with some surprise and misgiving, as I looked back upon a life, not indeed without honest endeavor, yet marked by many weaknesses and errors. If, however, this gift of my friend shall testify our common interest in the Friends' School and faith in the principles and testimonies of its founders, and if it shall serve to remind those who see it, that whatever may seem worthy of commendation in the life of its original, is due not to himself, but to the Divine Providence which surrounded his youth and strengthened his manhood, I shall be more than satisfied.

I need not say to thee, my dear friend, that although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere convictions, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term. My sympathies are with the Broad Church of Humanity. Nevertheless, if one has to be "hung in effigy," he may have some choice as to the place of execution; and it goes far in reconciling me to my own fate to know that the ceremony, in which I must be a passive participant, will be performed in a hall of learning of the Society of Friends.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Friends of North Carolina feel fortunate in having secured Joseph Moore, Ex-President of Earlham, to take charge of the New Garden school. With such a man at the helm, assisted by such an efficient corps of teachers, this school will maintain its high place among institutions of like character in the South.

THE PARADES.

THURSDAY, the 23d of October will long be a sorrowful day in the Democratic annals of Radnor Township. For on the night of this momentous date, the awful visions of defeat were forced upon them; they saw their cause defied by the stubbornness of numbers, the fair hearts of their country-women torn from them, by symmetrical rows of Republican paraders. Once in his course of study, the average college student is permitted to be a participant in the pleasures and excitements of a Presidential campaign. If he is a Republican or Democrat he can arouse his young blood with enthusiasm, and on certain favored occasions find stimulus in draughts of red hot campaign coffee. If perchance he is a Butlerite, or a follower of St. John, or Belva Lockwood, his poetic soul can only yearn, for alas this is the dark side of the picture.

Two such occasions as are expatiated on above, have we just experienced, patriotic in their designs, athletic in their accomplishment and pleasant in their contemplation. The committee on uniforms, with unerring instinct saw the fitting garment to be the Oxford gown and the college with characteristic promptness upheld their views. This regalia, while they were tempting baits for the wayside wits, commanded much attention and interest, and in some instances, they are said to have inspired admiration if not reverence. The painful doubt that we were students from elsewhere was soon dispelled by the ringing cheers which were heard on every side for Haverford. From Wayne to the indefinite spot where we countermarched, we basked in the smiles of an admiring populace.

LITERARY.

ALL new publications are being held back until after the election excitement has passed away. The evils of our campaign system would form a good subject for some other column, and amid the general depression of trade, the book world has suffered too. Yet writers and publishers have not been entirely idle. *The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, by Marie Hansen Taylor and Horace E. Scudder, is worthy of mention here.

Bayard Taylor is one of the many examples, that America has furnished, of success from small beginnings. He was a famous traveler, a critic of unusual ability, a poet, whose "Song of the Camp" has touched thousands, and lastly, a successful diplomatist. Seldom has one man possessed so many talents to such a degree. His letters, from which, frequent quotations are made, are the base of the narrative. The aged father and mother still survive their gifted son and live in Kennett Square, Pa.

The first volumes of a handsome library edition of the Elizabethan dramatists are the *Works of Christopher Marlowe*, by A. H. Bullen. Eclipsed by the brilliancy of Shakespeare, Marlowe was almost forgotten and hitherto his works have been difficult to procure. But a man, who but for Shakespeare would have led the list of dramatists, deserves more notice, and this edition will be heartily welcome.

Porter & Coates have added to the list of illustrated poems. We notice *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, by Heber; *Lady Clare*, by Tennyson, and *The Night Before Christmas*, by C. C. Moore. These are profusely and beautifully illustrated by popular artists, and deservedly merit their extensive sale.

Valuable as many letters have been, which have been left by authors and statesmen, yet it would be a good deal better if many were destroyed. We refer in particular to those written by Lord Lytton to Miss Wheeler, afterward Lady Lytton. In admiring the wonderful genius of Bulwer, a gratified public have been satisfied to overlook his private life. But just now appears an *Autobiography* of Lady Lytton, in which all the letters relating to their courtship and marriage are published, and lastly, those in regard to their separation. It is a sad thought, that such great minds as Byron, Carlisle and Lytton should prove themselves unworthy of admiration, with conduct bordering on the brutish. But a perfect character has not yet been found, and the less that is said of men's faults the better.

NOTES.

Germany publishes more books than any other country. Great Britain less than half as many, and the United States one fourth.

December of this year is the centenary month of Johnson and Wiclif. The author of Rasselas died 1784 and the great translator of the Bible in 1384.

The revision of the Old Testament will not be out until some time in 1885.

Frederick John Fargus (Hugh Conway), author of *Called Back*, was born at Bristol in 1847.

It is a striking comment on Mr. Black's Judith Shakespeare, (Harpers), that no one comments upon it at all. [*The Critic.*]

The United States military service seems productive of authors, both of fiction and history.

ON AND OFF THE LANCASTER PIKE.

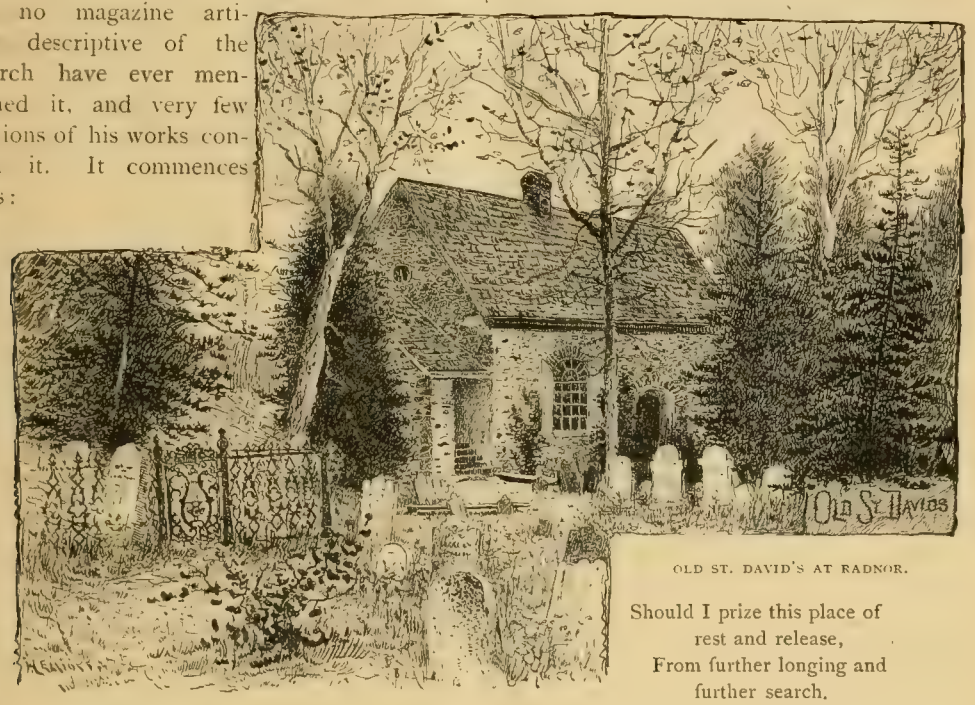
CONCLUDED.

Still the general appearance smacks much of oldness, and bears a resemblance to the picture of a church in an old edition of "David Copperfield;" and the old staircase, leading to the gallery on the outside, is certainly most unique. There is a tradition that Queen Anne gave a service to the church, which is still there; but a further report says it was carried off by British soldiers during the Revolution. This seems to be nearer the truth, for the old service that was handed down is of pewter and without inscriptions, while those given by Queen Anne were of silver, and bore on their sides the Latin "*Annæ Reginæ.*"

Apropos of our desire for information on this subject, we inquired of the servant-girl at the pastor's house if anything used in the church was presented by Queen Anne. She looked puzzled for the moment, and said she'd see. Drawing a leather box out from under a stand, she showed us the service, looking suspiciously new, with "1860, A.D.," marked prominently on the side of the silver goblets. We told her that wouldn't do; when, pausing for a moment, she said, "Let's see, Queen Anne wasn't after Queen Victoria, was she?" We assured her to the contrary, and said she lived about the time the church was founded. Struck dumb for a few seconds, the girl proceeded in her search. But finally we gave up in despair, and while one wheelman solemnly rolled a baby coach up and down the porch, to keep its occupant quiet, the girl, its mother, hunted up for us a glass to drink from. Among the old graves in the yard, General Wayne's monument stands. He died at a military post on Lake Erie, and was buried there, and a gravestone placed in this yard to his memory. Finally his remains were transferred here, and a monument was erected by the Society of the Cincinnati,—that bugbear of our republican ancestors. The following poetical effusion, with a reckless disregard for colons, is found on the prostrate gravestone of William Evans:—

My: pilgrim: race: I: ran: a: pace: my; resting: place:
Is: Here: This: Stone: is: got: to: Keep: ye: Spot:
That: Men: Dig: Not: Too: Near:

There is a very musical poem in existence, portraying the church, written by Henry W. Longfellow, while he was living at Rosemont during the Centennial. Although it is singularly beautiful, and describes the old spot in incomparably appropriate and poetical language that clings to the reader's memory like the snatches of an old song, yet no magazine articles descriptive of the church have ever mentioned it, and very few editions of his works contain it. It commences thus:



OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

What an image of peace and rest
  Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet—the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
  Here may find the repose it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
  O'er this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress, with little hands,
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
  Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age.

You cross the threshold, and dim and small
  Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold,
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall;
The pews, the pulpit, quaint and tall,
  Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton,
  Hardly more spacious is than this;
But poet and pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
  That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
  That makes the building, small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
  And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
  Were I a pastor of holy church,
More than a bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest and release,
From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay and let the world,
  With its distant thunder, roar and roll.
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled,
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled,
  In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

It must be remembered that this was written not by a youthful poet, to whom everything was rosy-tinted, but by a man of sixty, who had seen the romantic spots of two continents, who had had his judgment ripened by experience, and perhaps his enthusiasm dimmed by age, and yet, he writes, he would wish no pleasanter surroundings.

The Merion Cricket club of twenty years'

standing, is to the westward of Ardmore. The grounds are typical specimens of a well-kept Philadelphia cricket-field with its little club-houses, and its broad, level carpet of green grass. The club stands well in cricket circles, sending three of the eleven selected to play against British cricketers in England this summer. It is also devoted to lawn-tennis, that picturesque and fashionable game having many votaries among its members.

To replace the old inns, with their huge barns and great water-troughs, two enormous and palatial summer hotels, with perfect equipments, have been built in late years, in easy riding distance of the city. One is at Devon, having been rebuilt after the disastrous fire of last summer, and the other is at Bryn Mawr. During the summer, but especially in the latter part of spring and early fall, they are crowded by families representing the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Penn's Quaker settlement.

A band of gypsies, a hard-looking lot, have been wintering near Overbrook. They might be mistaken for ordinary tramps, were it not for their wagons and horses, and especially for their children,—that distinguishing mark between gypsies and tramps; for when the latter starts on his travels, he leaves his children, if he has any, behind him.

For a small amount of money you can have the future pried open, and the mysteries of fate made plain by a toothless gypsy queen, apparently selected for this position from her extraordinary, almost fascinating ugliness. What is the reason that some discerning student of human nature has not solved the problem of gypsy queens,—why they are not young and pretty, as they should be, but as satanic in appearance and diabolically thin as Macbeth's witches?

But there are also many tramps to and from the city, "doing" the route for broken victuals. Their favorite resting-place at night is at the foot of the embankment of the old railroad bed, near Haverford, where, sheltered from the wind and storms, and with a running stream hard by, they sit around their crackling fires, late into the night, enjoying life.

If a wheelman should leave the pike at Haverford and turn eastward, along the road by which Lord Howe advanced toward Paoli, he would enter, in a short time, a very pretty ravine. But, unfortunately, picturesque scenery means bad roads and steep and stony hills About a mile in this ravine stands a deserted house; and, as usual with deserted houses, there is a story connected with it. The report runs that a Tory lived here during the Revolution, rich and owning many of the mills and much of the land around him. The details of his doings are immaterial; but suddenly one night a band of Americans exasperated, by his conduct, visited him. What they did is unknown: but he was found afterwards dead and deserted. This much is known, but it was a tale too good to be neglected, and gossips tell that he lay and rotted on the floor where he was left, and that now on clear moonlight nights, his blood can be heard trickling drop by drop to the floor beneath. However false this may be, nevertheless no family has had the hardihood to remain there any length of time. I remember a visit which a party of young fellows made to this place not far from midnight. Laughing and singing we turned from the pike and descended along a gloomy road down into the dark ravine. The moonlight threw a ghostly glimmer in the branches overhead and made the darkness beneath more intense. As we plodded along, gradually the merriment died away, and when we reached the "haunted house," standing in a cleared space, glistening ghostly white in the moonlight, every black shadow painfully distinct, it had entirely subsided. The windows stared like enormous black eyes from the wall, and the doors stood half open or were rotted off, and the silence of death seemed over it. But sturdily we kept on, and crossing a rickety bridge, we stopped in the damp shadow of the building. On the other side of the road was a deserted stable; alongside, a ruined mill, sticking its chimneys and irregular walls like black goblins into the air. By the light of our candles we saw that the rotten beams of the house could not stand the weight of our whole party, so we divided and the first half entered. We crept slowly along a narrow passage-way, filled with a chilling, penetrating dampness, and stumbled up a winding staircase to the second floor. Carefully we moved around the holes eaten in the

decayed wood, and gazed into a fireplace that seemed like a huge cave of stone; then we hastened to the garret. At the head of the narrow flight of stairs leading to it is said to be the room where the murdered man had lain. As we reached the entrance to this room, the door was tightly closed,—the only one so in the whole building. We paused a moment, looked at each other, and entered. As we all gathered instinctively in the centre of the room not one of us will forget the picture we formed; the moonlight, struggling through the windows, lay in silver patches on the floor, the yellow candle-light flickered tremulously among the cobwebs into the darkness. This, together with the intense silence and the superstitious dread caused by the spirit of the dead Tory, or by our own imaginations, cannot be forgotten.

There is scarcely a wilder and yet pleasanter ride imaginable than up this ravine on a summer's afternoon, for nature revels then in all her lavishness, and the road—that prosaic but important item to wheelmen—is macadamized, and nearly level when the ravine is fairly entered. A party taking a run through here could leave their wheels at the "haunted house," and, by crossing a ford at the pretty stream alongside the place, wander up a winding path to Dove's mills. The striking contrasts of color and form, the effects of the sunlight and shade, the innumerable combinations of the winding sheet of water with the ruined buildings, the quiet patter and glistening spray of the waterfalls, the overhanging trees and mossy boulders are all worthy of an artist's pencil. An amateur photographer would be bewildered by the succession of pretty views, and would be puzzled where to begin, or when to leave off.

As the wheelman rides on the broad, smooth, rolling road, he becomes familiar with that institution, the toll-gate man. Man he is called, but he varies in age and sex from the gray-haired old fellow near Overbrook, who is apt to give you wrong change, to the little matted-haired girl at Wynnewood, equally unreliable, but more limited in her resources, because generally only intrusted with tickets. A low frame-house, sometimes painted, often whitewashed, is his abode and watch-tower. It is annoying to be obliged to pay toll, but it is done at the request of Philadelphian wheelmen, for it gives them a right to the road which they would not otherwise possess.

The toll-gate man at Ardmore has become almost insane on the subject of bicycles. He is either constantly on the outlook for them, or instinct tells him when one approaches. This is more noticeable to the wheelmen of his own vicinity, for they are his greatest dread. Many a time, not intending to pass his gate, in a moment of false confidence, I have ridden too close and fallen into his clutches. It matters not where you come from or where you are going, he must and will have toll. What's more, if the first wheelmen get through unnoticed, he calls upon the straggler in the rear to settle the whole account, and he is so energetic in his expostulation, and it's so indefinite what he intends to do, that the belated wheelman generally comes to terms. One bicycler at least will have cause to remember him for some time to come. He was taking one of his first rides on the road, and by many twitches and turns and hairbreadth escapes he had succeeded in slowing his pace, by the time he reached the toll-gate. In working his courage up to the proper pitch, or in devising some method of procedure for dismounting, he had got about ten feet beyond the toll-house. The man somewhat dazed at first by the apparent audacity, soon rose to the emergency, and with a rush seized the trembling backbone of the machine. Like Bret Harte's "Jim," the wheelman collapsed in a flash over the head of the astonished and angry toll-man. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, and the wheelman afterwards endeavored to spoil the whole story, even offering a solution for the man's anger, for he said that the man, on being asked to hold the bicycle as an aid for dismounting, should naturally object to being suddenly and ungratefully fallen upon.

There are many branching roads that would well pay a wheelman to visit, making a pleasant change to the even but, perhaps on this account, monotonous riding of the pike. Montgomery avenue, parallel to it, but lying on the other side of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is good in pleasant weather, as is the Gulf road leading to Valley Forge, although sometimes steep.

There are also many branching roads, shady and pleasant, winding out from Rosemont through Whitehall, running out of Bryn Mawr, and others, which are fair specimens of country roads. Homes of wealth and refinement, with the abundance of nature around them, are scattered along these thoroughfares. On these are seen Cassatt's, Yarnall's, Snowden's places at Haverford, Childs', Mather's, and Wheeler's, at Bryn Mawr. Although many names of residents in these regions would be familiar only to Philadelphians, yet a number of men well known in America are living here. Mr. Childs, famed as the friend and host of Dickens, Longfellow, General Grant, the Emperor of Brazil, and scores of others equally celebrated, and the owner of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has a place at Bryn Mawr. Two men, associated with Garfield during his short and eventful presidency, also have country resorts here,—Mr. Wayne McVeagh, his attorney-general, and Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, the Philadelphia physician summoned to his bedside just before his death. Mr. Robert J. Burdette, of Ardmore, whose wit and humor in the Burlington *Hawkeye* are paragraphed all over the Union, is also well known as a popular lecturer. At the other end of the pike, near Lancaster, James Buchanan, when a rusty, bachelor country lawyer, lived in a homestead that teemed with associations long before his birth. Here Miss Harriet Lane first kept house for him, before he began that career which, at its close, hastened a national calamity, and made her famous in White House annals as a typical hostess and a renowned beauty.

It is surprising how many wheelmen ride upon the pike, sometimes twenty or thirty unattached, passing almost all in sight of one another: wheelmen in uniform and in plain clothes, big bicyclers on little wheels, and little bicyclers perched on enormous machines; some gliding along smoothly and quietly, others struggling on the slightest grade,—all sorts roll along together. Visiting wheelmen can attest to the quality of the road, for after many meets in Philadelphia, parties have ridden out to Bryn Mawr, in the moonlight, to take supper there.

Any wheelman of an inquiring mind can pick up entertaining history along the road, for full of legend and story are the venerable homesteads of this country, and the subject is by no means exhausted. Besides, it will add a charm to the road and the riding which is not otherwise attainable. For many items of information and accounts of bygone days, I am indebted myself to Dr. James J. Levick, of Philadelphia. In summing up this pleasant subject let it be said that, notwithstanding its imperfections, may all the roads of our glorious republic some day equal the riding now found on the LANCASTER PIKE!

JAY HOWE ADAMS.

LOCALS.

Ah! there!! my size?

"Keep the rascals out."

"May I ask you a question?"

"Three cheers for Haverford."

Rowland, Blair & Co., Fashionable Dressmakers.

Some of the Pedestrians have taken to playing tennis.

"Cuba is in the tropics and therefore it is hot there."

We are thankful that Halloween only comes once a year.

(Shang) "And the Crown confiscated all their property."

"Father Pa-trick O'brién." Muggins says this joke is getting stale.

Whose ittle tootsie wootsie—
Whose ittle toots is oo?

"Ah me! I'm getting so very English and Snobbish!!"

Prof. in History. "What reference is there in the Bible to Javan?" Senior, "He waxed fat and kicked."

The cricket match between the Sophomores and Freshmen was so long drawn out, that it was said the stumps began to root in the ground.

A Cooking Association has been formed at Haverford. It is said that its best productions are fit to keep company with a Vassar girl's bread.

After nearly four years of Haverford culture:—"Faith and he's a foine broth of a boy, looks as if he came over two weeks ago from the old counthry."

"This incorporation of so many distinct centres into one system, is called the "Medusa Oblongator." It must be understood that this was a lapsus tongue.

One of our writers is getting material for a new society novel, the subject of which will be "The Trials and Presentments of the Bryn Mawr Belles, or The Fall Campaign of the *Count*."

'88 plays an excellent game at foot-ball. They have won one match, and if they continue to improve as rapidly as in the past, they will stand a very good chance of beating Swarthmore and the University.

Our pleasant expedition to Wayne on the evening of the 23d ult., was a grand success, so we thought, and so thought the disconsolate '86 men who had no costumes, and sadly watched us enjoying ourselves.

A good game of foot-ball was played between the Freshman class and the Episcopal Academy, the Freshmen defeating them by the very creditable score of 36 points to nothing. Sharp played well as half-back.

The Baron's underhand bowling propensities are rapidly developing. His recent manipulations of the sphere have succeeded in a manner which is highly gratifying and encouraging to the sporting fraternity of his class.

"Having been in a Military school three years, of course I cannot help noticing the mistakes which your captain makes." Thus sayeth the Freshman who under no circumstances can be induced to vote for Blaine.

The Pedestrian club now has about seven members. On the next hot dusty day, they will, we understand, take a trip to Woolieville, a distance of 00 miles to see a rock on which, it is said, George Washington knocked the mud off his boots.

The north end second floor Gastronomical Club is progressing. Baron has acquired the art of boiling water and making soup, while the Count being an expert at the business, "mashes" the potatoes and does general kitchen work,

The game of cricket between the second eleven of Haverford College and the first eleven of the Penn Charter school resulted in a victory for Haverford by 53 runs. The principle scores in the first innings were Stokes, 21; P. H. Morris, 8; MacFarland, 17. In the second innings P. H. Morris made 53 and not out, Garrett 26; Stokes 10 and Wilson 8.

The tennis played on the court behind the Gym. is of a very high character. The serve of one of the Senior members is very pathetic, the watching of which affords agreeable entertainment to the students while in the chemical laboratory. We would advise the member to overhall his old serve or get a new one.

This is the time of year when the neat and tidy Freshman doth daily apply a coat of blacking to the French calf skin covering of his pedal extremites, yea oftener than the returning morning doth he administer the giddy polish. Forsooth the time will come, as his college life advances, when day after day he will pass by his blacking closet without opening the door, yea verily shall the spider and cockroach dwell therein for weeks at a time unmolested.

The Sophomore and Freshman cricket match which extended over a period of about three weeks, finally resulted in a victory for the Sophomores by 34 runs. At the end of the first innings the Freshmen were one run ahead. By good batting on the part of the Sophomores in the second innings, the very creditable score of 93 runs was obtained, of which G. Wood made 23 and W. Wright 26 and not out. For the Freshmen, Patterson was the principal contributor, going in first and carrying his bat, for the very creditable score of 33 runs.

Whatever fun we have had in our parades we owe to Mrs. Rowland and Mrs. Newlin who so kindly volunteered to make the gowns for us. When we consider the amount of work, apart from what we did ourselves, there is in making from raw material thirty gowns of suitable size to encase a set of unfledged politicians of all dimensions, from the smallest Freshman to the gigantic Senior, we can compute the thanks we owe for the timely assistance which was given. It is not the first time we have had reason to recognize the unselfish devotion of our matron to our interests and enjoyment.

EXCHANGES.

What others will observe has taken place with our paper, we note has happened to many of our exchanges; a change. And what is better, and we hope we are in the same box, the changes, for the most part, decided improvements. The doctrine that a change in government, merely for the sake of a change, would be beneficial to the country is a most mischievous one. But a change in a college paper brings no disastrous consequences, but gives evidence of an enterprising spirit and a desire for improvement. The first thing is to engage the attention of the reader, the handsome cover does this, then keep his attention by an abundance of good, easy reading.

The Bowdoin Orient is one of the papers above mentioned that made a change this year and greatly improved the appearance of their paper. The cover is the prettiest one we have yet seen, and the cuts at the heads of the departments are unique and original. *The Orient* always possessed of literary merit does not fall below its usual high standard. Its stories are interesting and its poetry good. The Editor offers some very sensible suggestions about Senior and Junior Exhibitions, advice that would apply to other colleges besides his own.

The Student published at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., the organ of the Educational Association of Friends in America, comes to us a first-class magazine, as it always has been. It appears to be somewhat thicker than last year, due no doubt to the largely increased corps of editors on the staff. *The Student* succeeds in what it endeavors to be, an educational magazine, which shall supply information valuable to scholar and teacher alike. The information most interesting to the Haverford student was a short sketch concerning the progress of Bryn Mawr College. We have looked forward to the time when this college should open. It is now stated that the prospect for a class of students in 1885 is very favorable, a considerable number having already entered their names for entrance examinations. It is designed that Taylor College, at Bryn Mawr, shall give to the girls the same advantages for acquiring a finished education that the boys now have at Haverford. We believe that there will also be some mutual advantages not especially designed, but probably not totally unlooked for.

The Alabama University Monthly, published at Tuscaloosa, appears to us to be one of the best college papers printed south of Mason and Dixon's Line. Its make up and general appearance is good. The South in Literature is a very well written article. The Orator says: "Devoted in the past almost exclusively to agriculture and politics, the Southern man of culture has permitted the rich fauna and flora of his native section to remain unclassified, the splendors of mountain, forest, and stream to be unsung, and the great deeds of his ancestors and associates to go unchronicled on history's pages." He says a little further on: "If it had not been for Southern leaders, jurists, and statesmen, we should not have to-day an American Republic." This last seems to us to be too strong a statement, when it is remembered that the North preserved the American Republic, not only without the aid of the South, but with every Southern leader, jurist, and statesmen opposing their efforts. But forgetting that, it is a matter of history that the South struggled bravely for independence, both with sword and pen. It is gratifying to see the increased interest taken in the South in literature, science, and art. In oratory, indeed, they have always kept well in the front rank. In poetry they have gained immortality through the short-lived but dazzling genius of Edgar Allen Poe.

CRICKET.

A match game of cricket between Haverford College and the University of Pennsylvania teams, was played on the 11th ult., on the Belmont grounds at 49th Street and Baltimore Avenue. Although the University presented an exceptionally strong team the home eleven succeeded in defeating them by one run on the score of the first innings. University having won the toss decided to take the bat, sending in Scott, who was a member of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia team, and Welsh, to resist the attack of Patterson and Hilles. The start was an inauspicious one, for when but seven runs had been chronicled, Scott, with but one run to his credit, was disposed of by Patterson, being out l. b. w. Welsh soon fell a victim to the same trundler. In the meantime, Noble, who had taken the place of Scott was making things lively for the fielders. Stoever who was also a member of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia team, was playing good cricket at the other end; at 39, however, their separation was effected, the latter being caught by Blair, off Hilles. Noble continued to do good work with the willow, but with 21 well earned runs to his credit, was smartly taken by Price at the wickets. Rutter and Shipley gave but little trouble, the former being sent back to the club-house with a 0 to his credit. Cowperthwait and Thompson were soon disposed of. Muhlenburg played well for 10, while Coates carried his bat for 13; the inning closing for 72 runs of which 9 were extras.

For the Haverfordians, Captain Hilles sent Reeve and Patterson to oppose the bowling of Stoever and Welsh, Patterson began the run-getting by making a beautiful hit to the off for 4, which was soon followed by another for 3, while Reeve hammered the sphere to leg for 5. Although the bowling was frequently changed, runs kept coming at a rapid rate. When the score had reached 46 Reeve was unfortunately run out, having played well for 17. This seemed to be the beginning of a series of misfortunes, for when but three more runs had been added to the score Patterson was clean bowled by Clark, having played a brilliant inning for 25, in which were five 3's, one 4, and six singles. The remainder of the team seemed unable to do anything with the bowling, Bailey however, played patiently for 5, while Wright made 6 in two hits. In the Second innings of the University, Scott, Noble, Welsh and Shipley were the chief contributors. The fielding of the home team was good, and evoked considerable applause from the spectators; their throwing in from the field being especially complimented. The following is the score:

UNIVERSITY.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
J. A. Scott, l. b. w. b. Patterson	1	c. & b. Patterson	38
S. Welsh, b. Patterson	6	c. Bettle, b. Wright,	21
W. Noble, c. Price, b. Patterson	21	l. b. w. b. C. Bailey	21
D. P. Stoever, c. Blair, c. Hilles	8	b. Patterson	6
F. B. Muhlenb'rg, c, & b. Hilles	10	Run out	1
C. Coates, not out	13	c. & b. Patterson	12
R. L. Rutter, c. Garrett, b. Hilles	0	b. Patterson	2
W. P. Shipley, b. C. W. Bailey	3	b. Bettle	16
C. Cowperthwaite, b. Hilles	1	b. Bettle	6
W. Thompson, l. b. w. Hilles	0	Not out	0
J. S. Clark, absent	0	Run out	0
Extras	9	Extra	15
Total	72	Total	138

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	R.	W.
Hilles	72	3	25	5
Patterson	66	3	31	3
C. Bailey	6	0	1	1

SECOND INNINGS	B.	M.	R.	W.
Hilles	48	2	20	0
Patterson	102	6	38	4
C. Baily	90	3	30	1
Barr	12	0	7	0
Wright	29	2	4	1
S. Bettle	15	0	15	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. F. Reeve, run out	17
G. S. Patterson, b. Clark	25
S. Bettle, b. Stoever	1
H. S. Hilles, b. Stoever	1
W. F. Price, b. Clark	2
C. W. Bailey, b. Stoever	5
J. J. Blair, b. Clark	1
E. K. Barr, not out	2
W. T. Wright, b. Clark	6
P. H. Morris, c. Noble, b. Stoever	2
A. C. Garrett, b. Stoever	1
Extras	10
Total	73

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Stoever	93	8	17	5
Welsh	18	1	12	0
Rutter	24	2	8	0
C. Coates	30	3	2	0
Clark	48	8	17	4
Shipley	7	0	5	0

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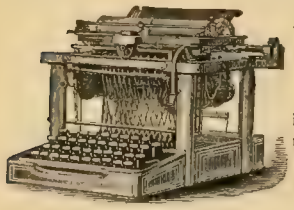

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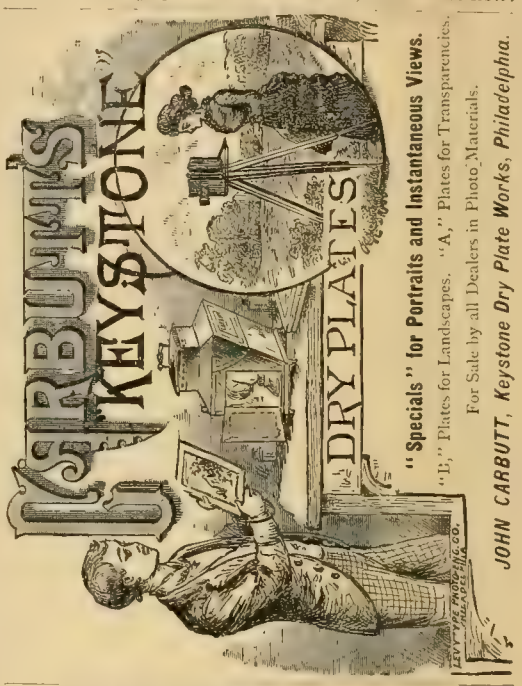

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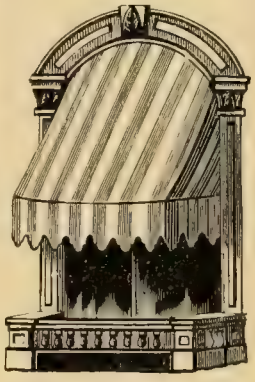

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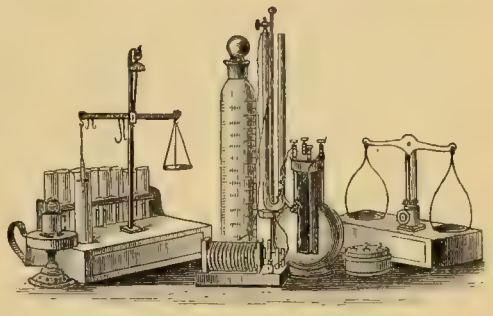

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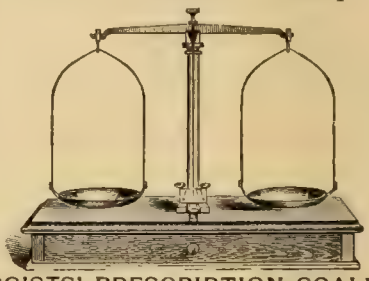

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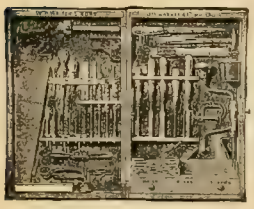

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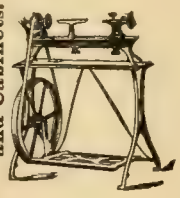

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Special Rates to Faculty and Students.

The Haverfordian.

Vol. VI. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., December, 1884. No. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Subscription Price, one year, . . $1.00
Single Copies, ...10
With the Student, ... $1.50

THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office for transmission through mails at second class rates.

A GREAT proportion of instructors everywhere believe that more harm than good results from occasional holidays. They take this view from the standpoint of the next day's recitations, which, as a rule, are far below the standard. We, as students, beg leave to differ from them. We believe that a spirit of enthusiasm and good feeling is aroused which lasts longer than a day and more than repays a day apparently lost, by better recitations in the future. But we are not complaining, on the contrary, we are glad the Faculty decided to give us a full holiday on the 27th ult. Then, too, we are reminded that we are creatures possessing appetites, and although *non vivimus ut edamus sed edimus ut vivamus*, a bountiful repast is appreciated by all, and especially by the editor who has extracted all the nourishment to be had from the end of his penholder, and has grown thin with "burning midnight oil." Such a feast all had the privilege of enjoying, both those who remained at the college, and those who had friends to invite them out on Thanksgiving day.

Yet not the least of pleasures of the day is the object for which it was intended, returning thanks for a year's bounties. At least it ought to be a pleasure to show our appreciation of the gifts of a kind and bountiful Father.

THE past year has been one of marked success for Haverford with regard to her sports. Although the number of students from which the college teams have been chosen is comparatively small, yet her efforts have succeeded in a manner which was entirely beyond our hope or expectation. Although there were but five first eleven cricket matches played, three of these were won by the home team, viz: The Wilmington, University of Pennsylvania and the Young America, while those with the Merion and Baltimore clubs were lost. We regret very much not having had the opportunity of playing the other clubs with which first eleven matches had been arranged, viz: The Girard, Belmont and Germantown. Of the four second eleven matches, three were won by Haverford, viz: Germantown, Merion and the first eleven of the William Penn Charter School, while that with the Girard was lost. There have been but two class matches played, both of which were between '87, of Haverford, and '87 of the University of Pennsylvania. Haverford being victorious on both occasions.

Two first eleven foot ball matches have been played, viz: With Lehigh University and Swarthmore College, both of which were won by Haverford. The match between the class teams of Haverford, '87 and '87 of Swarthmore was won by the former. The Sophomores defeated a strong team chosen from the Belmont Cricket Club. The Freshmen defeated a good eleven from the Germantown Academy, and also one from the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia, but were beaten by the University and Swarthmore Freshmen. Also an eleven composed of men not on the first, defeated a team made up of members of the Belmont cricket club, and a picked eleven from '87 and '88 gained a decisive victory over a team from Germantown Academy and the University.

The base ball nine has played the nines of the Westtown Alumni and the Baldwin Locomotive Works, both were won by Haverford. So out of a total of twenty-three matches of various kinds, eighteen have been won by Haverford. We trust the college may often in the future have such a record to look back upon.

OF late there has been much discussion as to what is the most practicable method of government in college. It is still an open question and various experiments are being tried, but where petty rules are reduced to the minimum, broad principles laid down as guiding points, and the good common sense of the students trusted, the most satisfaction and the least amount of jarring between ruled and ruling is secured. Our government, as all will agree, is sound and based on confidence and liberality. But the minute details of character and conduct are necessarily beyond the control of the most argus-eyed Faculty, and in the hands of the students who exercise their power over each other.

One faculty, which college men posses in no small degree, and which at times is exercised without mercy, has great weight in determining the course of others.

Everyone, with the exception of those grown callous by years of endurance, stands in awe of being gibed. This is a sharp weapon ; and when skilfully used, produces beneficial results, which, though seldom appreciated, are beyond computation. It more than any other one thing lifts the vail of self satisfaction and egotism, and shows one how much above *par* he has been estimating himself, and teaches him for the first time perhaps, lessons which will not desert his cranium until breath does his body. Does he have narrow hobbies which he is continually riding? they will not be spared until he is compelled to broaden out and flow in the general channel of truth. Without doubt gibing has saved our planet from hundreds and thousands of dudes and other useless incumbrances, while now and then a case turns up so encased in linen as to be gibe-proof. At Haverford, where everybody is aware of everybody else's pet foibles and weaknesses, few escape this ordeal, which, for the most part, is a school master of the right sort. At first its tendency is mistaken and the victim thinks he has been abused and insulted, but he will grow to see in almost every gibe a lesson which it will pay to heed, for it is an instinctive, common-sense judgment, expressed in such a way as is designed to take effect. Poor jokes and poor puns naturally die among their perpetuators and worshipers, but a good, square, well-meaning gibe is always appreciated and will do a college student more good than a score of applications of the rod when he is at an age for such things. It is hard medicine to take, and should be administered with caution, but with judicious care it is as effective as "Rene's Magic Oil," which is a remedy for all the "ills that flesh is heir to."

WE have always enjoyed the reputation of being fair and gentlemanly in every respect toward visiting clubs from whatever source, but still we recognize the fact that we have rights which we must maintain. The University lately seems to have come to the conclusion that Haverford is only a little boarding school, and that we are unworthy of much notice from them. Only last Autumn we played them a game of cricket, the result of which is evidently quite a bitter dose, considering the way it is reported in the University Magazine. To say that the game was lost by "extraordinary decisions" of the Haverford umpire, seems to us a mean way of acknowledging defeat. They may have been unfortunate in one or two of their men, but who is to be blamed? We beat them fairly, and now to whine about "extraordinary decisions" of our umpire is babyish. The whole account of the game is marked with a spirit which we should be disgusted with ourselves for showing. Not satisfied with this they challenge '87 to a foot ball match and then bring out an eleven made up of men from three different classes. It was just as easy for '87 to have played this team as one composed wholly of '87 men, but why should we grant every point, and they not give up anything? If they have a man that they can play on every class team where he is not known, it does not argue that *we* should stand the same thing. We are sorry to have them come out and be disappointed, but it was their lookout to see that they brought a square team, and we would have done our best to give them a good game. The principle involved was worth contending for, and they have no ground to call us inhospitable. Such talk as this, "Haven't you got a college team you can bring out?" and "This is a one-horse boarding school," sounds like John Bull talk, for which Jonathan has very little regard. We have a team which has won some laurels, and we are quite well satisfied with the size of Haverford College. Some of their men satisfied themselves by putting the following in the *Press:* "The expected game of foot ball between the Sophomore teams, of the University, and Haverford was not played yesterday, and there is some angry feeling over the cause. The Haverford men objected to Rutter, one of the University eleven, claiming that he was not an '87 man. The University men denied this, but the Haverfordians flatly refused to play and the game was off." If there are any angry feelings they all come from the University and they have no reason for entertaining any such feelings. It was only from principle and not from fear of the team, that '87 refused to play.

IT is to be regretted that our foot-ball organization has been allowed so thoroughly to fall into neglect. We have, of course the indispensible treasurer and a ground committee, but we feel the lack of a thoroughly organized club. We hope that such a club will be organized before next season, and think it right to bring this matter before the students through the Haverfordian, in order that steps may be taken to ensure that result. A well-organized club with regularly appointed officers will tend to a successful season far more than the present arrangement does. If this step is taken, we feel assured that beneficial results will follow. The business of the club will be carried on in a more orderly and regular manner, more money will be contributed, and it will be more readily collected; and more interest will be aroused.

The team this year has been very successful. We have beaten Lehigh and Swarthmore, and hope that next year's team may do equally well. An organization such as we have for cricket would do much towards assuring this, for we have good material

in college from which to make up an eleven, and all that will be necessary is good practice in well arranged scrub matches. For all this a club is necessary, and by all means let us have one.

Another question has been much spoken of in college. Can we not have some kind of a uniform for our eleven? Not necessarily an expensive one, or one exactly alike in all respects for all the team, but were it only that we all wore caps alike, it would be something. Surely we should have fewer than eleven different costumes for a team of only eleven men. There is matter here for the future club to discuss, and until we have a well-organized one it will not be properly decided. All questions like this could be readily settled if our foot-ball matters were on a firmer basis. We have the best of wishes for the club in the future and hope that the team will do well; it is in this spirit that we have said what we have.

COLD weather has come upon us now in good earnest, and with it short days and long evenings. We have had to say good-bye to most of our out-door sports and must necessarily spend much of our time within doors. To many this seems a hardship, and perhaps it will be one to some, but it need not be so necessarily. We all grant that out-door sports are not only excellent but even essential for the healthful development of the body, and it has been the wish of the HAVERFORDIAN to encourage them, in every way, so far as is consistent with due attention to our intellectual development. But cricket and foot-ball cannot be practiced on frozen ground or on snow and we must turn our attention to other things.

We hope that the necessity of spending more time in-doors will not result in any falling off in the general health of the students, but rather that the Gymnasium may be patronized and plenty of exercise taken by all.

What we do hope and confidentially expect, is that the long evenings will show their effects in an increased amount of literary work and more faithful attention to college duties. We know that good work is done now, but we think that a great many of the students should pay more attention to literary work and intellectual growth.

But we are not going to be cooped up in-doors all the time simply because cold and perhaps unpleasant weather has come and our foot-ball has been necessarily given up. College students are blessed with a considerable amount of animal spirits and vigor, and we remember well the fun which the snow and ice of past years have afforded us.

Skating and coasting do not lose their charm as soon as one has reached the dignity of a college Junior or Senior, and we anticipate lively times on the ice and exciting races on the class sleds before the winter is past. All things considered, no one need lack plenty of healthful, fresh air exercise, or gymnasium work, and on the other hand the long evenings will tend to increase the amount of reading and studying done.

AS we call to mind the Lectures delivered last year by friends of the college and the Faculty, we remember Lord Coleridge, James Bryce, Jonathan Chace, Prof. Corson, and the Woods.

What are the students to have this year? Although we have had two Addresses before the Loganian, we have had but one public lecture. The interest manifested by the college in these is a guarantee of what may be expected in future, especially as the nights are longer and there are fewer opportunities for out-door sports. It is true we may not be able to hear again soon from some of the gentlemen named above, yet why not from Prof. Corson or James and Charles Wood? However, if we cannot have these, there are other men whom

the students would be glad to hear, and in this, as in other things, "Variety is the spice of life." Surely this year ought not to be inferior to last in respect to its Lecture Course.

The adage "A prophet is not without honor, etc.," will not hold well in this case. For example, the evenings given to Prof. Davenport in his addresses, "The Italian Republics," were full of profit and pleasure. It is doubtful whether there was any course more interesting. How many members of the faculty may be heard from this year? These remarks on Lectures will apply equally well to the evening readings given heretofore.

But while writing we can imagine the cries from a class of students, that we have not the time to attend; are too busy. Let us consider for a moment the value of this objection. We think that it an established fact that the College men who do the most work for the Societies and who have the most influence as earnest Society workers in all emergencies, are those who are most ready when called on. Again, the more one does the more he is able to do, of course within proper limits. On the other hand, those who do the least are those who are most busy when called on for an article or declamation. This will hold as well with regard to Lectures as Societies. So let us have a good Lecture Course this winter, giving as much pleasure and profit as possible.

THOUGHTS AFTER THE CONTEST.

AS each new presidential contest draws near a deep anxiety is felt by many, for at each recurring election the structure of government laid one hundred years ago, in faith and hope, is tried by inscrutable tests. Can the two great opposing political armies meet at the polls, decide the struggle and accept the result, without jostling the foundations on which we have built with such apparent success? Once more the climacteric has been reached, the dose taken, and all who can, breathe easily again.

It is natural for Republicans to point out the various circumstances, but for which Blaine and the party would have been successful. But now the fight is over it is only the old repeated wail of "it might have been." We may wish that a little more energy had been exerted in New York, but who could have foreseen that another day's work would have turned the scale? As it is the Democrats have given us Cleveland, where we expected Blaine. Some who may be classed as luke-warm would tell us that there is no difference between the two parties, except that one from its long continuance in office is full and laden with spoils, while the other like Pharoah's lean, lank kine, "hungry and thirsty," has been all the time waiting for an opportunity to regale itself. For a moment let us compare them. There is one inborn difference which makes them as unlike as Whigs and Torys.

The Democrats believe in strict construction; the Republicans in loose construction of the constitution, and this is why the party now coming into power has been on the wrong side of nearly every vital question since the foundation of the Republic, while the Republican party and its successors have been on the right side. It is why, when an important issue was to be met, Republicans have said it is right and we can do it, and Democrats have said it cannot be done, or like the school teacher when asked by the committee whether the earth was round or square, they have been unprejudiced one way or the other. They of old did not believe money could be used for public improvements, that the slave chains could be broken, or that the states could be reconstructed and if their belief means anything, they must wage increasing war against protection, salutary laws, which includes prohibition and the numberless ques-

tions for human improvement, which time will bring up for decision. They are the same old parties to-day that they have always been, one arousing and upholding the principles which the greatest minds have ever entertained, the other cynical with a narrow view of mankind, blundering, halting, and bound to an idea, which is opposed to development. The elements of which the two parties are made up of do not need commenting on. Why has the party which has done so much for American civilization and human improvement been superceded? The answer which those, who are pleased to call themselves Independents give is, that the Chicago Convention made a sad mistake and nominated an unworthy man. We do not believe that this opinion is entertained by any who supported the nomination by their votes. Blaine never showed his clear head and his great power more than in the last campaign. The number and weight of his speeches are marvelous, and no word which fell from his lips could be used against him.

Was protection the issue? he was the exponent of it. Was peace arbitration desired? he sincerely advocated it. Did every true citizen wish to see polygamy suppressed, and a free ballot and a fair count in every State guaranteed, who could have spoken more boldly for them? No; let us not beat our head against the wall by saying that we made a mistake when we chose him. True, there have not been wanting those, who, in their selfish and suspicious minds, have pictured a man, and painted over with tattoo paint, bluster and demagogueism, and called him Blaine, but rather let us believe him when he said he had never done a public act for which he felt a blush of shame, before his country, his conscience and the great Searcher of Hearts.

It seems to us that there would have been more or less opposition under the head of an independent movement from the free trade ring, with almost any nomination that could have been made.

If it had not been for St. John and the Prohibitionists, Blaine would have undoubtedly carried every Northern State. What shall we say of those, then, who had so much to do with deciding the contest as it is. First of all, would the result have been different if Blaine had voted for the Maine amendment? We believe not. The explanation of his course ought to have been satisfactory to everybody. Democrats were waiting to cry "policy vote" which ever way he had voted, and it was better for him to do as he did.

On the other hand it is entirely wrong to wreak vengeance, in disappointment, on St. John and his supporters. Burning him in effigy and calling him Judas P. St. John is both mean and cowardly. While the temperance question is not the only question before the country, it is beyond dispute the most vital one. The women strike the key note when they take for their motto: "for God, and Home, and Native Land." The freedom of the country from the effects of alcohol would be one of the greatest achievements of Christian civilization; it would surely be "another link in the golden chain which binds humanity to the throne of God;" it would be a step towards the time when home shall be the "vestibule of heaven," and more than any other one thing, it would give us reason to hope for the perpetuity of our American Republic.

Is it strange that a man who has been imprisoned for giving a cup of cold water to a hound-hunted slave, and who has lived to see that slave possessed of equal power with himself, accomplished through party organization, is it strange that he should seek, by the same means, the overthrow of a system equally opposed to civilization?

Thirty-six years ago, James G. Birney and his few supporters were denounced

because they had been the means of defeating Clay; but this little party, by the help of Providence, accomplished a great work after it had grown powerful, and it was only by the uprising of another little party with similar aims, that it has been defeated after such a history.

Whatever else we may say or do, let us not condemn St. John and the Prohibitionists. There was not one selfish thought in their hearts, and it was for posterity and not for themselves that they cast their votes as they did. So far there has been a striking analogy between the course of Clay and that of Blaine, between the rise of this party and that which came into power twenty-four years ago, but here the analogy must stop, for the causes which brought the Republican party into power can never be repeated. If it has been ordained in the councils of the Almighty that by it the work shall be accomplished, what are we that we should be found fighting against God? In some way it will succeed. We lament that it has caused the defeat of Blaine and given power to a party which is a deadly foe to its principles. It would seem that a system of education and amendments in the several States as soon as they can be carried, would be a more satisfactory way, freeing it from all political wrangling and bickering.

Of one thing we may be sure, that the issue which to-day has first attracted especial notice, cannot be crushed out like a "farthing rush-light," and it will be a sharp thorn in the sides of unprincipled politicians. The election of Blaine would have cleared his name forever of any blot, while his defeat may for a time, leave a slight tinge on his character, but it cannot be lasting. He is as sure of his place in the third great period of our history, as Adams and Jefferson are in the first, and Sumner and Lincoln in the second. The power of the Democratic party will be temporary unless they materially change, but can the leopard change his spots? The lion's skin will not long conceal the donkey's ears. After the lessons which the last quarter of a century have taught, our country will not long endure the blunders and the blind statesmanship which characterized that party under Polk, Pierce and Buchannan. Like Jacob of old, they may put strips of goat skin on their hands and neck, but their voice and acts will betray them, for their inseparable principles forbid advance and development.

But the life of our nation is beyond party. We may regret the result, but our place is still at our post, acting the part of loyal citizens.

> "Loyalty to Truth is sealed,
> As bravely in the closet as the field."

We have before us the lesson of every age written in "brave, deathless letters of iron and granite," every future age will feel and read what *we* are doing to-day, let us set our lessons from the same "runic type fount." The still, small voice of our generation may tremble on as far as the rattle of musketry at Marston Moor, or the reverberation of cannon at Antietam.

LITERATURE.

IN the perusal of many of the new books lately published it doesn't take a very critical mind to see the haste with which they are written. Our world moves so fast that authors, along with the rest of us, forget that *good* work receives a larger reward than poor work. Articles written at lightning speed are struck from the press at the rate of 7000 sheets per hour, read before the ink is dry and then forgotten, or at least a majority of them. Occasionally we catch the fire and enthusiasm of an author, in this rapid materialization of thought, that is quite refreshing, and we forget the errors in the pleasure we receive. We notice below the best of late productions.

A History of the Four Georges by

Justin McCarthy gives to the reading world the events of the most interesting part of England's career. The first volume is just out, having in the foreground the departure of Queen Anne, in the background the accessian of George II and for its main subject George I. There are four volumes in all, one for each king.

Considering that the work includes such subjects as the South Sea Bubble, the French and Indian War, the East India Company, the American Colonies' Revolt, and the Napoleonic Wars, it could hardly be otherwise that pleasant reading, but, under the pen of Justin McCarthy they acquire even a new interest, and the author deserves a prominent place among the writers of shorter English histories.

Dodd, Mead & Co., have lately issued the *Diary* and *Correspondence* of *Samuel Pepys* by Braybrooke, with additional notes by Mynars Bright, M. A. Many of the notes by Braybrooke, which were incorrect are corrected and new ones added. Pepys dairy besides being valuable as history is interesting in its ease and fluency of style.

Artists of the 19th Century, down to 1885, by Clara Erskine Clement and Lawrence Hutton, is the most valuable book of its kind. It gives biographical sketches of 2,000 artists down to the present time, and is authority on its subject.

Those who affirm that the negro question is settled either neglect the newspapers or are deaf to the truths written on this subject. We believe it is the great question of future politics. What are we to do with the Negro? Every one should read "*An Appeal to Caesar*," by Albion W. Tourjée. And whether you agree with all he says or not you cannot help having your eyes opened to the importance of the question. Tourgée's manner is fearless and straightforward.

The world renowned cartoons of the *London Punch* have been arranged in a volume entitled, "Half a Century of English History," pictorially presented in a series of cartoons from the collection of Mr. Punch, by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. Although the pictures have been much reduced in size, in their reproduction, they still contain enough to be sufficiently amusing. Of course these cartoons lose most of their interest to an American, but in England they are a wonderful power in public affairs. We cannot help noticing the difference between our American caricatures and English ones. The one is more bright and daring than the other, and shows more spirit, the latter partakes more of the phlegmatic. Still we think our fellow countrymen sometimes overdo the matter and become too sharp in their detection of others' faults. Don't kick a man when he is down.

F. Marion Crawfords' "American Politician," would almost disprove the idea, expressed above, that men write too fast, for the haste of the author has not dimimished the interest of his book nor impaired his style.

NOTES.

First edition of Dickens' works bring enormous prices. One copy of "Sketches by Boz," sold for $75, another of "Pickwick Papers" for $40.

Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," is writing letters from the New Orleans Exposition to "The Independent."

"Our Continent" has been purchased, subscription list and all, by "The Christian at Work." 'Migma' is now a department of the latter paper, still conducted by Judge Tourgée.

Lord Lytton, the author of "Lucille," while not engaged on his new book, writes complimentary notes on Mary Anderson.

"The Duchess," with her long list of novels ending with "Doris," and numerous kindred authors with kindred works, remind one of a certain Egyptian plague.

Elihu Vedder's drawings for the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Kayyam, a few specimens of which appear in the December "Century," will soon be exhibited in New York. Great crowds visited them while on exhibition at Boston.

December is the time when booksellers do the largest business. If you do not want a book yourself buy one for somebody else, and so help them and the trade too.

THE STORY OF PORT ROYAL AND LOUIS 14TH.

FROM PROF. DAVENPORT'S LECTURE.

TO the intelligent European traveller, no objects are more fascinating than many of the monasteries scattered through the British Isles and over the Continent. Palaces and churches, being enveloped for the most part in the roar of great cities, are associated with the noisy and obtrusive present. Battle-fields are vague, and hardly ever satisfy our wish to comprehend obliterated feature and disputed outline. Picture galleries and halls of sculpture are bewildering and fatiguing. Even in the charms of grand scenery, of gigantic mountains and awful precipices—of ravines and lakes—the impression may be too overpowering to be permanent, too unusual to be of any moment in our instruction. But monasteries appeal to the sentimental in our nature, and they justify in the light of reason our judicious thankfulness. No one can tread without emotion the island of Iona, that displays its roofless cloisters, hallowed by the memories of a band of priests, who preserved the torch of learning, when elsewhere throughout Europe, it had been thrown down and extinguished. Melrose Abbey in Scotland, and Netley in England, with their rich architecture and stately walls, reveal the wealth and luxury, which, in those times, seem to have belonged only to monks, or at least only to them without fear of dispoilment. Vallambrosa, with its venerable groves, speaks to us of poetry and song. Westminster Abbey is redolent of the great names of English history; Monte Cassino embalms the recollections of great piety and enthusiastic devotion; Chegny and St. Denis, of fierce religious ambition; Canosa recounts the memorable abasement, which the haughty German Emperor, Henry IV. sustained at the hands of Pope Hildebrand,—for four days compelled to kneel in the snow, before its closed portals, and to sue the implacable Bishop of Rome for pardon and reconciliation.

But there has existed in France, within two hundred years, a convent, whose merits, for a brief half-century in the latter part of its career, outweight those of half the religious institutions of the time, and whose fate is full of mournful pathos. Its ruins still survive, but clad with no such grace or dignity, as invest many convents demolished by Protestant fanaticism. Port Royal was levelled by *Catholic* hate, and so effectually, that a few mounds of rubbish rather disfigure, than adorn the spot. These mounds are overrun by vineyards, and the inquisitive traveller, who has turned aside from his route to muse over former glories, finds scarcely anything more substantial, than a few bricks or an occasional arch. The situation is only twenty miles from Paris. The ancient palace of the heathen emperor, the apostate Julian, is in the busiest part of that gay capital, and reveals an incomparably better state of preservation, than does the recent Convent at Port Royal. Catholic France, indeed, is evidently proud of that hater of Christianity, who would have extirpated the faith of Jesus from off the earth, had he possessed the power; and yet in its day the execrated Port Royal, which represented the Roman Catholic religion in its most amiable and beneficent

form, and which was, besides, illustrated with several names in literature that were world-renowned; one, especially, adorns the records of Port Royal, that of Blaisè Pascal, which is equal to the greatest of those that France would not willingly let perish from her trophies. Port Royal ruined, is a triumph over a Calvinistic schism in the Roman Catholic Church, of Jesuitism over Jansenism, of religious license over conscientious austerity, of despotism over freedom of conscience.

I say of despotism over freedom, for the time in which this downfall was effected was that of Louis XIV. No reign in French history is more valuable in its lessons than that of this King. It was long, —and so allowed retribution for its crimes to be developed and to be recognized as such. Calamity on calamity in the latter part of it followed, in a natural sequence, the glare of fraudulent success, the selfish aggrandizement pursued through unjust wars, and the heartless self-indulgence of King and Court. It was King Louis XIV, who revoked the Edict of Nantes, and thereby drove from the kingdom hundreds of thousands of his worthiest subjects. The very best artificers transferred themselves in crowds to England and Holland, and built up those nations at the expense of their supremely foolish rival. That act was one of stupendous folly, such as has not been paralleled in the records of either imbecile monarchs, or of short-sighted mobs. But the demolition of Port Royal proceeded from the same brain; and whilst the revocation was monstrous, the demolition was contemptible. The one shocked Europe for its gigantic stupidity; the other excited derision for the pettiness of its malice, the meanness of its tyranny. It was the same sovereign who hunted his inoffensive Huguenot subjects, and who made war upon a handful of old women in a nunnery. And yet History has entitled this King the 'Great,' as if in mockery of his real claims to respect. France writes on the grand portal of the Versailles Palace, "To all the glories of France;" but the most unreflecting of Frenchmen would start to find enumerated among these 'glories,' the Nantes Revocation or Port Royal's overthrow. He might, forsooth, defend the ceaseless onslaughts upon Germany, the seizure of Strasburg, apologize for the foul debaucheries of the palace and the starvation of thousands of Frenchmen in ruined France, ruined by the exactions of unending wars,—but no one of the unthinking Sunday crowds is so simple as to mistake the true character of the one or the other, the Revocation or the Demolition.

Port Royal, existed in all, a few years more than five centuries. It was founded in the year 1204, by a crusading knight. Just before his departure for the Holy Land, he left a large sum of money to be expended on some work of piety. His wife decided that the best work of piety would be a convent for nuns. We are led to suppose that the bequest was a large one, for the sumptuous architectures were designed by the same artist in stone, who had just completed the Cathedral of Amiens.

(Continued.)

LOCALS.

"Lehigh."

Calvert.

Now, we're off!!

"I'm quarter-back.

"Call up the big man."

"Line up, lads, line up."

Observe the old tiles of '87

What is the grate in the library for?

The number of embryo moustaches in college just now, is astonishing.

We have found one person who is proud that he is a "Mugwump."

Moffat himself need not have been ashamed of Tug's kicking at Swarthmore.

One member of the sophomore class is looking for a word of three letters.

We hope that the ice on the pond will not be cut soon enough this year, to interfere with our skating.

Prof. in history: "What was the date of the fall of the Western Empire?"
Senior: "About 1476.

Mechanical Students: "Well, I admire gall!"
Professor: "I removed that face plate myself, Mr.—"

Dickinson went to the Empire State on election day, and cast his vote for the "Plumed Knight."

Janney and Cassatt, marched in the Democratic glorification parade on the evening of the 4th.

What is better than getting a barrel of Northern Spy apples? Getting two barrels of Northern Spy apples.

The battle against the Turk on Thanksgiving day was a most unequal contest. Four pounds was the maximum gain.

"If you don't give this, I will take my men right off the field." Thus the Swarthmore captain intimidateth the referee.

The Republican majority in Pennsylvania shows what an influence the Haverford Blaine and Logan club must have had.

M. C. Morris cast his maiden vote for Blaine. We understand that he scratched one senator on the ticket.

We don't see why the foot ball matches between the different classes could not have been played before cold weather set in.

Prof. in Deschanel: "What are the three primary color sensations?" Shang, after hesitating a moment. "Red, white and blue.

Can it be truly said, that, if a student has never walked to Conshohocken, via Manayunk and Monkeytown, his college life has been a failure?

During the match at Swarthmore, one of the "preps" observed to his companion that he thought marbles a much safer game than foot ball.

The students have recently been very prompt in getting over to breakfast. This is probably owing to the great inducement held out in the way of nice hot rolls.

It is reported that Calvert disarranged the metatarsal structure of his pedal extremity, by trying to beat the ground with his light foot, in imitation of the Satyrs.

Patterson '88 displaced the muscles of his shoulder in the Germantown Academy match last month, which has hindered him from foot-ball for the rest of the Autumn.

Scientific Soph. "I am studying comparative Zoology," Classical Soph. "When are you going to take up superlative zoology?"
Scientific: I am not positive."

This has been the first winter in several years that we have not had skating before Thanksgiving. Perhaps the cold weather exhausted itself around Augusta, Maine.

The incorrigible sophomore, who has bought three alarm clocks and still goes on accumulating demerit marks, for non-appearance at breakfast, had better room under No. 27 next year.

The "Lamb," fell into the "Bathtub" a few evenings ago with the intention of cleaning it out. He thinks he would have succeeded if he had had more cold water and less outside interference.

Now that the snow ball season has come, we would recommend that the college publish for the benefit of the Freshmen, a catalogue and price list of window panes in various parts of the building.

The largest eater in the senior class was invited out on Thanksgiving day. It is rumored that bribery by the rest of the students induced the invitation. It is stated on the authority of an eye witness that said senior beat his own record.

Eli Jones, of China, Maine, addresssed us briefly on the 27th, ult., on missionary work in Palestine. He was on his way home from a

visit through the West, having organized missionary societies at Earlham and Wilmington.

This is ye date when ye confiding Freshman doth frequent ye foot-ball plot, and doth give ye college points on ye game, yea verily doth he instruct and teach and he doth gibe if peradventure it pleaseth him not.

We print in this issue a portion of Prof. Davenport's lecture on "Port Royal and Louis XIV," delivered before the Loganian. We would recall to the minds of the students that the meetings of the society are public, non-members being heartily welcome.

Now is the time when the student, who thought he had a soft thing of it in betting a ten dollar plug on the election of Blaine, has to ante up, and at the same time makes a vow that he will never again bet heavily on a certainty.

The big brown elephant, belonging to the menagerie of Baily & Co., has again been brought to his winter quarters in Barclay Hall. At intervals through the day his long drawn out tender wails mingled with heavy slumberous sighs fill the halls with their restless agitation.

Mr. L. L. Smith, formerly of '85, paid us a short visit a few days ago. From his appearance, we would judge that Harvard atmosphere was in every way congenial to his physical constitution. His looks are somewhat altered by having a full growth of beard.

"The Count" and "Baron," struck a snag the other evening in this wise. It seems "The Count" had invested his funds for the winter in a tin frier, and the Baron undertook to manipulate a few sausages to soothe the hunger of his Freshmen cronies. But unfortunately, "The Count" tried to eat one. Now, "The Count" is an awful saucy thing, when he is mad and he said: "I aint what you call a fiighting man, and I've wrassled with many a dubious compound in this here club, but I'll be blowed if this cruel stroke hasn't undermined my haughty nature; for a man of my social importance, the only hope and happiness of so many fair ones, to risk his life in this way is absolutely disgusting." For once the Baron said naught, but, he rose up and fell upon the unhappy creature, and he swept his ancestral halls with the bloody gore of the proud Virginian. Now Dame Grundy says, "they won't speak when they pass by." Isn't it dreadful?

EXCHANGES.

The Concordiensis, from Union College, is a handsome paper in its new cover and with its nice paper and clear type. The editorials are creditable and to the point, especially the one about contributions to the college paper. "A Trip to the Helderbergs," is a pleasant story. The three pages of Locals make a good showing. Ten pages of reading matter, however, are not enough for a college monthly.

The Earlhamite, for November, has some solid and sensible articles. "Church Polity," a three page essay, contains some valuable truth, ably illustrated by example. "The Missionary Spirit" shows careful thought and research. The writer is no pessimist, but evidently believes that everything eventually tends towards the gradual improvement of mankind. Like many other writers and thinkers, the advancement of woman is brought forward as the sure proof of this progress. "Beyond the Rockies" is an interesting letter. The Earlhamite contains a large number of personals, and seems to keep well posted in regard to the doings of the alumni of her college. On the whole it is one of the best college papers published in the West.

The Princetonian, always about the same, possesses no great literary merit. For a weekly college paper it does very well, aiming apparently to give all the college news. Some of our exchanges have called it a good sporting paper, and if this is the general verdict the editors are probably satisfied. It contains a good deal about foot ball, but what is more interesting to the average collegian about this time? "The Castaways," is not a very interesting story judging from the first three chapters, but the conclusion perhaps has some redeeming, qualities. The style, however, is exceedingly easy and might even be called graceful. The suggestions of the editor under the head of

"The Undergraduate Committee," if carried out, might lead to a removal of the "antagonism" between student and professor, for which Princeton has grown rather famous. The Princetonian has always fearlessly asserted its views, championed the rights of the students, and gratuitously given the faculty more advice than could be obtained from the best lawyers in the country.

The Volante, for October, an excellent number, contains three pieces worthy of attention. "The Moral Phaze of Education," where the author says: "The general opinion seems to be that education of the brain must be acquired, but morality, like religion, comes by inheritance, by gift, by grace, by special dispensation, and mighty few are elected to have it. We are taught that if the intellect is enlightened, either nothing is needed or all things will of necessity be added. Smartness makes up and atones for all defects. It is deemed a complete answer to the charge that a man is corrupt, to affirm that he is smart. * * *

If we would look with confident eye to the future, the educators of our day must learn from John Locke, that virtue, direct virtue, is the head and invulnerable part to be aimed at in education." "Schiller and Germany," and "A Greek Maiden," orations delivered at the prize contest are both very good. The writer says of Schiller: "The great heart of humanity was the source of his every impulse, the pulse of national sentiment determined the vigor of his works, he was the center of his social and political organism, the embodiment of sincerity and devotion, the type of a patriot and a man."

The De Pauw Monthly, published at Greencastle, Indiana, is a very good paper. The first thing that meets our eyes is a piece of poetry entitled *Ad Apollonem*, which the writer has no need to be ashamed of. The "American Rhine," is quite interesting, but the style is, to say it gently, exaggerated. It begins: "Most people run to admire the evanescent glare of terestrial fireworks, and utterly ignore the refulgent beauty of the perpetual sunrises and sunsets of the shining worlds in the sky." "The Waif of Society,," is a discussion of a subject of great interest to anyone of a philanthropic turn of mind. There is no doubt that society is responsible in some degree for the crimes committed against it. It is often said that poverty is no crime, and again "hunger knows no law, for it devours both law and conscience." The writer cites the authority of Victor Hugo, who says that four-fifths of the crime in Paris and London are the outgrowth of poverty. What then is the conclusion? A man is not responsible for his poverty, and driven by hunger is not responsible for his actions, but the crime is committed and some body is responsible for it. There is evidently a broad field for the philanthropist and missionary to work in, for they, and not the political economist, can best remove the existing evils. In one of the editorials we find the following: "It is safe to say that one-third of the students who attend colleges of this country do so at the detriment of their future. College life is worth just what the student makes it. The young man may idle away his leisure at the expense of weakening will power, or develop by severe application those qualities which fit him to cope with the corroding forces of actual life."

PERSONALS.

What the Alumni say of the Haverfordian:

'71. "Enclosed please find one dollar for my subscription to the Haverfordian. I am much pleased with the new form and careful attention paid to the paper by the editors. I want to pay a visit to my old Alma Mater soon, as I was unable to get there on Alumni day."

Yours truly, ELLIS B. REEVES.

'76. "Last year I thought would end my subscription to the Haverfordian, but you have improved it so much I will renew it this year."

HOWARD G. TAYLOR.

'78. "Believe me a true friend of your paper." ROBERT B. HAINES.

'83. "I have just returned to "civilization" after a sojourn of four months on a Montana ranch for my health. It may be interesting to some of my class to know that my health is quite restored. Wishing the Haverfordian a very succeseful year,"

I am, yours truly, ROBERT R. DUNN.

'83. "The change in the form is an improvement and no doubt it will add to the popularity of the paper. Please send it to my address as formerly." Yours truly, S. W. COLLINS.

'84. "Allow me to compliment you on the great improvement in the 'dress' of the Haverfordian, and to wish you the best of success in its management." S. RUFUS JONES.

"I am much pleased with the new garb of the Haverfordian—it is a great improvement." Thy friend, W. R. BULLOCK.

'78. Charles S. Crosman has been appointed head-master of the "Haverford College Grammar School." The school is in a very flourishing condition, having 26 students.

'82. T. C. Palmer paid us a visit on the 30th ult.

'83. Charles Whitney and L. B. Whitney were among the spectators at Swarthmore on the 29th ult.

'85. L. L. Smith accompanied us on our trip to Swarthmore on the 29th ult.

'86. F. L. Trotter paid us a visit on the 21st ult.

'86. J. P. Tunis played on the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team, against Wesleyan, on Thanksgiving day.

'87. Mowry was with us on the 30th ult.

FOOT BALL.

THE match with Swarthmore is always the match of the season, and the interest in the result of it increased as time set for it drew near. The team and about thirty-five others were on the Swarthmore grounds at three o'clock on the 29th ult, waiting for the game to be called. White and Hilles had been disabled in the Lehigh match, so that our team looked somewhat light as Swarthmore's heavy men took their places in front of them. Haverford won the toss and chose the lower goal, Swarthmore putting the ball into play by dribbling it. The ball for the first few minutes was kept close to Haverford's end of the field and a goal was tried for from the field by Brown, but hitting a man it was lost, the referee deciding it not a goal, though not till Swarthmore had had a good cheer. This aroused the Haverford men and they went into the work in earnest. Wilson soon kicked a goal from the field, and the Haverford yell came out strong. Just before the end of the first half the ball was down in front of Haverford's goal line and the Swarthmore quarter back Smedley secured a touch down near the touch line and a goal was tried for, but unsuccessfully. When time was called for the first half the score stood 5 to 4 in our favor. The first half was close and exciting, but at its close it pointed decidedly in favor of Haverford, as they had had up hill work. The second half was more uneven, the ball being kept almost continually near Swarthmore's goal. Wright '87 made a long run and claimed a touch down. The Swarthmore umpire claimed a touch in goal, which was given by the referee. Baily took the ball from Steere and touched it down in goal, but he claimed it was down before it was taken, which was granted by the referee. Another goal was kicked from the field by Wilson, and the ball being put into play again Haverford made a safety, and soon after the game was called leaving the score 10 to 6 in favor of Haverford. The Haverford team showed good grit and pluck, and played a strong game in every particular. The Swarthmore team was especially good at blocking. Wilson's kicking for Haverford was admired by both sides, and Bettle worked hard, with good effect. Moore and Brown played especially well for Swarthmore. The Swarthmore captain seemed somewhat inclined to practice the Yale game of breaking up men. Mr. Scott, of Wesleyan, was referee. Doan umpired for Haverford, for Swarthmore. We were kindly treated as we always are at Swarthmore, and good feeling prevailed.

THE LEHIGH MATCH.

Contrary to all precedent, the college foot ball team accepted a challenge from the Lehigh University to be played at South Bethlehem, November 22d. Hitherto it had been the college custom merely to struggle with the exponents of this game, as nurtured under the co-educational walls of Swarthmore. But good luck seemed to smile upon the expedition as was afterwards shown.

Train connections to Bethlehem are unfor-

tunate, the trains apparently being run only whenever the employees can find convenient time, which was in this case about 9 a. m. We were compelled to linger at Bethlehem until 2.30, the time set, but much valuable information was picked up by the team, wandering at their own sweet will over this quaint old Moravian town. The town in itself is worthy of much comment, being an old settlement, isolated for a hundred years; in the midst of a stony ridge of hills. On the walls of many buildings were seen yellow posters announcing the match, together with the pleasing statement that the admission was a quarter. After dinner we were driven in a four horse coach to the University buildings, which are a mile and a half from town. These structures are on a series of terraces and are most beautiful as well as imposing in design and finish. The gymnasium which was our quarters, called forth praise especially for its perfect equipments, containing among other things, a bowling alley and billiard and pool rooms.

In a short time we found ourselves on our way to the field of action, which was dug directly into the hillside, not covered by turf but filled with a heavy, sticky clay, which clung like glue at every footstep. Haverford won the toss and chose the western goal, the sun being directly in her opponent's eyes. The Lehigh team soon put in an appearance, presenting a handsome array of brown and white jerseys and caps. They were chosen apparently for their size and strength, little attention being paid to their natural fitness for the game. As we grouped opposite each other, the view was somewhat picturesque, the field seemed to be the base of an amphitheatre, the surrounding hills rising up almost vertically from its edge, a heavy black line of spectators being on the margin of the grounds, and the University buildings glistening in the sun a short way above, while the brighter colors of the players were scattered over the level, brown ground.

Lehigh kicked off the ball, but after some hard playing and tackling the ball was forced back to their quarters and a touch down secured, two safeties were also forced upon them by the energetic play of the Haverfordians, making the score 8 to 0. The Bethlehem men were somewhat dismayed at this rapid scoring, but their spirits were enlivened by a long kick from their half backs which was fumbled, and much to Haverford's surprise a touch down and goal were obtained, making 8 to 6. The Lehigh men became encouraged and began working with a vim to increase this start, but the ball was again forced back to their goal posts and a touch down secured. A punt out for free kick was muffed and Lehigh again gained the ball about ten feet out. The ball was pressed back, but on starting upwards from a vigorous punt, hit a Haverford man and was quickly touched down. This time a goal was kicked, making the score 18 to 6. A safety was allowed against Haverford by the referee under a wrong decision, the score standing at the end of first half at 18 to 8.

Haverford rapidly started off after the intermission and the ball hugged their opponent's goal, again and again until 18 more from three goals were tacked on. This was accomplished by the splendid blocking of Haverford and the fine running and bucking of White, their half back. The whole 18 was made with a rapidity which startled and silenced Lehigh's admirers. Hilles of the Haverford team and its captain was compelled to retire on account of a sprain, and Morris was put on for substitute. In the meanwhile, Lehigh secured another touch down making the final score 36 to 12. Haverford was satisfied and strove merely to pass the remainder of the time without change of score, but Lehigh worked hard but unsuccessfully to decrease the lead.

We were treated by the team and University in a most hospitable manner, every care and precaution being taken to insure our comfort. This of course added greatly to the pleasures of the trip. Many incidents diversified the monotony of the game which are known probably to Haverford's interested admirers. The players of the Haverford team were as follows: Captain and middleman, Hilles; rushers, Hussey, Bowne, Wright, Adams, Reeve, and Bacon; half backs, White and Wilson; quarter back, Bettle; full back, Murray; substitutes, Morris and Underhill. Wilson's kicking was especially good, particularly towards the last part of the game.

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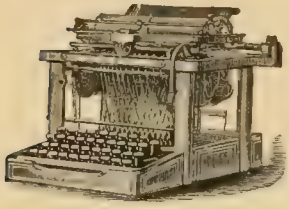

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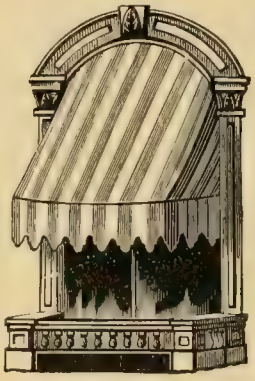

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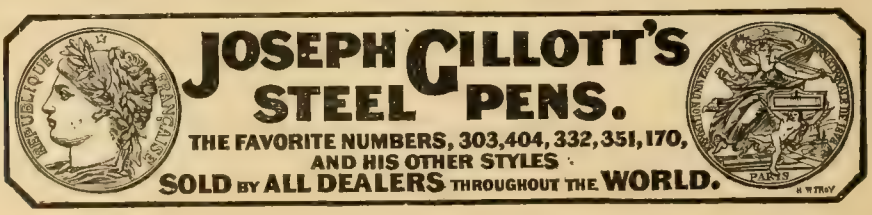

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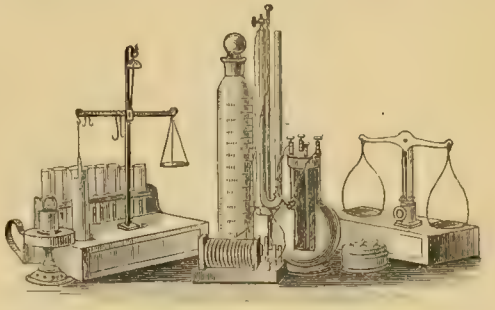

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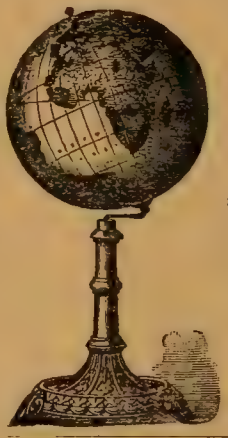

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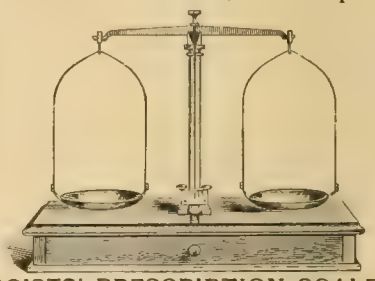

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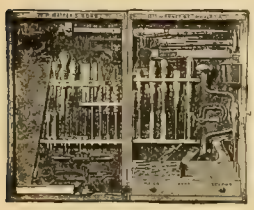

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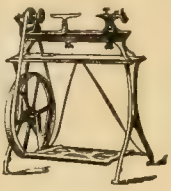

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THE strong, fraternal feeling which exists in a college is never more plainly seen than when its students part for vacation or reunite after an absence. Living together, as we do, day after day, this feeling becomes hidden, dimmed until perhaps its existence is almost doubted. But when the students part, everyone surprises himself and his companions by his display of feeling, all petty dissensions and rivalries are forgotten. A change occasionally is the best of medicine and in our cases, all the more desirable. It shows this feeling which should underlie all others in the breast of a true Haverfordian. Especially noticeable is this after a summer vacation, or one such as we have just experienced. After a month or two of absence, the life at Haverford seems to be a part of some past existence with its old experiences and routine, and when the student returns, strengthened and enthusiastic it may be, it seems strange to him to take up the old thread of life, to continue the same old memories, as though nothing intervened. But let us encourage this spirit of friendliness. Nothing binds us together and makes good feelings as quickly and thoroughly as honest, evident regard for another's welfare.

WITH the advent of snow we were sorry to see the renewal of the indiscriminate snowballing that has been such a nuisance in time past. We do not by any means discourage fun, or any legitimate pleasure, but one has no right to devote his time or efforts to the annoyance of others. If persons wish to amuse themselves by snowballing each other, let them do so and derive from it what pleasure they can, but a limit should be put to this throwing at everybody. We especially refer to the custom of some, of congregating before the entrance of Founder's Hall just before dinner time and amusing themselves with snowballing all who enter, coming in themselves late, accompanied by those whom they intimidated from entering. It is a wrong custom and productive of no good, and if a few who are leaders would give it up, it would soon cease. Besides the annoyance to others, a considerable amount of damage is continually done to college property, and we have frequently seen students intentionally throwing at windows. We hope that this will be given up, for there is no advantage derived from it, and if there is any pleasure, it is only to a few, while the annoyance is to many.

FROM the tone of some few of our exchanges we should judge that their highest ideal is to be able to growl in good style, for most of their editorials are complaints. We are not sure that this is the most effective way to get improvements, as a general thing an incessant string of complaints about existing circumstances, makes everybody disgusted. At any rate we have seen no need of whining; on the other hand we have had many opportunities of congratulating ourselves on improvements of which we had never thought. Still, it is the place of a college, paper to point out in a respectable way, changes and improvements which are needed. We have lately heard the remark, that we ought to have the campus better lighted, and without doubt everyone who has felt his way in the dark over to Alumni Hall or to Founder's Hall would admit the justness of the request. Perhaps there are lamps enough in front of the buildings if they were all kept lighted, but they are not. It was not long ago that we saw one of our Professors fall off the board walk, coming from a lecture in Alumni, and considering the distance of the walk from the ground it is not a pleasant thing to do in a dark night, especially if the ground is frozen. It is still more difficult for strangers to keep on the walks. Still more it looks friendly and pleasant to see the grounds lighted, even if it were not almost indispensable for our comfort. It would be but little expense to have gas lamps at a suitable distance apart along the walk, and it would be little or no care to keep them repaired and lighted, but for the present, at least, lamps on the trees and building would answer every purpose, if they were kept in order and lighted. Nature does her work so well that we can depend on her exclusively for our light for more than half the time without taking moonlight into account, so let skill do its part in supplementing nature, when there is a deficiency.

ONE of our exchanges makes the remark that a reform has swept over Haverford, to which the *Haverfordian* has bowed. Perhaps no one has particularly thought of any decided change during the last year, but if so, it is because it has been so gradual, that like the glacier while it is doing its most powerful work, its onward movement is unnoticed. The reform that has been brought about is one which no one could have foretold, nor can any one see just what has been done to make a change in sentiment and feeling. Some may still be of the opinion that the machine is running just the same as ever, but let them look around and consider carefully, past and present. It will not do to say that there is no improvement because we still see things that are below *par*. Last year and the year before there was a sort of *melancholia* which took hold of a majority of the fellows to a greater or less degree. Some, it is true, denied this, but it is a fact which needs no proof. Now, a genial, good natured feeling pervades the college. Life here, for this one reason, is worth a hundred per cent. more. The lack of a motive to exert oneself in any direction with reasonable vigor, was formerly wholly wanting. Whatever anybody did seemed to be a burden, to be gotten rid of as easily as possible. If a match was to be played against an energetic team it was a poor prophet who could not predict the result beforehand. This year's record demonstrates the change, a change which reaches every branch of the college; nor is it merely fanciful. It seems now as though virtue had its own reward, but there was a time, when many, recalling the past, considering the present and casting the horoscope for the future, saw nothing but darkness surrounding the desert which they were in. Contentment is great gain, and at present that spirit is in the ascendency. If the delicate needle which feels the slightest change in the current of thought and morals has not swung through 180° it has at

least veered enough so that we can read the angle with encouragement and rejoicing. How do we account for it? Such things can never be fully accounted for except that the time is ripe for a new order of things, and a thousand things, in themselves small, conspire to bring it on. One thing above all others, is that the college is under good management, and everyone sees and feels that there is a good foundation for the structure to rise on, and that we are not like Sinbad, on a sea monster, that may sink at any moment. We say, "Let the glacier move, and all hail the hereafter."

QUITE frequently, of late, we have heard business men talk sneeringly of a college education. We suppose they are honest in their belief but they are most certainly wrong. Every one of this class will admit that a moderate amount of learning is advantageous if not absolutely necessary. Admitting this much, we do not see how they reason that an advanced education is not more beneficial. Why do they prefer the uncut gem to the perfect one?

Education, though, is not ornamentation. It is the narrowest view that can be taken of it to deem it a mere process of bestowing accomplishment, finish, or polish.

Education is usefulness itself. The association of active young men full of life and vigor and the natural emulation arising from this commingling awakens the spirit of the *man* and gives him an impulse never lost. College men are better fitted for any business than the average man. We have it on good authority that not a graduate of a leading institution of learning has failed in business.

Education does more than simply qualify a man for social standing and official positions. Its results are deeper. It opens the very innermost springs of our existence. It moulds our life as the potter his clay; it is not superfluous or complemental; it is necessary, vital and invaluable. Our destiny is shaped by it. Do not speak of education as an accomplishment of life,—*it is rather life itself.*

We say this much not because we think education needs defense, but to disabuse narrow-minded critics and students impatient for active business, of the idea that time spent in college is lost. Of course, half-hearted work in anything is poor work, and if a young man has no taste for study at all, he had better leave it alone and at least do something well by putting his soul into it.

But a man with a cultivated mind gets tenfold more enjoyment out of life than he whose whole mind is occupied in earning a livelihood; and it is not out of place to remember that the soul is immortal and that the enjoyment of another world depends upon the use of the talents in this.

THE Harvard committee on Athletics, in their recent report to the faculty of that university, concerning the game of Rugby foot ball as now played by American colleges, used the following language: "If two teams are at all evenly matched and one plays a gentlemanly and the other an unfair game, the self-respecting team will always be beaten." We regret that this is to so great a degree true; and that its application cannot be limited to the game of foot ball, although it is to that game that it especially applies. We wish, and we feel that the best men of all colleges will join us in this wish, that college men would remember always, in their sports as well as elsewhere, that they are gentlemen, and that they would show by their manner of playing, that they realize this fact. There are many occasions in a match of almost any kind, when it will perhaps be to the advantage of a player's side for him to transgress the rules of the game, which every gentlemanly player is bound to respect, but public spirit and private honor should be so strong against such an act that no one

would, for a moment, entertain the thought of it. It is a shame for college students to be obliged to confess that this is not the case, but that, on the contrary, men now seem to play only to win at any cost and, too often, do not shrink from stooping to dishonorable tricks to attain that end. It is, of course, pleasant to be victorious, and much pleasure is justly derived from winning a hard-fought match, but victory is not worth being gained at the cost of the sacrifice of true manliness. In our last issue we mentioned that out of some twenty-three matches of various kinds eighteen had been won by Haverford, and we are glad to say that these victories have been the result of hard work and fair play, for we do not hesitate to say that a case of intentional unfair play on the part of Haverford is extremely rare. Take two examples of opposite natures,—our matches with Lehigh and Swarthmore. The *Lehigh Burr*, in speaking of our match with them seemed to be rather amused at the fairness with which we played and seemed to think we did not know what "off side" meant. At Swarthmore, however, two or three of our men were warned on account of "off side" play, but it was plainly evident that it was unintentional. It is Haverford's intention always to play a fair game and as by Lehigh it is acknowledged that this intention is carried out. We do not mean to say that we are better than others, however, or to accuse our opponents of unfairness, but we are glad to be able to say what we have said of our own manner of playing.

We hope that the action taken by the Harvard faculty will be productive of good results, not only in removing from the game of foot ball its objectionable features, but in aiding to arouse a public sentiment among college men against all unfairness. To see one's college beaten is not pleasant, but rather defeat in a fair contest than victory won by underhand means. Our colleges cannot afford to have the reputation of sending out young men who are ready to sacrifice honor to interest, as is done whenever a player intentionally makes a foul play.

AROUND HAVERFORD.

EVERY place, and every person connected with the early settlement of Massachusetts has become historic, and no doubt justly so. Her history has become written imperishably on the face of the continent, while many things which occured in our vicinity perhaps no less worthy of record, have become forgotten. Boston and its suburbs have here and there monuments to preserve whatever has been deemed worthy of preservation. Perhaps Philadelphia thinks to combine all her monuments in one,—the Public Buildings. But whatever part of the work was done by the Quaker was done for no monument, and he has already received his reward, from the judge, who rewards openly and with justice. Three weeks before his death at Lützen, Gustavus Adolphus had sought to confer benefits upon his country by planting a colony in America, a scheme which was after executed by Oxenstiern, and in 1638 the Swedes built Christina. But this article has nothing to do with the Swedes and Dutch and their early quarrels with themselves and the New Englanders. It is as Penn's woods that we know it, and it was this latter immigration which stamped the state with a mark no less irradicable than that left on the rocky shore of New England. The first two months at Haverford, if the student comes from another state, are made pleasant by pedestrian excursions, unless indeed he be a bicycler, then of course he will not leave the "Pike" over which we have just taken a trip. Pennsylvania mud is at first an obstacle, but board walks have reduced the disadvantages of it to a minimum, and the Gulf road, Haverford road, and

Darby road are to the pedestrian what the Pike is to the Wheelman, and in their roads and their byways one can see life in all its various phases, at times no less beautiful because lowly. The main road that "leads from the *limestone hill* from Darby through Harford," as it was then called, was laid out in 1696 reaching as far as the old Friends Meeting House which was built in 1684, and it was not long before there was a net work of roads and lanes, with here and there a low mortar covered stone house, the home of some good-hearted honest farmer. Many of these old fashioned edifices are still standing, where the great great grandson of the original owner continues his ancestor's business in some cases apparently as unacquainted with the outside world as though the horizon rested on the fence around his house. For all one knows he may have the ancestral tea chest filled with hoarded treasures, but no cent has ever been expended to improve the old homestead, further than to stock it with three or four ugly looking dogs, but here everything has the appearance of contentment, and what more is needed? If the father can leave his home to his son in as good condition as he found it, and have a quiet corner in the graveyard by the church, with a little stone bearing his name at his head, and a short obituary notice in the weekly paper it is all he desires.

The gulf road and the region around Merion Square gives one an opportunity to see such homes nearly as they were originally. The first three settlers came to Haverford in 1682, and before the next year the number had largely increased. Life here did not always go smooth, but those who beleived God's hand was leading them on, as most of these men did, were satisfied if they could worship him as they pleased. Their chief food was "hog and hominy," except when the chase furnished them with venison, but one of the earliest settlers here, who "had many and difficult imprisonments with spoyling of goods on Truth's accompt," after arriving here could compose the following "Song of Rejoyceing," which was written on the very spot where the college now stands:

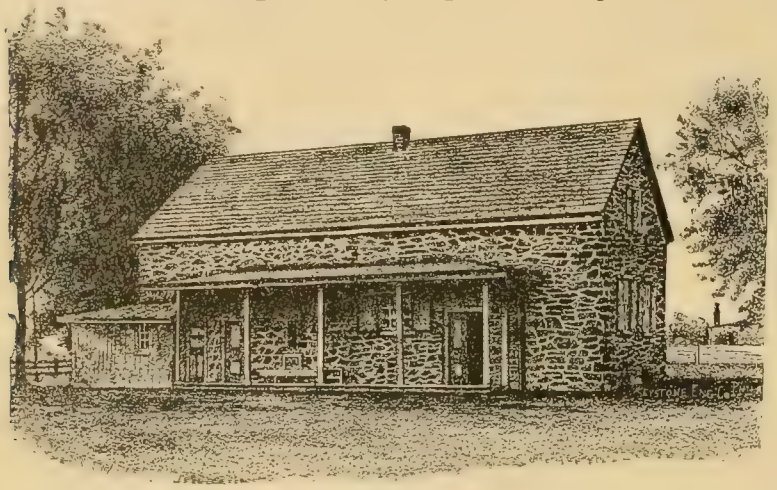
"Pennsylvania an habitati on
With certain sure and clear foundation;
Where the dawning of the day,
Expels the thick dark night away.

"Lord give us here a place to feed,
And pass my life among thy seed,
That in our bounds, true love and peace,
From age to age may never cease."

"Then shall the trees and fields increase
Heaven and Earth proclaim thy peace,
That we and they—forever Lord,
Shew forth thy praise, with one accord."

All the early settlers at Haverford were Friends by convincement, having escaped from a land of bitter persecution, and they were very liberal in helping their neighbors by subscriptions to Meeting Houses and burial grounds. The first meeting house was built in 1684, before which they had held "the monthley meeting at Joseph Bevau's house." The second meeting house,—the one to which we make our pilgrimages,—was built in 1700, at the estimated cost of 158 pounds sterling, a century later a new end was built on. The old part was without a chimney, being heated by a kind of a furnace, placed on each side of the building, and supplied with fuel from the outside. One might naturally suppose that they went on the principle of heating the air outside and then letting it in through the windows. This arrangement can still be seen in the walls. The timbers were very heavy and seem to have been hewn out from logs. Some of the chestnut boards with which it was at first lined are still in place. It is recorded that William Penn attended a general meeting of Welsh Quakers here and preached them a sermon in English not a word of which they understood. An ancient inhabitant of the country, who seemed to have a bad memory for dates

told us that William Penn and George Washington met and had a conference in an old ruin near by the meeting house. When we looked suspicious, he added that it was when Washington was young and



Penn was quite old. The third meeting house is at Radnor, built in 1718. In appearance it is no less interesting than the former one, while behind it is a grave yard, where one by one all the congregation have been laid. The tangled grass has accumulated over them, the stones silent about the sleepers below have lost their perpendicular position, and they themselves have long since become a part of the elements, but while the old house stands they have a monument which speaks their praise. Our party entered its unfastened door and sat on the high seat for a few minutes in silence, when one of them raised up the clerk's table and began reading a minute from memory in a tone which made the vacant walls resound. Suddenly a door in a dark corner opened and a large man with a bloated face walked by us with his head bowed, and showed himself to be a *real* man by saying "young boys its time to close up." No one stopped to ask questions of this strange personage, but all scattered as if he had uttered the mournful cry of the leperous Israelite "Unclean, unclean." On inquiry in the village he was found to be the owner of a cider mill in close proximity to the house. There is no better place to contemplate the past life of this people than alone by one of these unassuming edifices, where love, and peace, and sweet benedictions still seem to rest, and the mind goes back and sees them in their simple earnestness laying the foundation of a structure beyond the reach of time. It is a better place than Lowell's school-house to get one's boyhood back, and with it Faith, Hope, and something, which if not Charity, is want of guile.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to them, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel,
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

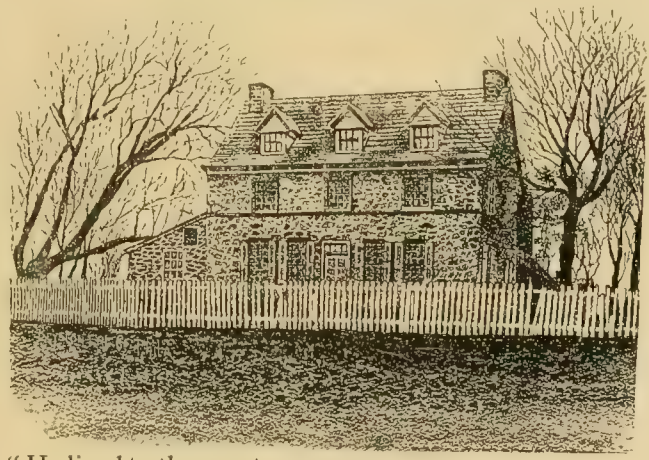
The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirits house to talk with Him.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till happy some one felt
On his lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

No place in the near vicinity of Haverford is of more interest, especially to the historical student, than the house where Charles Thomson lived and labored for his country when it was in distress. The house is still standing near Green Tree Tavern on the Gulf road and is owned by Levi Morris. Charles Thomson came from Ireland to Philadelphia, and receiving a broad, liberal education, he spent some time teaching in

the Friend's School at Newcastle. When the Port Act closed Boston Harbor, he was among the foremost to send aid to those in need, nobly seconding Moses Brown, of Providence. When the Continental Congress met, although not among its members, he was chosen secretary, a position which he held and faithfully filled for fifteen years, when he resigned. He worked zealously to harmonize different factions, and showed himself in the strictest sense a patriot. John Adams has styled him the "Sam Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty." He was called by the Indians "The Man of Truth." Being a good classical scholar of extensive learning, and a man of humble piety, he devoted the latter part of his life to translating the Old and New Testaments, besides being the author of a "Harmony of the Gospels." No one could ask for a better testimony than this. "He lived to the great age of 94 in the undiminished enjoyment of his faculties and calmly exchanged this world for a better one for which he had long been prepared." He was buried in a picturesque spot in an old cemetery near the Baptist church in Bryn Mawr.



The most beautiful walk of itself, is the one to the Schyulkill, by Mill Creek. The picturesqueness of the scenery together with the antique appearance of the inhabitants and their vacant stare of surprise at seeing anyone, make it a trip not to be missed. On the way home Merion Square can be visited, where it is reported that Andrew Johnson and Henry Clay are the two most popular candidates for President.

A trip to Valley Forge is the day dream of the patriotic student, until he can accustom himself to walking enough to accomplish it. In 1775 Haverford had a representative in continental congress, Charles Humphrey. When the struggle for Independence came he thought the time had not come to sever our connections with England, and so he voted against the measure; but in so doing he represented the views of his constituents. Joshua Humphrey, another Haverford son, justly deserved the title of "Father of the American Navy," and to his advice in a great measure was due our great success on the water in the war of 1812. Thus the influence of Haverford goes back to the year in which Quakerism established itself on the banks of the Delaware. The earnestness, and beautiful character of these early men and women has left its mark on the community, and no more suitable situation for such an institution of learning as this could have been found. In all the hours which America has styled her gloomy ones, their faith, and trust, and the memory and hope of better days never failed. They have handed down to us the lamp of knowledge with increased brilliancy, and we are encouraged by their example to make the hope of Truth grow stronger.

M. C. Morris, '85, and A. Chase, '87 have succeeded in obtaining first-rate pictures of their respective classes. We are indebted to Mr. Morris for the photographs from which the pictures which have appeared in the HAVERFORDIAN were made.

THE STORY OF PORT ROYAL AND LOUIS 14TH.

FROM PROF. DAVENPORT'S LECTURE.

(*Continued.*)

Twelve ladies of good birth, who had taken the Benedictine vows of humility and obedience, were the first occupants of the edifice. Years rolled on, and Port Royal, like every other monastery of the age, degenerated from its early austerity, and became the haunt of easy-going luxury, sometimes even of scandalous vice. There were, of course, fits of revival, and of renewed torture of the body, and self-inflicted penance. But, in general, it may be said that the Convent of Port Royal was for many years one of the most delightful of boarding places for the aristocratic families of the kingdom, wherein to deposit now and then a daughter. No fasting was considered necessary. No troublesome prayers engrossed their attention. Homilies and sermons were dispensed with, and confession was substituted by an occasional signature to a formal routine of questions. Parisian fashions invaded the once holy precincts, and the nuns once more thought only how to incase their fair forms in elegant attire. Gay cavaliers resorted thither from the metropolis, and whispered admiration and love. Masquerades, carnivals and pastimes filled each twenty-four hours; songs and dances enlivened the sanctuary; their confessors gambled and devoted themselves to the chase; and whereas of old Port Royal was known for its deeds of charity to the poor and afflicted, it now became notorious for its abandonment to ease and pleasure. Its revenues, at the time to which I now particularly refer, viz., the reign of Henry IV, and the close of the sixteenth century, had become very large. Vast sums had been bestowed upon it by bequests from members of wealthy families. Several elegant edifices had been constructed to afford additional accommodation to the increasing sisterhood, which now numbered several hundred. Vineyards, orchards and groves had been added to the estate, plantations cleared, and cottages for peasantry erected, and a magnificent residence in the city of Paris created, as a resort in seasons of relaxation. The growing frivolity of the times was even outdone in the monastery, which had ceased to deserve the epithet of religious. Nevertheless, or, perhaps, because of this unrestraint, whenever a vacancy took place in the ranks of the nuns, the liveliest competition ensued to secure the privileges, and share the duties of the sisterhood. It was the distinction of Port Royal, that none but ladies of noble rank could be appointed to membership, and difficult it often was for one of them to enter unchallenged its gates.

But in the midst of all this gaiety, and when Port Royal was sounding the deepest abyss of its moral degradation, the hour of its greatness struck. By one strong impulse, from a source little anticipated, the pathway to its supreme height of merit and renown was entered upon. The parallelism of Tyrtæus in classical story is suggested. We are told that in the long and desperate contest which the Spartans waged with the Messenians, the former at length grew despondent at the strenuous resistance and the repeated victories of their hated foes. They had recourse to the oracle of the Gods. By this oracle they were directed to apply to the Athenians, who would furnish them with a leader able to chain victory to his car wheels. The Athenians, when summoned to name the required commander, were not at all anxious to aid the perplexed Lacedemonians. In a derision, therefore, which they did not at all care to conceal, they selected an old, worn-out schoolmaster, lame, and withal entirely destitute of military knowledge. The Spartans felt obliged to receive this dubious auxiliary. But the schoolmaster, Tyrtæus, sat himself down and

wrote some martial ballads, which so inspired the depressed army, that it was whirled in enthusiasm from victory to victory, and the Spartans conquered the whole broad country of Messenia.

So, in the extremity of Port Royal's humiliation, a little girl, ten years of age, rescued it from the foul clutches by which it had been so long held down. The unlikely hand, which had dandled its dolls the day before, seized the scepter with a God-given strength. It came to pass in this way: The position of Lady Abbess in Port Royal was considered one of the most desirable in the gift of the Crown. A certain high officer of the State, the Advocate General of Henry IV, claimed the prize from that good-natured king, for his grand-daughter, Angelique Arnauld. Although his services had been many, yet it is not likely that he would have succeeded had the true age of the female candidate been disclosed. This was misrepresented; and in a way so equivocal as this—a little child became the Mother-Superior. She continued such for sixty years. But God makes use even of the falsehoods of men, as he does of their other vices, when he would subserve his own great purposes. What matters the tool, when the hand of Omnipotence grasps it? A revolution began with the advancing years of the child. But we may remark as a curious illustration of the times, an incident that occurred shortly after the installation of the child Mother-Superior; an event, too, that revealed to the king the imposition that had been practiced upon him by means of forged certificates of the child's age. Hunting one day in the woods near the convent, the king trespassed on the sacred enclosure. Knowing, as he did, the character of its inmates, he felt no particular concern, and he might well have anticipated a cordial reception from the gay recluses. But what was his surprise to see issuing from the gates of the Abbey, a solemn procession of nuns, and at their head a little child, bearing in her hand a crosier! They advanced torwards the king, and the youthful Superior solemnly rebuked her Sovereign and ordered him to depart from the premises. Henry's first impulse was to catch the little girl up in his arms and kiss her. But he restrained himself and did nothing except to laugh and obey. We are reminded of the great Bishop Ambrose, who, on the steps of his church at Milan, warned away the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, and forbade him to enter, as being a blood-polluted man. As for Henry IV, he never thereafter let drop a word which indicated that he had detected the fraudulent means used for the young girl's advancement. Child as she was, she had the instinct of government, but as yet, knew not the true demands of the monastic profession. Brought up in frivolity and transferred to a convent whose inmates were addicted to trifling pleasures, how could she, of herself, have soon gained that knowledge? But, one day, there passed a Capuchin friar, who was travelling into lonesome exile, having abjured the Catholic faith. There was no room for such as he in bigoted France. Nevertheless, he asked leave to preach in the Abbey, and obtained it. So movingly did he depict the duties of the monastic recluse, the lofty enjoyments to which he had access, if he were true to his vows, and particularly the immortal joys reserved for him in the future life in compensation for the hardships of this, that all his hearers were deeply impressed. Over Angelique, herself, there passed a transformation thorough and permanent. Her whole soul glowed with religious fervor. Her position of Abbess, even, lost its value in her eyes, since it excluded her from the solitary contemplation, the absorption in a divine communion which her soul craved. She, however, adapted herself to the necessities of her situation.

Reforms of the most searching and radical character were forthwith instituted; in the first place she established the rule of St. Benedict, called the "enclosure," which debarred all persons whatever from visiting the interior of the monastery, The practice had long defied the canonic rule, and the attempted innovation was scoffed and opposed on all sides; even the father and mother of Angelique were steadfastly excluded. Angelique had always been an affectionate child, and her father's heart had been bound up in her. When, therefore, he was refused admittance, and his most loving entreaties were firmly rejected, his sense of her ingratitude was expressed in an interview meant to be a final one, in terms so withering, that the Abbess fell senseless at her father's feet. When she was with difficulty restored, the sentiments of the father changed. He recognized now the sublimity of self-sacrifice; he discovered that there was possible a life on earth, whose nature he had never before suspected and whose features and essence had something more noble, more earnest, and more satisfying than, without a cherished daughter's influence, he could have divined. Father and daughter were thenceforward one in congenial sympathy.

The reformation in the convent of Port Royal was so complete and so wisely achieved, that the fame of it filled all France. Angelique was called upon to prosecute similar changes in other establishments. The difficulties she encountered, and the adventures through which she passed, are too long to be related here. Suffice it to say that she entered many convents whose inmates would have been buried alive, had they been Vestal Virgins in ancient Rome. From these cloisters she expelled the whole vile herd of Comus and his crew. Catholicism could once more proudly point to its religious halls, as the abodes of untainted purity.

But days of deep distress were now rapidly approaching; along with them, too, the epoch of culminating glory. Louis XIV, a child of five years, ascended the throne. There soon broke out the wars of the Fronde, which, as read by some eyes, seem farcical promenades, varied with petty skirmishes, got up to please the ladies of Paris. These waved their white handkerchiefs, as their cavaliers gayly pranced along the streets, on their way to some passage of arms in the suburbs.

But, on the other hand, the wars of the Fronde were of real importance in French history. It was the last effort of Feudalism against the new-born monarchical despotism. The nobles, who had lost the day against Louis XI, and had been totally subdued by the sagacious policy of Richelieu, combined, after his death, to wrest from the crown some of their old privileges. Had they won the victory, feudalism would not, indeed, have been resuscitated; but the crushing despotism of Louis XIV and Louis XV would have been spared to France, and that hideous accumulation of wrong and tyranny which exacted the fearful retributions of the great Revolution, might not have been piled up. Who can tell if Robespierre and Napoleon would not have been names unheard of, if the Prince Conde and Cardinal De Retz had enforced their demands upon the Court with more vigor and success? But the earnestness and fervor of the English Rebellion against Charles I., were entirely wanting on the continental side of the Channel. The echoes of that strife were still heard. The smoke of Marston Moor and Naseby had scarcely yet cleared away. The ill-fated king had not yet stepped from the window of Whitehall palace to lay his head upon the block. Grim soldiers of Cromwell were still guarding their royal prisoner, when the standard of another civil war, and this time in France, was erected. But the inspiring example of English Parliamentarians—

their stern resolution and patient discipline —was lost upon careless Gaul. No grand uprising of a determined people startled Europe. That, indeed, was left for the men of one hundred and fifty years later, when the world learned that earnestness could even in France, be carried to an enthusiasm bordering on madness. The nobles and their retainers fought a few insignificant engagements. But their childish irresolution was overborne, even by the lagging troops of the king. That boyish prince soon caught the meaning of this revolt and its suppression. His exclamation, "I am the State!" summed up its outcome. There was to be no parliamentary government in France as there might have been;—a heartless tyranny, for a century and a half, nearly ruined France, lavished bootlessly her resources, gave her some showy victories and a long catalogue of humiliations and defeats, starved and brutalized the peasantry, infected with gross impurity the morals of the upper classes and inflicted such misgovernment upon unhappy France, that human nature could no longer endure the yoke. The opportunity of the nobles had been offered, and they proved incompetent to avail themselves of it. Many long years of suffering passed, before the people seized their own opportunity with terrible energy.

During this time of dissension, Port Royal was involved in the fray, at times; but though once in the centre of a battle, it for the most part, tranquilly prosecuted the mission it had found. True, the sequestered valley, when disturbed, transformed its monks into soldiers. For, alongside of the famous nunnery, had grown up a numerous company of male recluses, devoted likewise to religious meditation and fleshly mortification. Three hundred of these, at the sound of the trumpet, donned coats of mail above hair shirts, and plunged into the battle. This martial episode was of brief duration.

A contest had arisen in France wherein Port Royal took a decided part. To theological and religious scholars, it is known as the conflict of Jesuitism and Jansenism. But literature has besides, a lasting interest in it, for then disclosed itself one of the greatest names that France has produced in the world of letters, Blaisé Pascal. He was a resident of Port Royal; for, from an overpowering sense of religious duty, he had joined the company of monks. From its seclusion, he now issued his celebrated "Provincial Letters," which covered the Jesuits with confusion. That body has never retrieved its good name in the world, since this keen intellect exposed their sophistries, and with matchless eloquence, ridicule and argument, exposed their immoral principles.

The Jesuits had undoubtedly saved the Church of Rome from shipwreck, when the storms of Luther's agitation unmercifully assailed it in the sixteenth century. They had organized the Counter-Reformation, and, with exceeding skill, preserved Central and Southern Europe in its allegiance to the Vatican. Elated by such success, they now essayed to make a new departure, and to change the whole character of Christianity. They conspired to recommend it, and especially the Roman view of it, as an easy, accommodating code of morals, whose yoke should be indeed easy, and whose burthen light, but easy and light to all the depravities of human nature, not to its Godlike affections and aspirations, as our Saviour intended. This emasculated Christianity the Jesuits held out to the nations as an acceptable alternative to the rigid inculcations of Luther and Calvin.

They sought to bring sinners into the fold of Catholicism, but they were willing such proselytes should remain sinners, rather than not gather them in at all. "All things to all men," was the maxim of the Jesuits, and it is impossible to set any

bounds to the perversion, which the Christian religion was about to receive at Jesuit hands. The most fundamental principles of good morals were undermined; truth, virtue, honesty, right dealing,—all the safeguards of society were proclaimed unnecessary, or superserviceable, and religious duty a mutable thing, vanishing and reappearing with expediency. The reaction from the moral uprising of the Reformation was fearfully great; the pendulum was swinging backward into lawless heathenism or lax skepticism.

The purest minds in France were alarmed. Port Royal threw itself with all its soul into the conflict. The band of scholars who had gathered around its walls thundered indignant protests against the doctrines of the Jesuits and their dangerous tendencies.

It happened that a certain Bishop named Jansen had written a very learned, but very dry book, in which he maintained some dogmas, which savored of Calvinism. A jealous Papist culled from that book five propositions, which he maintained were heretical. The Court of Rome adopted his views, and issued a bull in condemnation of the obnoxious propositions. All ecclesiastics were required to subscribe this condemnation. But, forthwith, very many of the clergy, including the Port Royalists, solemnly declared that there were no such propositions in Jansen's book. Arnauld, their leader, said that he had read the book through studiously, and could not find them. But a council of Papal doctors in theology and the Pope himself asserted that they were there. And a fresh decree of the Vatican ordered that every one in clerical orders, every priest, monk and nun, must not only anathematize the propositions, but furthermore declare that they were contained in Jansen's book. All France and the theological world were in an uproar of dispute upon an apparently simple question, whether certain matter was propounded in a book, which book, though not a very popular one, was not exactly inaccessible.

Nowadays, in a court of Justice, in the case of disputed contents of any document, the trial is conducted by an examination of the document itself. Such might seem to be the dictate of common sense in any age of the world. But the Pope was determined to discard the vulgar mode of trial by inspection and quotation, and to maintain that the church was infallible on a matter of *fact*, as well as in doctrines of belief. Several priests and professors were deposed for refusing to assent to the Pope's infallibility on questions of fact. The monastery of Port Royal was threatened with suppression. That a set of unintelligible propositions was contained in a certain book, which book no one of the nuns had ever seen; which no one of them could have read if she had seen it, as the book was in latin; and of which probably no one could fairly fathom the profundity, if it were in the vernacular,—was the monstrously absurd demand made upon the poor nuns. In vain did they protest that it would be a sin against their consciences to sign any such declaration of a fact whose truth or falsehood they did not *know*. The triumphant Jesuits, asserting that Port Royalism was only Protestantism in disguise, were about to glut their malice by the expulsion of the nuns, when an event occurred which confounded foes, exalted friends and has perplexed posterity. A veritable miracle was wrought by Heaven within the walls of Port Royal, a miracle as opportune for its preservation as when Venus interposed herself to rescue Paris from defeat and death, at the hands of Menelaus, in the famous duel before Troy.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERATURE.

AGAIN the holiday season has deluged the country with a wave of books, It is no cold wave either, but warm with thought and gleaming with the light of beautiful illustrations while lively competition and cheap editions place books of value in the hands of all. A man's mental calibre is, to a great extent, measured by his acquaintance with good, standard literature. Now with these two things in mind there is no good reason why we should not attain at least the reputation of being learned besides the pleasure we must receive in reading. Space forbids extended mention and a complete list of all the late publications.

Francis Parkham who has already attained the reputation of writing readable histories has completed "Montcalm and Wolfe"; the two names being but the exponents of the French and English powers in America. The history embraces the time from 1748 to 1763 and is published in two volumes by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Mr. Blaine has again taken up his literary work and the second volume of "Twenty Years of Congress," is well in hand. Taking up the thread at the end of the war and bringing it down to Garfield's administration, it will treat of the reconstruction, Johnson's impeachment, electoral commission, the resumption act and many other topics of recent interest. It is stated on good authority that the rate of subscription is increasing, and it is predicted that the book will net the author more than $300.000. We are not prophets but we think Blaine has not yet reached the summit of his career. At least he is a successful historian.

Although not classed as history the "*Creoles of Louisiana*," by Geo. W. Cable, so nearly approaches it that it is hard to say what to call it. His manner is exceedingly interesting and life-like. He confines his work mostly to New Orleans. The word Creole was first applied only to the French settlers but now its meaning is indefinite.

Browning's new poem "Ferishtah's Fancies" excites a great deal of criticism. So far the favorable and adverse criticisms about balance each other. One thing proves its value and that is critics deem it worthy of extended notice. Browning is a *poet* and doesn't write to please a few critics. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It seems to be the rage in literary circles now, to try to vindicate the characters of certain people, hitherto left in disgrace or forgotten altogether. Such is the attempt of Elizabeth R. Pennell in the "Life of Mary Wollstonecraft." A woman whose only redeeming trait was that she had brains. Such a work as the above can teach nothing, and only brings to the public gaze that which ought to be forgotten. There are enough good authors and good writings to employ the talents of writers at the present.

Three holiday books in particular have attracted our attention, all published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. "The Seven Ages of Man" from Shakespeare's As You Like It, "Gray's Elegy," and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," by T. Buchanan Read. They are splendidly illustrated by the best artists and are worthy of a place on your book shelves.

LOCALS.

Pussy.

Werfen das kliner kind auf.

"Brockles" tenor is one of the features of '87's class choir.

"Bist du *Du Bist*?" "O nein ich bin nicht *Du bist:* Ich bin *Ich Bin.*"

"No matter where a fellow goes he is sure of being laughed at for something."

"We hear alas, no music of the Spheres, but an unhallowed sound of fiddling."

It is really painful that the ice should have been cut after only one day's skating.

At the breakfast-table: "This is cold enough to freeze up the genial current of the soul."

The Seniors find "Guizot" and "Green's History of the English People" very interesting.

We hope the members of the cricket eleven will make it a point to attend regularly the exercises in the Gymnasium.

It is said that Baron, a leading member of the Gastronomical club, has been suffering from a severe attack of the gout.

On Christmas, Mrs. Rowland was presented, by the class of '87, with a beautiful gold watch, with her monogram on the case.

The Freshmen have at last reached the climax. They consider "pussy" a safer game than marbles. It is surely exciting.

We are glad to learn that A. P. Smith, who sustained a blow in his eye from the humeral catapult of a South Bostoner, has recovered.

The college can boast of having one man who does not carry his hands in his pockets while walking over to his breakfast on a cold morning.

How much we should envy those who spend their vacations at the various boarding houses in town. It isn't half as hard for them to come back as it is for those who go home.

The second eleven "Glee Club" will not give their intended concert, the reason being partly because they think they have not received sufficient encouragement at rehearsals.

There may have been some excuse for Esau's selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, but business is on a bad financial basis when a Senior sells his clothes to the Jew for twenty-five cents.

Some of the Freshmen and Sophomores have taken to playing "pussy." Although this may be a very *felis*itous amusement, yet it is hardly worthy of a place in the *cat*alogue of college sports.

Baron, who is fond of adopting foreign manners and customs, expects soon to have his room lighted with Roman candles. We would advise him to get, at the same time, a sapphire stove to warm it by.

"You don't ever vote for Freshmen, do you?"

"Yes, you can vote for any one you please."

"Oh, I only asked because I didn't want you to vote for me."

The "bearded twin" said to "Ich Bin"
"You can't a drop-kick kick."
Then said "Ich Bin" unto the "twin"—
While downcast were his eyes;
Although I can't a drop-kick kick,
"Du Bist" can when he tries.

"Mack" has been repairing the class sled. If his double-barreled back acting automatic negative gravity machine is a success, he hopes to be able to make it run up hill. Under no consideration is the sled to be taken out on Sunday this winter.

The "bathtub," we understand, got too "full" during the holidays, and would doubtless have been carried away to the house of repairs but for the timely arrival of one of his friends, who very kindly "bailed it out" so that it escaped with but slight damages.

The "little masher" has already gained for himself a reputation in the Gastronomical club rooms, as being a man of great masticating capacity. It is rumored that he expects to enter the handicap pie eating contest with the "Count" for the Halifax Frying Pan.

As the time for coasting draws near, we would suggest that the uninitiated visit the tree at the foot of Griscomb's hill, which was the scene of last year's terrible accident, and it might be a good idea for all to remember the tower of Siloam and its tendency to fall.

SOPHOMORE, (whose feet seem to be a burden not easily borne, and who had already been spoken to three times for resting them over the back of the seat in front): "Well, Prof., I don't know what to do with my feet anyway."

PROF. (sympathetically): "Perhaps it might be well to leave them outside."

Among the things which we have to be thankful for during the past year, none is more conspicuous than the decline and fall of poor —and was it ever good?—punning. It was a fever which made not only the victims of it sick, but those who were compelled to endure its baleful effects doubly so.

The life of our carpenter, although short so far, has been an eventful one, having been shot three times, had six bones broken, was bitten by a rattlesnake, in love once, and has experienced the thrilling sensation of being hugged by a bear. We wonder what will happen to him next—probably he will be hit by a snowball.

It is proposed to have an underground tunnel from Barclay Hall to Founder's Hall, so that dinner can be secured without running the gauntlet in front of twenty-five snow-balls, one out of two sure to hit the mark. The passage way will be open to all on the payment of an obolus. It will contain one window covered with iron bars one-sixteenth of an inch apart.

It is a very touching spectacle to see a Sophomore walk into Prof. N's room, on a cold, stormy day, wearing a large green and yellow wrapper, with a pair of embroidered slippers on his feet, about six yards of red flannel around his neck, carrying a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil in one hand and a box of pills in the other and pathetically ask to be excused from going to meeting.

It is said that the triumph of mechanical genius has been reached in the invention of the "pianino," or silent piano, which is inaudible beyond the room in which it is played. The inventors of this are entitled to rank among the greatest benefactors of the human race, and no doubt if the "machine" is well advertised, especially in the HAVERFORDIAN, there will be a large sale for it in the future.

Now the time draweth nigh when the Junior bethinketh him of a subject for his oration. Yea, verily, the prospect seemeth bright until he trieth to set forth his deep thoughts on paper. But then the bright visions with which, heretofore, he hath cheered up his spirits vanish, and wearily doth he think, and write, and erase, murmuring to himself meanwhile the exlilarating melody:

"With so many college duties to be done, to be done,
Oh! the Junior's lot is not a happy one."

Some things which are done to be funny are not after all so very funny, when one takes a second thought, and perhaps taking a gridiron into the dining room with an alcohol lamp to warm over the cold beef at Sunday's dinner might be classed under this head. If any one has a desire to change his study into a cook room, it is a free country, but there seem to be some good objections to making such free use in the dining-room, especially when the quality of the dinner gave no excuse for such proceeding. The culinary department has been conducted in a manner which ought to evoke praise from every one, and there is no ground from the most fastidious for dissatisfaction. It is always well, when we are treated so nicely to show an appreciation of it.

"The Count's" Virginian blood occasionally gets the upper hand in his system, and always with disastrous results. Lately it has led him to trip the light fantastic, and so before retiring the other evening, he thought a little practice and a little manipulation of his pose would soothe his feelings. In consequence, it wasn't long before "Baron" heard a rumbling sound like a roll of distant thunder and a dreadful suspicion flashed across his mind. In the fraction of a second he was in the hall with his eye firmly glued to the key-hole in "The Count's" door. Alas! it was too true; his suspicions had become a certainty. From his limited vision he perceived with a practised eye, what he supposed to be an advanced case of delirium tremens in which "The Count" was vainly writhing. "Probably" muttered the "Baron" to himself, "too much of that brown sugar has worked into his blood. I told him as much just the other evening, but he's such a giddy thing, he won't mind anything you say." And "Baron" longed to rush in, to fall by his side, to console him, to soothe him, but he didn't know what might happen while he was ungluing his eye from the key-hole. But now, he says "while it lasted it was perfectly awful."

PERSONALS.

'80 Prof., Joseph Rhoads Jr. is teaching in Wilmington, Del.

'81 W. A. Blair has been re-elected Vice-President of the State Teachers' Association and General Superintendent of Sabbath Schools N. C. yearly meeting.

'82 F. D. Jones is publishing books under the firm of F. D. Jones & Co.

'84 A. P. Smith gave us a very pleasant call just before vacation.

'84 T. H. Chase is with us again during his vacation at Harvard. We are glad his year is passing so pleasantly. He has surely entitled himself to the good wishes of the HAVERFORDIAN, for which he worked so long.

'86 Underhill made us a call not long ago.

'87 Chillman was with us on 23d ult.

EXCHANGES.

The Album, from Hollin's Institute, Virginia, comes to us with its appearance greatly improved by the addition of its covers. The November number which we have before us, is one of the best we have ever seen. Of course there is a piece of poetry on the first page. This feature is considered very essential to well regulated female college journals. Now amateur poetry is not very interesting anyway, and poems on Spring, Nature, and kindred subjects should rarely be admitted except at the highest advertising rates. We cast no reflection on the poem before us, "An hour with Nature," but

speak on very general terms. From so short an acquaintance, the writer gained many valuable ideas, but they are probably of more value to her than anyone else. But there is no harm in trying, just to see what you can do. The *Album* has some fair articles of its own, but too much of its space is taken up by extracts and clippings from other papers.

The Sunbeam, from Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby, is quite a regular visitor of ours. We imagine the color of the cover was chosen as one appropriate to the name. The poetry on the title page of the November number is really good, though simple and unaffected. Most of its prose is fair, what there is of it, but only nine pages of reading matter makes a very small Sunbeam. The locals excite some curiosity as to what they all mean, but of course we cannot expect to understand everything. So the editor was shocked at something that appeared in the Notre Dame Scholastic. That paper has made some mistakes, but, begging to differ with the *Sunbeam*, there have been papers which have pointed them out very quickly and in very plain language. But to give every one their just due, the *Scholastic* is an enterprising, go-a-head paper, willing to stand or fall on its own merits.

The Hamilton College Monthly, from Hamilton Female College, Lexington, Ky., is on our table. The first thing that greets the eye is that piece of poetry; this time selected. "Druids" is an instructive article, but is paragraphed entirely too freely. The same remarks would also apply to the next piece. "The Dignity of Labor" is very well written and its sentiments are very gratifying, especially as they come from a state so near the South. The writer also takes a just pride in the great name of the great Kentuckian, one of the grandest men this country ever produced, Henry Clay. There can be no prouder tribute paid to his memory than the record that he threw all the weight of influence of his name and character on the side of the dignity of labor. "Hands" is a very interesting article and shows considerable thought. "Her Interrupted Letter" is interesting and a well disposed piece. Some of the thoughts contained in it are good, but on the tariff question we think the writer is entirely mistaken and the whole piece only goes to show that women are constitutionally incapable of understanding practical politics.

Our Magazine, from North London Collegiate School for Girls, is a magazine of solid literary merit. In point of size it far surpasses the average American college journal, containing about fifty pages of reading matter. It is not divided into different departments and contains no local or exchange columns. "The Fern's Motto" is an excellent article.

> "Men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."—Tennyson.

"Go on! Oh, the wonderful possibilities of your life! What a grand existence it will be if on every failure you raise yourself only one step higher, if each night's sorrowing recollection of all that has been wrong to-day shall also be the steadfast resolution and dedication of all that shall be right to-morrow. "The Veracious and Veritable History of Dame Alice Owen's Hat" is a very harmless piece in spite of its terrible name. There are also several other pieces of poetry which are quite creditable. The description of the representation of "A Tale of Troy" is quite interesting and gives evidence of some dramatic talent on the part of the young ladies of the college.

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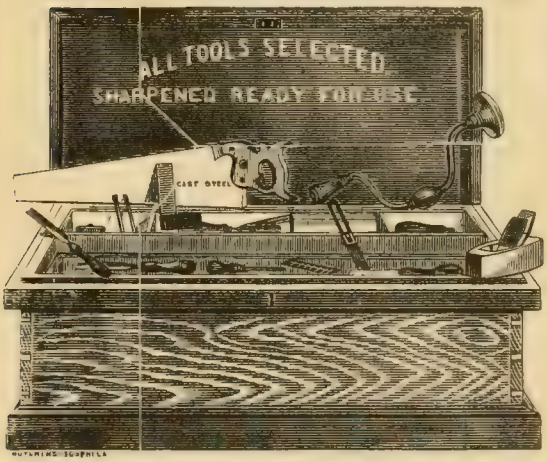

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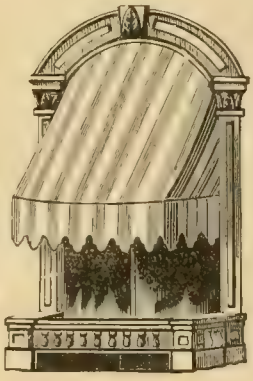

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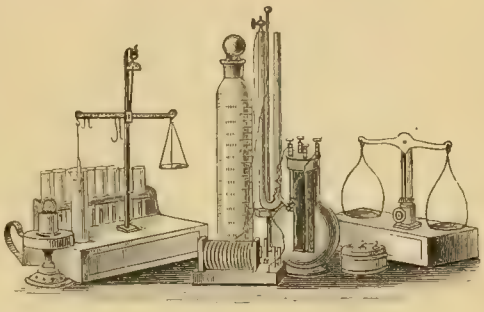

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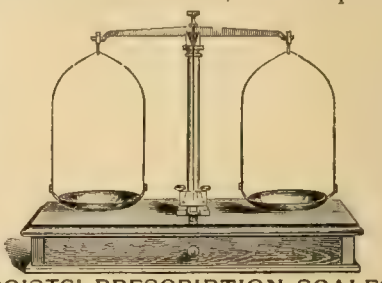

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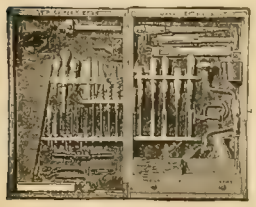

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HAVERFORD students cannot consider themselves too fortunate in having enjoyed the privilege of hearing Professor Monti's course of lectures, nor do we think that any lecturer ever addressed a more appreciative and attentive audience. It is only just to say that all four of the lectures were among the most interesting we have heard here, and that Professor Monti was deservedly admired. The last lecture, on the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," was perhaps the most interesting of all, but the former one on "Garibaldi," was scarcely less so, and while we consider these the best, we would by no means infer that the others were in the least uninteresting. We may all be very glad that we could attend these lectures, and it was with unanimous consent that at the close of the last one, three hearty cheers were given for the "Young Sicilian."

THIS number of the Havertordian has a brief account of the Physicians who have graduated from the college. We would be glad to go more into details, but space will not permit. We are indebted for most of our information to President Thomas Chase, who kindly assisted us, and we were also helped by Dr. Levick. In the next issue we propose to treat the Lawyers in the same way, and one month after the most prominent teachers. If Alumni who know of members of their class that are engaged in either of those professions, will inform us, it will be of great assistance. We wish to make the HAVERFORDIAN interesting to all, and for the most part we expect to depend on home talent, but if we make *this* plan a success, we must be helped from without. We heard an Alumnus not long ago say that he did not see how any one could go through Haverford and not forever after love the place, but lovers generally show their love by outward signs, and we hope this will be one of the ways by which it will be made manifest.

HAVERFORD College to begin with is not noted for its "snaps." The majority of the students here have their allotted amount of work to do each week. But occasionally we run across a student who has a few less hours per week or easier studies than the rest of us. How we envy him. "He's got a snap." In colleges where more of the course is elective we find a class of men who lay out their course of study for the purpose of having a "soft snap." Everywhere you will find men avoiding hard work and searching for something easy, or more often "waiting for something to turn up;" which something hardly ever turns. Of course we are

creatures of circumstances, but each man makes his own, fortunately or unfortunately perhaps, for some of us. Now, however paradoxical it may sound, the only way to secure a *perfect snap* is by hard work. You will have more time to do your work in, do it better, and enjoy exercise more than the fellow with a snap. In the words of Horace Greeley, "there is always hope for the man who will work," no matter what difficulties lie in the way. You may not be comely or talented, but remember work counts. Still it is not best to work aimlessly. It is well to have an objective point at which to "come out," avoiding of course the "little end of the horn." To reach this point requires but one quality, the one the Rebels attributed to the Union soldiers, "Yankee stick-to-it-iveness."

IT is not the duty of a college paper to be a chronic grumbler, but it plainly falls within its province to call attention to needed reforms and improvements, and we do this in a spirit appreciating all that is from time to time being done, and never intending to make unreasonable demands. For some time past no one, as a general thing, has been able to spend any considerable amount of time in our library with any degree of comfort. Every one who is in the habit of frequenting the building has found that very frequently the air has been so impure with coal gas as to prevent one's staying there except under a great discomfort.

We have been glad to see that our library has been put to good use, and that many of the students seem desirous of gaining all they can from it, but if the building is so disagreeable we cannot expect students to frequent it, or to remain there when they do visit it. To encourage the use of the library the building should be made as attractive as possible, and it has been made attractive by keeping up an open fire in the hearth at the end of the hall, but no one derives pleasure from sitting before an open fire when the air is so disagreeable. If one or both of the furnaces are out of order it is not too much to ask that they be repaired rather than that the present state of affairs should continue, or, if the difficulty is in ventilation, let that be improved, though that cannot be wholly at fault. Wherever the difficulty lies it should promptly be remedied, and a stimulus should be given to literary work in the college by making the library as pleasant a place as possible, for when we have free access to so excellent a library, nothing which is alike detrimental to health and comfort should be allowed to hinder our free use of it.

IT is a good feature in educational institutions that they are tending more and more to what is practical, they aim to make men, rather than educated boys. We often hear graduating students spoken of as going out into the world, as though this world they speak of were a place unknown to a student and beyond some sad river, which can be crossed only by those who possess sheepskins, and then they must wander up and down this aforesaid cold and unfriendly world, like the wretched unferried victims by the styx, until they can learn enough of its ways to join the human family in the race for existence, or for honor and fame.

It is the want of this practical knowledge, which makes men shake their heads when young college graduates apply for places, and in many cases men are afraid of them; they say it will take two or three years for them to unlearn what they have learned, and that until they are rid of these notions which they have been imbibing, they cannot succeed. Yet the fact is too often forgotten that these very persons who seem so inexperienced in worldly affairs and how to get along, will soon work into the har-

ness, and leave others far behind. But how much better to make the college course a training for life, and as youth is spent in preparing for college, so let the college be a preparatory school for something beyond. There is no better opportunity offered in life for the study of character, and a fellow who has learned to read his college mates, has learned what will be of inestimable advantage. Doubtless the Delphic oracle was right in making the injunction "know thyself" of supreme importance, but Pope's line is equally true "The proper study of mankind is Man." Then while we are trying to read the book of nature and all the other *οἱ λόγοι* which we are called upon to devour let us not neglect this study which we must sooner or later pass an examination on, and if we fail; woe to us! As we said at the start, colleges are making their courses more practical, and it should be so, but there are lessons, that must be learned, which are not down on the course, and the above mentioned is one.

A great disadvantage which many, especially in the lower classes, labor under, is that they do not know how to study. Lessons which might be learned in a half-hour, require two hours because they are not studied rightly. It is not our purpose to give a dissertation on how to study. But it is a question which should come under the serious consideration of every new student, until he has solved it. It is one of the first lessons for a Professor to teach his class. It seems to us that mistakes are often made by not adapting the length of the lesson, or the book to be studied, to the class, we are speaking generally, and to different periods in the course. No one would deny that it is a mistake for any kind of helps to be used, and yet many discouraged by the length of lesson before they have learned how to get them are driven, or think they are, to use such means, while they might be led gently on from small conquests to greater, until they could stand the full dose unassisted. So too, classes get loose habits of study by taking, in their Freshman and Sophomore years, books which they can skim through enough to recite on, in a few minutes. Such slipshod habits of study grow on one, and hence it is very unfortunate for them to be contracted in the early years of the course, for that matter in any part of the course, but there is not much danger after the first two years. One cannot stand up and look wise, and make a good translation in Latin or Greek if he has been skating when he ought to have been studying, nor can he expatiate with anything like accuracy on tangents, cosines, and parallelopipeds if he has not cut the leaves of his Trigonometry. No one would think of trusting his good genius to pilot him through in languages or mathematics, but it is not so in everything. If a student who has not yet acquired habits of study has opportunities to get through some of his studies, in this "flowery-bed-of-ease" way, it will gradually become natural for him to be content with that kind of work. The fewer such studies are introduced in the two first years of the course the more the class will know on commencement day. It is a good theory that students will look out for their own interests, so they will in most cases, but it gets to be so easy to slide along, if one can, that no needless opportunities for such work should be given.

NINETEENTH CENTURY CIVILIZATION.

WE hear much said about the high state of civilization of the nineteenth century. On every side we see marks of advancement; science rolling back the dark clouds of obscurity that have heretofore hidden important truths, ever making new discoveries, and in all directions making

rapid strides onward; education reaching more of the people than ever before; the intellect of the world expanding; and those who have been living in a state of barbarism rising from that low plane to the higher one of civilization, while the nations of the civilized world have developed in every way. In view of these facts it is natural to consider that we stand on a higher plane to-day than ever before, and that our civilization is an advancing one. It is only necessary to compare the world of this day with that of a century ago, to see how far we stand above it, and we cannot fail to mark the difference.

It behooves us, as living in this high state of civilization, surrounded by all the advantages of the nineteenth century, to look around us and see that we are not receding from the high level on which we have been placed, whence we can see, the steep up which humanity has been toiling for so many centuries before it has reached the heights on which we find ourselves, and the peaks towering far above us which assure us that more yet is to be achieved and that, however far advanced we may consider ourselves to be, it is still our duty to make more progress in the upward direction. Not only is it our duty to see that we are not receeding, but to take care that we are advancing, doing our duty toward those who in after time will look back upon what we have done, and tending to place them above ourselves.

The question, whether the tendency of modern civilization is wholly in the right direction, is one which is deserving of our close attention and which we cannot look into too carefully. In many respects no one can doubt that we are advancing, that our tendency is upward, but the careful examiner cannot fail to see defects, and serious ones, evils which call imperatively to be remedied, and which hinder our advance.

In the present century, the progress of science has been rapid. This has been preeminently the era of discoveries and inventions. The use of steam and electricity for ends which formerly could only be attained by slow and laborious hand-labor, the adaptation of delicate and ingenious machinery for multitudinous purposes, and the many wonderful inventions which have been made, should not be passed over by one looking at the scientific results of this period. Nor should the wonderful extention of the boundaries of science be neglected, the results of scientific research, and the great advances that have been made in knowledge on all sides. The increase that has been made in our scientific knowledge, in this century is vast, and has been restricted to no one branch. But the development and extension of our higher scientific knowledge has not been the only way in which we have made progress. When we consider the progress of education, and see how beneficent and elevating its effects have been, it must appear to us that in this respect one of our greatest steps onward has been made. One of the greatest blessings of our time is that we have schools and colleges scattered over our country, and that education is spreading its influence over more and more of those who in time past knew nothing of its power, tending to decrease crime and wickedness, and to elevate mankind. In these and many other respects we see plainly that our civilization is an advancing one, and in regard to moral reforms also we can perceive the upward tendency, even through the dark clouds of error and prejudice. This century has been one of moral development. In many ways the advance can be traced, not always in a direct forward course, sometimes in a tortuous and winding maze so that we almost despair of reaching the desired end, but nevertheless tending upward, however imperfect and obscure the results have been. We cannot fail to notice the abolition

of slavery in our own country, though achieved after a long and bloody war, the amelioration of the condition of those who on account of crime are outcasts from society, the more humane treatment of the diseased and the insane, the establishment of public hospitals and alms houses, and the growth of societies for the protection of the brute creation from cruelty at the hands of their more intelligent but sometimes brutal masters, as examples. But the consideration of our civilization in its moral aspect brings us face to face with some of its greatest evils, and confidence in its upward tendency is not unmixed with regret for their existence and fear for their result. Even at this day, and with no immediate prospect of refraining from it, nations claiming to be the most highly civilized, support vast armaments, and keep up great preparations for war, spending in this way, contrary to the teachings of the gospel and the highest instincts of our nature, money sufficient, almost literally to cover the land with churches and schools, and so become a means of the elevation of the race, instead of supporting the degrading institutions of war. The true greatness of a nation cannot be based upon its military greatness, and true fame and glory can only be ascribed to those who have labored for humanity and lived lives of self-sacrifice. Until the whole system of war is uprooted and overthrown, there will be a dark blot upon our civilization. But our sorrow that, as yet, the world has not outgrown this barbarous system of the past, is lightened by the hope, even the assurance, that it is out-growing it. While, at present, nations seem to vie with each other in the erection of massive forts, the arming of vessels, the devising of more deadly means of warfare, and not a few in the maintenance of huge standing armies, withdrawing from the industries of the nation the prime of its manhood, and while no nation seems willing to take the lead in giving up the custom, yet the sentiment of the people against war is becoming more and more pronounced and the feeling that a nation's true glory is in constant peace is spreading. The efforts of those who have labored for the promotion of the cause of peace have not been in vain and their results are seen in this education of the popular mind. We may confidently look forward to the time which must come, be it sooner or later, when "the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, shall be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty," and when that time has arrived we may justly say that our civilization has indeed advanced.

The development of humane sentim ents and the moral progress of the century are nowhere to be seen more clearly than in the question of intemperance. While the world still labors under this curse, the growth of the agitation against it is a mark of our moral advancement. The devotion of noble men and women cannot be in vain and we have good grounds for hope that this evil which fills our prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums will be abolished, and we can look forward to the future to remedy the defects of the present, trusting that the cause of right will triumph and that the powers of evil cannot stand against it.

Civil governments have not been left outside of the general development. A century ago the share of the people in the government was much smaller than it is at present. Now the prevailing form of government among the nations of the civilized world is the representative form, and, whether it be under the name of a republic or a constitutional monarchy, the government of the people rests to a great extent in the hands of the people.

To examine minutely all the bright features, and all the defects of our civilization

would be an arduous and unnecessary task. There are more dangers than have been mentioned,—rocks and shoals through which the Guider of human destinies, alone can direct the course of mankind; but there are other bright aspects too. We cannot see all the hidden difficulties, but we have a firm trust that the course of the civilization of the nineteenth century is an onward and upward one—toward the light, toward God, and that, however dark the prospect may be in some directions, it is not wholly dark. We may seem to see

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,"

but with a feeling of deep security we remember that

"behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

From many dangers we see an escape in the rapid spread of education. With the growth of knowledge and the increase of the number of those who are under its influence crime will become less. It is enough for us to know that the sentiments of truth and humanity are spreading and pervading the hearts of men more and more, and to trust that, as the present century has been one of advancement, so future ones will be eras of christian progress, periods of growth and expansion, not only in the arts and sciences, but also in morals. The civilization of the nineteenth century is an upward and progressive one, held back and impeded in its course by evils and defects demanding to be remedied, but containing in itself the remedies for those defects in its moral and religious activity, in the growth of humane ideas, and the practice of christian virtues, and it must ascend to "higher things" going forth conquering and to conquer "not by brutish violence; not by force of arms; not, oh! not, on dishonest fields of blood; but in the majesty of Peace, of Justice, of Freedom, by the irresistible might of christian institutions."

I AM, THOU ART, HE IS.

THE school-boy learns, parrot-like, to conjugate I am, Thou art, He is, but never stops to consider that he is uttering the most important principle which personally concerns him. What the "I am" is, varies with each day of his existence, yet it contains elements which are always the same. The unchanging element in his individual life, a life we are told by biologists, sprung into being by the stooping of some higher life to cross the chasm between the higher and lower life, a chasm impassable from the lower to the higher, but under the magic touch of the higher life, the lower life is quickened, a new life is called into existence. But this is too deep for me; yet were I inclined to be unbelieving of miracles, I think I should be converted by contemplation of life; truly a miracle is performed at the birth of every boy.

And there as he lies in his cradle, he asserts his "I am-ness" more exclusively than at any other period of his existence; he does not realize what his life is then, yet he does assert that "I am." He is conscious of the existence of "Thou art" or "He is," only as it serves his present interests. He saith unto one go, and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh. Everything seems to be created for his benefit, and to be ruled by him, the little I am would rule as a most absolute despot.

But gradually the clouds dispel, and the sun of consciousness breaks in upon him; the baby becomes a boy. And who does not remember with pleasure how proudly he stepped forth for the first time in the pantaloons of boyhood. The I am asserts itself very strongly, but the idea of "Thou art" dawns upon him in the persons of his father, mother, brothers and sisters; he starts to school and there every one becomes very dear to him; he becomes a hero-worshipper; his hero is some one of his playmates; he is constantly with him, sits

on the same seat, recites in the same classes, goes home the same road, wants to be and acts just like his hero. I and Thou are all that enter into consultation, the unhallowed third person has not yet been admitted; there is no room for "He is." It is true that in the instability of boyhood, the hero often changes; one month it is one, and the next it is another, but the principle is all the same; no room for a third.

Yes, a boy is very much what his home, his playmates, his surroundings make him, yet it is hard to fathom his religion, that is a paradox. He reads his Bible, and says his prayers, but very often they have little meaning for him; when he is full of sorrow and grief, he asks from the bottom of his heart the keeping of the All Father; but when he is angry and feels that he is against every one, and that every one is against him, he forgets his morning prayer, and only as the evening hours draw on, and weary with fatigue, overcome by sleep, he sinks down, and dreams away his grievances, gets up in the morning a new boy.

Thus the boy is constantly renewed, and almost as quickly as the vision passes before the eyes, the omnipotent Hand shifts the scenery and the boy is a man, verging on full manhood; here he first realizes the existence of the "He is". I, Thou and He; that takes in all; he realizes then that he is but a type of the whole human family; that I am is to himself what Thou and He are to others, the distinct personality, of each one. The I am now assert itself in those "intellectual thoughts that wander through eternity". The intellect widens and deepens, grasps the thoughts of great men and makes them its own; the I am believes very much in itself; it is very much misunderstood, and if understood in the right way, it is well, for a great writer says "to be great is to be misunderstood." It is his being struggling to unfold its arms, and stretch them out for food, for infinite Truth; yes better to be misunderstood than crush the I am in its development.

Then it is that the I am projects itself into the future, and then builds its castles in the boundless yet to be; no thought of impossibility enters to mar the delight of that which is considered as though it were already accomplished; the being revels in the future, and follows that goddess, which men call Ambition, as she tempts him with promise of a seat in the temple of Fame. And who would regret that he formed these at first phantom castles? Must not buildings be first formed in air, before they are materially made? Then the castle building is not to be discouraged, but rightly directed. Let the ideal be first set up, and that a lofty one, and then strive to attain it.

But at this time the I am very often gets into the way of thinking that there is something more than ordinary in its constitution, and it waits and lingers for the inspiration to come; it longs to write something grand, to win laurels in the realm of Literature; but the wonted inspiration comes not; it forgets that there is an inspiration which has been spurned, it is the inspiration of labor. It will soon find that there are no rivals, so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, who reckon the value of every hour, and who will achieve a place in the temple of Fame, while he who waits for the inspiration of genius is compelled to sit on the lowest step leading to that temple.

The exaggerated hopes of boyhood lessen, the pleasures of youth vanish, and the *man* steps forth; the young man goes out into the world with a consciousness of his own power; he never dreams of not succeeding; he means to conquer every obstacle; he wonders when he moves in society, why he does not create more excitement, and why people do not pay more attention to him; and yet with all these feelings and aspirations, in a few years, the

same person takes his place in the lower ranks, the visions which filled his youthful life gradually fade away, and the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone. And why I ask, is it that such is the case? Were those lofty ambitions, those noble desires which filled his strong and buoyant mind, but mere creations of an idle fancy? I say no; I believe that aspirations of youth and early manhood are ofttimes godlike; they are then truly a part of him, and the reason he has failed of those lofty aspirations seems to me to be summed up in saying that he has crushed his I am. I mean that when he has gone out into the world, he finds that it is much easier to agree with what thou art saying, and thinking success in life depends upon social comfort, gradually his I am merges into "we are" and before long, following the same theory, that I am who was going to assert itself, has merged into the great sea, and is one of those who is simply known as "he is" reckoned as a good, harmless fellow; that's the secret; too many are content to be harmless fellows. What the world has always needed, and what it still needs is men who are not afraid to assert their personality; men who believe they can attain to something, who are not satisfied until they attain that something, men, who believe themselves especially inspired, and who dare act and speak their inspiration.

Many a man has allowed the opportunity of accomplishing his ideal to slip through his fingers; the inspiration came, and he was afraid of it, because he feared it did not suit the times, and in a short time he awoke to the fact that the great moving spirit had inspired some one else who dared to advance it, and the former was compelled with shame to read his own thoughts in the words of another.

I know that the I am sometimes asserts itself with injurious results, but I fear more harm arises from *not using* than abusing it. Emerson says that "an institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man; The Reformation, of Luther, Methodism of Wesley; Quakerism, of Fox; Abolition, of Clarkson; Scipio, Milton called 'the very height of Rome', and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons."

In conclusion, then, let the youth have his noble visions of the future; let him cherish them, let him find his life work, for Carlyle says, "Blessed is he who has found his life work, let him ask no other blessedness, he has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it." Let him assert his I am which is but an emanation of the Infinite I am, knowing from the past history of the human race, "that a great idea thrown out in advance of its age takes root and germinates in secret, shapes the 'unconscious thought' of a few individuals of the next generation, is by them diffused still more widely, and thus silently matures itself in the womb of time,' until it comes forth, like Minerva, in the full panoply of power."

HAVERFORD PHYSICIANS.

IN looking over the list of graduates from Haverford for the first fifty years of its existence we find in almost every class men who have become well-known to the world in their particular branch. Haverford men are marked for the earnestness of their search for Truth, and their determination and fearlessness in practice. No college of equal age has such an extended influence in comparison with the number of students. The early classes especially graduated men who afterwards became eminent Physicians, while the later classes seem to have turned their talents more in other directions. While only eleven per cent of the graduates have died, the mortality of Physicians is nearly twenty-five per cent, owing mainly to the fact, that a large per cent of early

graduates were Physicians. The first graduate of Haverford, Dr. Thomas F. Cock of the class of 1836 stands in the very front rank of his profession in New York City, and is well known as the author of valuable medical works. The Doctor of Laws given to him by his Alma Mater was an appropriate recognition of his learning and his fame. He was a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He is Physician for the New York Hospital and consulting Physician for the Women's Hospital.

The class of 1838 has the name of another doctor of medicine Dr. James V. Emlen.

Half of the next class chose the same profession, Dr. Henry Hartshorne has now wide fame by his numerous and highly esteemed works on Medical subjects. He was very successful in the practice of medicine, until he left his practice to become a teacher. After travelling in Europe, visiting Egypt, and ascending the Nile, he returned home and was elected Professor in the Medical Department of the Pennsylvania college. In 1866 he was made Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, and the next year Professor of Organic Science and Philosophy, at Haverford. As a man of letters he is the most eminent of Haverford's graduates. The University of Pennsylvania paid him a well deserved honor, conferring on him the degree of LL. D. Dr. Nereus Mendenhall has, also won fame as a wise and accomplished teacher, while learned and skilful as a Physician. Dr. Richard Randolph, Jr., has retired from practice and devotes himself to metaphysical studies. The class of 1840 presents the name of a very successful Physician in Dr. John R. Winslow.

The class of 1842 gives us the well known name of Dr. James J. Levick, one of the present and most esteemed Physicians of Philadelphia, and famed also for his historical and literary productions for which the college has given him the laurel of a Master's degree. He also rendered efficient service during the rebellion. He has a very large practice, is widely known and generally beloved.

Dr. Zaccheus Test (1851) was an able Professor at Earlham, and is now an esteemed minister in the Episcopal Church. Dr. James C. Thomas of Baltimore, foremost in every good word and work, is at the very top of his profession.

Dr. Dougan Clark (1852) has been active as a minister and evangelist, and is now a successful Professor at Earlham.

Dr. William H. Pancoast (1853) Professor in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, is one of the most distinguished Physicians of that city.

Dr. Johnathan J. Comfort (1856) enjoys a lucrative practice in Atlantic City, N. J.

Dr. Thomas Wistar (1858) is medical examiner for the Provident Life and Trust Co., and other Insurance Companies. His name is occasionally attached to graceful verses in the papers.

Dr. Edward Rhoads (1859) was one of the ablest of the younger physicians of Philadelphia. Dr. Abram Sharpless of the same class.

Dr. William B. Corbit (1860) enjoys a lucrative practice in the city of Washington. Dr. John W. Pinkham is the chief physician in Montclair, N. J. Dr. James Tyson is the Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and has great fame as a writer and practitioner. He is a member of numerous medical societies and was at one time assistant editor of the Philadelphia Medical Times.

Dr. Thomas Lamb (1861) devoted himself to teaching. Dr. John H. Stuart is in the front rank of his profession in Kansas.

Dr. Horace Williams (1862) has a very good practice in Philadelphia.

Dr. Joseph G. Pinkham (1863) holds very high rank in his profession in Mass-

achusetts, is well known as a writer, and has a lucrative practice.

Dr. William Ashbridge (1864) was well and personally known in Philadelphia. Dr. Morris Longstreth has lectured before the Lowell Institute of Boston, and holds very high rank as a physician in Philadelphia.

Dr. William T. Dorsey (1867) of Baltimore fell a martyr to his self-sacrificing attendance upon cases of malignant contagious diseases.

Dr. Louis Starr (1868) Philadelphia, is a very successful practitioner, and also Joseph H. Wills.

Dr. William H. Hubbard (1870) is one of the Medical Staff of the State Lunatic Asylum.

Dr. Randolph Winslow (1871) one of the most famous and scientific doctors of Baltimore. His future promises to be very brilliant.

Dr. Richard Ashbridge (1872) was a surgeon in the U. S. Navy. Dr. Richard H. Thomas has great distinction in Baltimore.

Dr. Henry L. Taylor (1878) has made himself very accomplished abroad.

Dr. John E. Sheppard (1879) after distinguishing himself in the medical school, has become a favorite physician in Atlantic City, N. J.

Dr. John H. Gifford (1879) graduated from Harvard Medical College at the head of his class, and has a fine opening in Fall River, Mass.

Dr. William C. Jay (1882) has a good practice in Indiana.

THE STORY OF PORT ROYAL AND LOUIS 14TH.

FROM PROF. DAVENPORT'S LECTURE.

(Concluded.)

THERE was residing as a pupil in the nunnery a little girl about eleven years of age, a niece of Pascal. This poor child had suffered for more than three years with a fistula, which had attacked her left eye, had rotted the adjacent bones, and disfigured with malignant ulcers the whole left side of the face. The best medical skill of the time had been sought in vain, and the ablest surgeons and physicians of Paris had acknowledged themselves baffled by the peculiar malignity of the poisonous disease. It was evident that the dreadful operation of the cautery was the only resource. A day was fixed for the painful trial. But a collector of relics in Paris at this juncture announced that he had come into possession of one of the thorns, which had composed the crown fastened upon our Saviour's head by the jeering soldiers before the Crucifixion. Voltaire, asks how it was that such an extraordinary relic had been obscurely preserved through fifty generations, and had then turned up in a low purlieu of Paris. But no one at the time cared to be a skeptic, at least openly. All the religious communities disputed with one another to obtain it for a space in their custody. Amongst others, the Port Royal nuns begged the favor, and the precious object was carried to them on the 24th, of March, 1656. An altar received it, and a procession of pupils and nuns marched by with solemn music, each one in turn kissing the holy thing. Some who stood by, shuddered as they saw the pitiable child with the loathsome disorder approach. Instead of kissing, or as some say, *after* kissing, she touched the thorn to her eye. The cure was instantaneous—was complete. When she regained her room, the malady was gone. No scar—no exudation of matter was observed. In a day or two, the surgeon with his instruments appeared, ready to apply the hot iron. But a little girl, with fresh and blooming cheeks, stood before his astounded gaze, instead of his suffering patient; it was, however, the same child. The report created a great sensation in Paris and all over France. Crowds flocked to the spot. The king's surgeon, a man of great probity

and skill, was sent to investigate the matter. He questioned the surgeons and the nuns, drew up an account of the disease, and finally declared solemnly that neither had nature effected the cure, nor art hastened it, that God, and God alone had wrought it. One universal cry arose that the Jansenists and Port Royalists were under the protection of Heaven—that they, who fought against them, were defying Omnipotence—and that every decree against them must be withdrawn. The royal conscience was touched, or perhaps the popular clamor paralyzed all notion of further persecution. The Jesuits slunk back in dismay. The favor of the great body of the French Catholics was too great to withstand. Port Royal received back its group of pious thinkers and scholars; DeSaci gave to the world the translation of the New Testament, which the French now use; Arnauld and others resumed preaching and teaching, and the brilliant Pascal continued to issue his "Provincial Letters," the master-piece of controversial writing. The little girl, upon whom this miracle of healing was done, lived seventy-five years after the event, and no trace of the malady ever appeared in her, and no return thereof was remotely suffered.

The connection of Blaisé Pascal with this monastery sprang from an intensely devotional heart. With a soul domineered by an almost superstitious asceticism, his intellectual keeness was nevertheless extraordinary. So precocious was he, that while a mere boy he had discovered for himself many of the geometrical propositions of Euclid, having only some charcoal, and the floor of his room as his means of self-instruction. He knew no scientific terms, but called a circle a *round*, and a line a *bar*. His additions to physical science in mature life were signal, but, most of all, two centuries have remembered him for his two works, the "Provincial Letters," and his "Thoughts."

These letters, written under the inspiration of the atmosphere of Port Royal, were eighteen in number, and constituted, as I have already stated, the most powerful impeachment of Jesuitism ever framed. It never recovered from the assault, and the very name became a by-word for immoral principle, for chicanery, and double dealing. The Catholic world was not indeed softened towards Calvinism, nor converted to the doctrines of partial Divine grace and election, supposed to inhere in Jansenism, but it learned to spurn the easy morals of the Jesuits, and to insist upon upright conduct, untarnished virtue, and good faith as essential, as indispensable in all Christian Ethics. This was much to have won from the times of Louis 14th, an age of shameless selfishness, of merciless bigotry united to repulsive hypocrisy, when the maxims of Epicureanism, reinforced by those of Jesuitism, in a horribly depraved alliance, were thwarting the Christianity of the New Testament, and substituting a gospel of Mephistopheles.

As to the literary excellence of the Provincial Letters, all are agreed. Pascal penned them hastily, though he meditated them carefully. He excused himself for the length of one of his letters, by saying that he had not had time to make it shorter; an apology which seems to have been considered quite as legitimate a one, two centuries ago as now-a-days. Though Voltaire hated the creed of Pascal, and called him a "Sublime misanthropist," yet he studied his "Thoughts" and the "Provincial Letters," till he knew them by heart. Worn out by his excited religious feelings and his unwearying activity, Pascal's nervous organization suddenly gave way, and he died at the early age of thirty-nine. Pascal and Port Royal are names inseparably linked together, and both have a mournful interest attached. For the fatal day was postponed by the miracle, and only postponed. In

spite of the stainless and charitable lives of the three hundred nuns, devoted to works of beneficence, to teaching, and to extravagantly unnecessary austerities,—in spite of the literary and religious labors of the host of recluses, who had gathered in farmhouses and cottages in the neighborhood, —in spite of the glory shed by Pascal's immortal works, and by the less known, but invaluable labors of a score of other writers,—in spite of the renown acquired by, and the love felt for the consecrated spot, the undying malignity of the Jesuits was not to be foiled. Poor Louis 14th was now in his dotage; guided as a puppet by his low born wife, Madam de Maintenon; submissive to the whispered dictates of his Jesuit confessors, hampered by infirmities that awakened no pity; addicted to superstitions that invited sneers, and morbidly intent on atoning for the infamies of his youth and maturity, by the drivelling devotion of his old age. But his bed-chamber was beset by men with a determined purpose. *Delenda est Carthago* was the loud demand of the relentless Cato, in season and out of season; "Port Royal must be uprooted; that nest of heresy must be extirpated," muttered the implacable company of the Jesuits, and the cry was shrieked again by fanatic priest and brutal Dominican. Powerful protectors had from time to time arisen, and the bolt had not fallen. "They are as pure as angels," a friend had ventured to say, "but proud as devils,' retorted the Archbishop of Paris. At length the Pope issued a bull of suppression, and king Louis 14th, in October 1709, decreed its total destruction, and sent a body of several hundred horsemen to carry his orders into effect.

And now the veteran monarch, who with a half million of soldiers had defied Europe in arms, makes an attack on a few old ladies, many of whom had passed the extreme limits of ordinary life, and the youngest of whom was quite aged. Could he plume himself on such a victory? The booted cavalry commander with jingling spurs strode up the aisle of the church, read the royal orders of dispersion, and granted the nuns a quarter of an hour to collect their little bundles. They were then packed into carriages, and consigned to separate prisons throughout the country. For they were "denied the sad relief that misery loves, the fellowship of grief." Several had not strength to reach those prisons, but died on the way,—others yielded their last breath on arrival; and all the survivors entered lonesome cells, in which to wear away their lives.

Then the buildings were demolished, and vengeance glutted itself on the "very stones, lest they should rise and mutiny." The graves even were dug up, lest their ghosts should haunt the spot; and workmen, plied with strong drink for the revolting business, threw into carts the moldering corpses of generations of nuns, to be carried and hurled into a huge pit, where the dogs were permitted to prowl and feed. Hatred had done its worst.

Desolation brooded over the once beautiful valley. The melancholy history was repeated with bated breath, and Jesuitism exulted, whilst the sincere lover of his kind lamented, that now not only was the Huguenot an exile, but even the very idea of reform in the bosom of the old church was annihilated.

But retribution was already on its way, and the French people who had looked on and permitted these atrocities, shudderingly recalled in after times the punishment, which the different actors rapidly met. The guilty Cardinal Archbishop, who had hounded on the attack, and yet had been only the tool of the monarch and his mistress, suffered the horrors of that remorse, which Shakespeare has depicted in Macbeth. In dreams, he saw the growling wolves disputing the mangled remains of the victims of Port Royal, whilst unseen hands hurled at his head the fragments of its ruins. Driven by goading memories, he sought as a pilgrim the spot, in order there to confess his crime and to pray for pardon. When his eye first caught the ruins of the Abbey, he burst into tears, sank to the ground, and rolled there with groans less like the anguish of a man, than the suppressed howlings of a wild beast in torture. And so in an agony of grief resembling insanity, the great minister passed his last years.

And what of Louis 14th? History scarcely tells us of a reign, which opened with more promise, was for a while crowded with more brilliant achievements, and ended

in more wide spread calamity and more unmitigated misery. When Louis 14th, gave orders to his soldiers to demolish Port Royal, his English, German, Dutch and Italian enemies had indeed closed around him, and had inflicted many a hard blow; but he still stood erect, still was obediently supported by army and people, and French power was still feared all over the continent. But almost immediately on the dispersion of the nuns, the clouds blackened in all directions. The sun himself in that terrible year, 1709, seemed to cast less life-producing warmth down to the earth. The olive trees of southern France proved barren; the ordinary fruit trees shot forth only short stunted leaves, and were entirely destitute of fruit. Their leafless branches through the summer filled men's hearts with terrible forebodings. The corn also perished on the ground before the kernels had formed, and soon dire famine stalked through the land. Men, women and children crouched on the highways, bent with sickness, or exhausted by starvation. The traveller beheld gaunt spectral forms groping in the villages or contesting in the fields with wolves, the most revolting food. Efforts were made to import grain from the eastern Mediterranean, but the triumphant fleets of the allies captured the vessels and blockaded the harbors. Everywhere, in the army, at home, in the city and the country, the soldiers and the terror-stricken populace implored help from a Heaven, too certainly and too unforgivingly offended, as they began to suspect. Meanwhile Marlborough and Eugene, after gaining the tremendous battle of Malplaquet, the most bloody of the century, threatened the last humiliation to the sore prest king. In the palace itself, death in a brief time swept away those nearest to him. His son, his grandson and his great-grandson, who were successively heirs to the throne, died in rapid succession. The grandson, of whom the people had fond hopes, a man of excellent character, and the pupil of Fenelon, was accompanied in death by his wife and their son; so that all three were buried at one funeral. Other deaths in the royal family occurred so rapidly, that poison, the terrible crime of the middle ages, was surmised, and the surmise was eventually proved to be correct. The duke of Orleans, a nephew, was accused and mobbed. The old king was sinking under the weight of years; the poisoned cup was doomed next, in his fancy, to be presented to his own lips; he was oppressed by the fearful mystery which enveloped him. Instead of the cringing servility, which had hitherto attended him, execrations followed his carriage. He who had been a demi-god, and had enacted the king more theatrically than any sovereign before or since, began to hear curses, and to behold hatred and contempt. "Will this reign be eternal?" exclaimed the impatient people' as the seventieth year of its existence commenced. So, in private, the lonesome king sat hours in his chair, with clasped hands and bowed head, absorbed in bitter reflections, determined however to devour his grief, so that his subjects should not detect his misery.

At times, he would start up, and now all too late, distrust the counsels of the Jesuits, which he had so implicitly followed. "If, indeed, you have misled and deceived me, you are deeply guilty, for in truth I acted in good faith, and followed your instructions in order to save the peace of the Church." This was the abject tone in which the once majestic monarch sought to throw off his responsibility; he who had spurned contemptuously the most industrious of his subjects, had driven them from their native land because Protestants; he who had recked not the carnage which decimated Europe, because, forsooth, he wanted to play at the game of war, he who had placed himself in towering pride above meaner mortals, *he* apologized thus for his unkingly and unmanly abasement before priests. The old women whom he had cruelly hunted from their shrines, from their oft-repeated prayers, their school rooms and their hospitals were far grander and nobler beings. If they lived, mainly, to visit upon themselves macerations and austerities, yet to others their lives had been a cordial and a blessing; and when the troops drove them from their hallowed grounds, the whole neighboring population had testified the same, by swarming around their carriages with cries of benediction upon the good sisters, and of lamentation for themselves.

When at Versailles, Louis 14th, was known to be near his end, no such lamentation disturbed the palace precincts; the

people came in crowds, indeed, to the court-yard, but it was to catch the earliest glad tidings. On a warm summer morning, the captain of the body guard suddenly threw open a window, and announced that the king was dead; a long and loud shout of rejoicing followed, penetrating the already deserted apartment, where the unloved king lay. Even his wife, Madame de Maintenon, had abandoned him two days before. The dying king had said to her, "My consolation in leaving you is, that I hope to meet you in Eternity." She made no reply, but showed in her looks the unwelcomeness of the prospect. As she left the chamber, she was overheard to remark,—"A pretty rendezvous he has given me;—that man has never loved any one but himself."

A few days after this, the suspected poisoner, the Duke of Orleans, was Regent of the kingdom, and the hearse of Louis 14th, pursued its way to St. Denis, followed by the execrations of his late subjects. In times long subsequent, the desecrations of the graves of the Port Royal nuns—the insulting removal of their bodies—was punished by the breaking open of the tombs of Louis 14th himself, and of the other French kings at St. Denis. Their bodies were stripped of coffin and shroud, and exposed to the derisions of the revolutionary mob.

The people of France, the Royal family, and even the Jesuits themselves undoubtedly suffered severe retribution for their treatment of Huguenot and Port Royalist, but what I beg particularly to remark, in conclusion is, that retribution does not undo the mischief. The fullest atonement, as it does not restore the innocence of the transgressor, so it does not mitigate the inevitable consequences of the crime. For example, the wickedness of Huguenot and Port Royal persecution was avenged by a long train of disaster to the prosperity of France, by calamity and suffering; yet after all, Catholicism fell irretrievably short of the good it might have gained—Christianity itself was forced from the vantage ground, it might have retained had these excesses not been committed. They were acts of bigotry, and they made French Catholicism more bigoted; just as every act perpetrated strengthens the habit, every fostering of habit confirms character, be it for good or for ill. These triumphs of intolerance made Catholicism more intolerant. Had Protestantism been suffered to grow along side —or Port Royalism been allowed to purify license, Christianity would neither have seemed nor have become, the harsh, unamiable, unreasoning and unreasonable thing, that aroused the enmity of Voltaire and his coadjutors. To them Atheism was a refuge, and skepticism appeared the only alternative to thinkers who had witnessed the fanaticism of a church triumphant over its best elements, made unyielding and dogged by a series of triumphs, and arrogantly claiming submission from all minds, because it had been spoiled by being accustomed to trample upon opposition. Who wonders at the infidelity of France, open and loud in the last century, quiet but deep seated in this?

Moreover, let us ourselves learn the lesson of tolerance, in recognizing that the Papal church in France in the seventeenth century, if it has given hateful examples of bigotry and cruelty, has likewise furnished at Port Royal, eternal models of patience; of beneficence, of love returning good for evil, of charity that bore all things and suffered all things, and that, as long as it could, endeavored to lighten human suffering, to dispel ignorance, and to make the world wiser and happier, whilst pointing the way to a glorious life beyond.

LOCALS.

Ipse facto.

Examinations.

"I'll brieck yeure baich!"

"The most fastidious cannot complain."

The brown hat went on a "bust" some time ago.

Sophomore, "Extremes meet; Seniors and Freshmen."

"We have no time for any more 'Electro-Radiant Exhibitions.'"

"What did Luther do with the Pope's bull?" "He burned it as a sacrifice."

"Dutchie" says, "Molecules are not invisible but still they can't be seen."

The Loganian Library has been re-arranged, and is now much more systematic.

Professor, "Where is Worms?"
Student (doubtfully), "I think they are in Saxony."

Dickinson, '86, was a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. College Convention at La Fayette College.

Stokes, '87, is sick with the measles, he has the sympathy of all who have had a like experience.

Monthly meeting holiday comes on the Wednesday before the next to the last Friday of each month.

Charles R. Jacob, '84, made us a very pleasant call on the 23d ult. He is principal of the Friend's School, at Oxford, Pa.

Professor in History, referring to the Fifth Monarchy men, "What name was given to this party?" Senior, "Salvation Army."

Senior, describing the foreign policy of Henry VII, "His foreign policy was mainly directed towards keeping peace within his own kingdom.

Class Poet of '86 to Local Editor:—

"It is improper, this we can reply,
To scrunch with wanton zest the harmless Guy."

The Merion Square weekly *Sunrise Chanticleer* writes: "Miss C——, of our city, during the holidays found some one who will *Guy*de her through life."

The Second Eleven orchestra is practicing every day. It expects to play the first some time next week. The Second has a very strong first bass in the person of "Clarionet Dick, or the Tin Nose Tooter."

Problem in mental arithmetic. If gunpowder which has been injured by water can be bought for ten cents per pouud, what are *wads worth* after being soaked in the pond.

Bowdoin and Cornell having done away with recitations on Saturdays, there is no longer an American institution that inflicts upon its students this flagitious custom.—*Ex.*

We hope all necessary precaution will be taken to prevent a collision between the "Haverford College and Montgomery Avenue Limited" and the Boardwalk Accommodation.

Muggins on the picket fence on the night of the fire was one of the rarest sights of the season. If Mariot had been on the ground with a camera he might have made a fortune.

Improvements will never cease. At last we each have a nice printed programme of recitations for the second half. Absent-minded persons will no longer have an excuse for not turning up to be counted except in rare cases.

It is most time for the voice of the turtle to be heard in the land and still there is no coasting. If any have received low marks in examination doubtless it will be laid to the fact that Nature has not done her part by furnishing good coasting.

The Sophomore glee club sang a number of melifluous songs at the opening of the Bryn Mawr Reading Room. It made the Second Eleven look very jealous, but their turn will come before the year is over. The opening of a new cotton mill at Mill Creek may call their harmonious voices into tune.

A good question for examination in Psychology. "What should be done with a dog which has a propensity to thieve, after it has been punished by a slight castigation, and still the deterrent influence of the prospective repetition of that punishment is outweighed by the attractive influence of a tempting *Bonne bouche?*"

Now is the time when the vender of second-hand books feels his heart swell as the dog-eared books are exchanged for something more easily devoured. But can it be that the election has had such a bad effect that a senior would rather give four dollars and fifty cents for a history and have it charged, than thirteen cents cash for a second-hand one?

A large number of students attended an "Electro-Radiant" Exhibition, accompanied with comic scenes and funny remarks, one Saturday evening not long since. If the order had been better more information in regard to the funny parts would have been given, but for the most part the views needed no explanation. Music was furnished by an organette. It was hard to tell which enjoyed it most, the exhibitor or the audience.

EXCHANGES.

The *Lehigh Burr*, from Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa., is much improved in appearance by the addition of its new covers The design on the index page is very artistic, original and unique. The *Burr* laments the non-existence of literary societies in the Universities, and urges the establishing of one at the earliest possible date. By all means have one, and better still have two that the stimulus of rivalry may make both do better work than one alone would do. The stories are all interesting. A Dialogue and the Fable of the Hat and the Collar are *cute*. Taking all together the *Burr* is a first-rate paper and we wish it a hearty success.

The 'Varsity, Toronto, Canada, a weekly paper, contains as much reading matter as an ordinary monthly. Its shape and appearance are awkward. It is too large and with the exception of the holiday number it has no cover. It contains a great many articles of literary

merit, however, which after all is the main thing. College Chums and College Friendship contains some very good ideas well worth remembering. The Varsity should have an Exchange Column, though "Our Wallet" seems to correspond somewhat to that department.

We quote from a December number:—"The Faculty of King's College, Windsor, N. S., have suppressed the *Record*, a paper published by the students there. The reason assigned is that the articles in the paper were too offensive and personal and consequently brought the Faculty into disrespute and held them up to ridicule. Precicely what actions justified the remarks of the Record we do not know; but we are assured by a contemporary that they were 'injunctions, to follow out which were to disregard every pre-conceived idea of justice and every dictate of concience,' It certainly appears to us to be a most abject confession of weakness on the part of the Faculty to have to suppress a paper which expressed opinions of a contrary nature and criticised—apparently in a corteous and dignified way—its proceedings."

The editors of the *Cornell Era* get out a very good sheet for a weekly, or for a monthly as to that matter. It is handsome, solid, neat and well arranged, printed in clear type on good paper. The absence of lengthy articles is noticeable. The series of sketches entitled German University Notes is very interesting. The *Era* devotes considerable space to boating and regattas, striving to revive an interest in the aquatic sport, an interest which seems to have been dying out during the last few years. Princeton has withdrawn from the Child's Cup Association and the place will probably be filled by Wesleyan, Cornell, or University of Pennsylvania. Brown University has been admitted to the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association. The *Era* states that the library receives about four hundred serial publications this year,—American, English, French, German and Italian. The students certainly cannot complain of the lack of quantity of reading matter. Willie's Thanksgiving in New York, is written easily and naturally.

The Undergraduate, of Middlebury, Vermont, is neat and pleasing in appearance and contains some very good articles. We learn from an editorial that the institution is co-educational and that the co-eds carry off their share of the college honors. They testify that co-education is successful as, indeed, it seems to be everywhere that it has been tried; but the editor says he is also ready to admit that there may be some evils in connection therewith. There seems to be some disadvantage in connection with it at Swarthmore where the presence of so many young ladies make it undesirable for foot-ball teams and the accompanying crowds to come there. The Faculty, at any rate, on this plea have placed restrictions on the elevens, allowing them to play with but one college. Against this they naturally and properly protest, not finding fault with the presence of the fair co-eds, but with the "useless restriction." They will certainly have the sympathy of all sister colleges and it is no more than justice to the young ladies that such a rule should be abolished. Of course we appreciate the motives which led the Faculty to make such rules but think that by this time they must see that they were mistaken.

The De Pauw Monthly, Greencastle, Indiana, has some good editorials in the January number. "Systematized effort always pays. Every student should have a plan of work, a routine of study, in order to accomplish the best and most useful ends. Late hours, irregular times for work, and that impulsive spirit that leads the unmethodical college student to hurriedly do in one hour the amount of study which should occupy the earnest thought of a day, is productive of great evil. There is a good deal of good sense in the editorials on college journalism and colllege oratory. *The Monthly* says there are too many fraternities at De Pauw and sighs for the good old days when the Greek letter societies were few in our colleges. The fraternities suffer from capturing new students before their character and acquirements become known.

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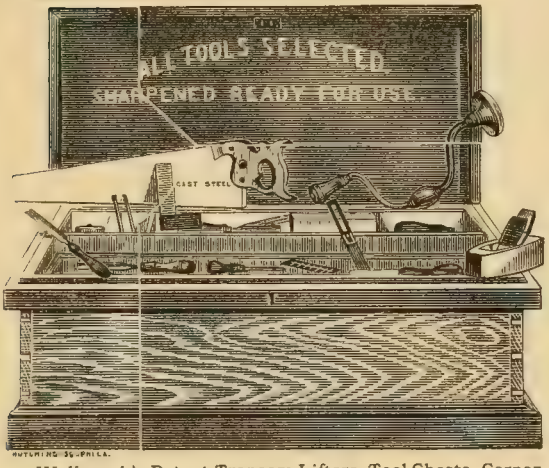

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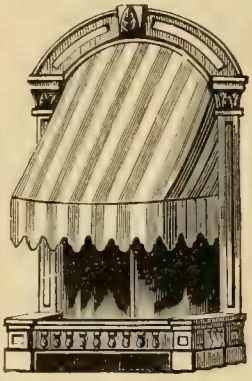

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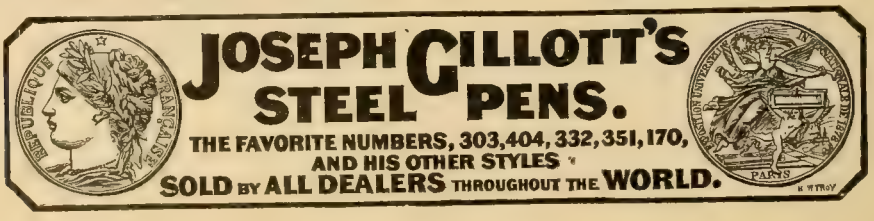

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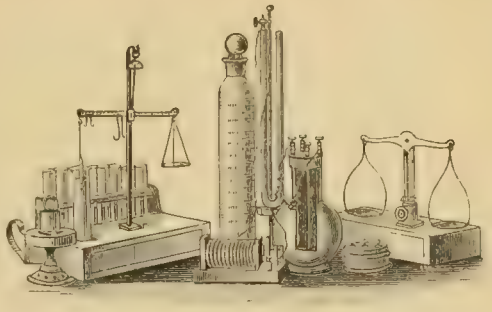

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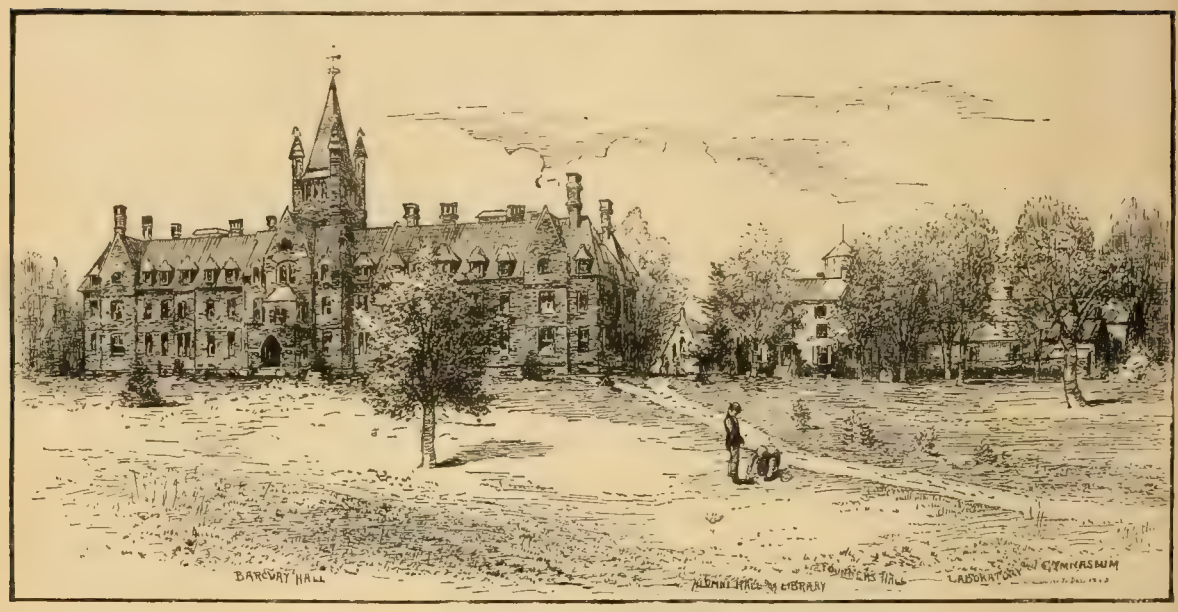

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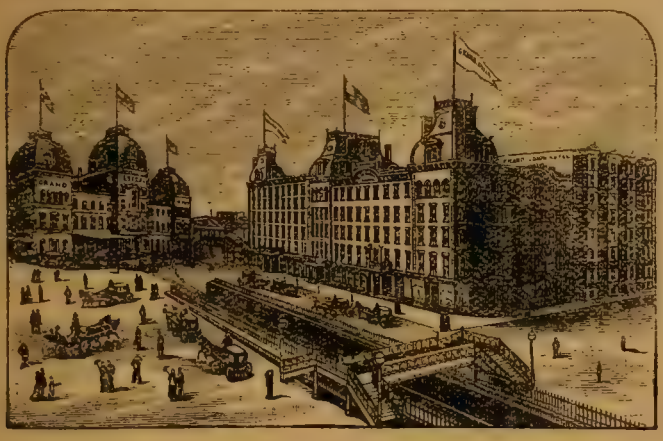

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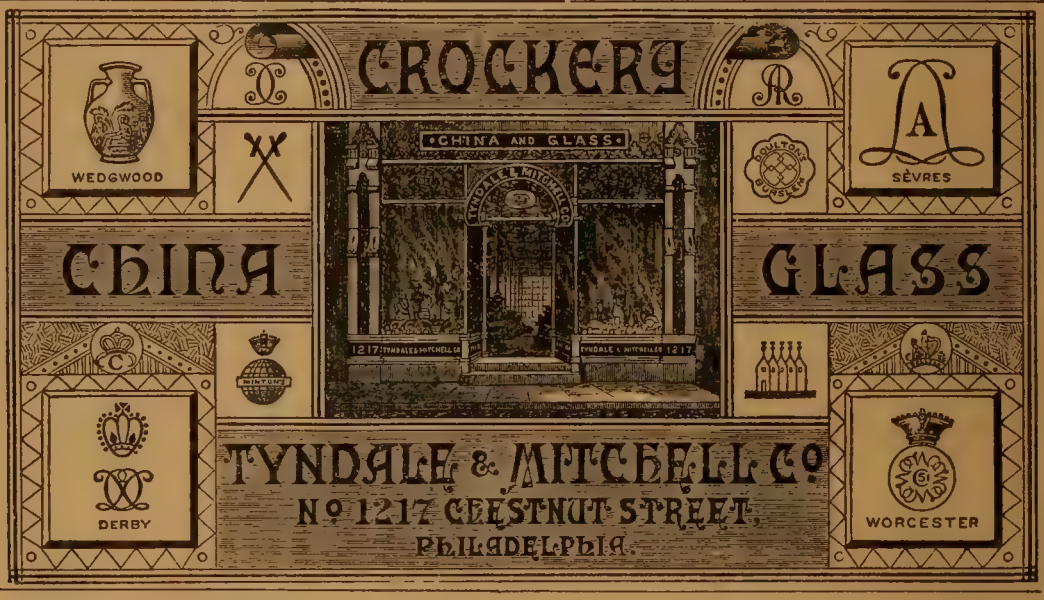

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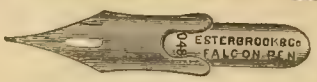

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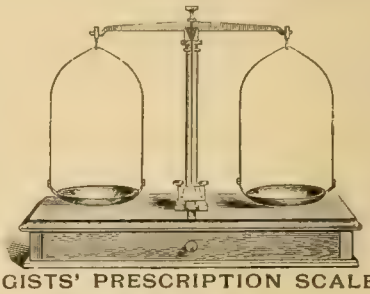

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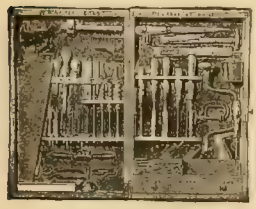

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BEFORE another issue of the HAVERFORDIAN, editors for the ensuing year will have been elected. It may not be out of place for us to make a few remarks on the subject. It is of extreme importance that the very best talent in the College be represented on the paper; and in making the choice, no one should be influenced by feelings of friendship or enmity. In selecting all our officers this should be borne in mind, but especially in choosing those who are to uphold the good name of the College not only at home, but abroad. The desire of voting for those who are best fitted, irrespective of prejudice or class feeling should predominate.

Ability as a writer is an indispensible qualification, but it is only one of the many qualifications. An editor ought to feel more or less love for his paper; and he must be free from laziness, for he will be under great temptation to let things slide. He ought to be free from objectionable sentiments, or he will soon have a powder mill going which will blow up on his hands. He wants to be a fellow who possesses to a certain degree, at least, the confidence of the faculty and students. He wants also to be patient under affliction, for he will have somewhat that is unpleasant to endure.

Whether we shall be in college or out next year, we shall all want to see the Haverfordian take a high position and keep it, and every fellow in college will have his say about who shall conduct it. The work is not slight by any means, the honor may not be very exalted, but it is an experience which no one will ever regret having had, and it is earnestly to be hoped that no one will shrink from the task after he has been chosen. So let us select with care the best material that is afforded us, and let those who may be chosen confidently assume the task.

WASHINGTON'S birthday was a decided success at Haverford. With an opportunity for coasting, such as would have filled the heart of any American youth with joy, and a holiday to be devoted in this way, all tended to make one revere the memory of our *pater patriae*. But not to be entirely spent in ephemeral pleasures, the occasion was fittingly chosen to impress on us the truths and facts which a hundred years have demonstrated. We are so accustomed to rhetorical effusion on the mythical and heroic times of our ancestors and their infallibility, that we seldom expect anything else on such anniversaries. But our orator Wayne Mac Veagh, turned our attention from the glorious heritage,

which we had received to the inevitable trials, and the unavoidable problems, which demand solution at our hands. We too seldom have the veil lifted, and the naked unadorned truth told, especially by men interested in politics. We have rarely heard such genuine oratory in Alumni Hall; his elegant sentences, the power of his appeal together with the calmness of his manner rivited every eye on him, and made all feel that they were in the presence of no ordinary man. We regret that we have not a *verbatim* report of the oration, but we have the next best thing. By combining two different reports, we have secured nearly all his thoughts, and to a good degree the language which he used. What he said has made a deep impression on all who heard him, and we are glad that we can give our subscribers the opportunity of reading it.

IN the last number of the HAVERFORDIAN the editors stated that it was their desire to publish, in some of the succeeding issues of the paper, the names of some of Haverford's professional graduates, with a short account of each, thinking to present matter which would be of interest to old Haverfordians, as well as to the present students. We requested then that the Alumni would kindly send us items concerning their classmates, and others whom they have knowledge of, who are prospering in professional life, and now we renew our request hoping that old Haverfordians will be interested and respond. For some of the facts concerning Haverford's lawyers, which we publish in this issue, we are indebted to Howard Comfort of the class of '70, who kindly sent us much valuable information concerning his classmates. We do not wish to be oppressive in our requests to the Alumni to aid in supporting the Haverfordian, but in such a matter as this we will be greatly obliged to any Alumnus who will aid us. We may omit names which should be put in, but it is only done because we do not know of them. We mean to insert the names of all the chief graduates of the college, who are prospering in the profession of which we are treating. We hope that the article on Haverford lawyers will be interesting to all old Haverfordians, and wish to express publicly our thanks to President Chase who has very kindly furnished us the mass of our information. Without his aid it would have been impossible for us to gather the facts which we publish.

ONE thing which we can learn from other people's misfortunes, is the lesson of applying them to ourselves. The late fire at Blockley, closely followed by the more terrible one on Pine street, suggests that we examine into our condition here. The space occupied by the stairways are as huge chimneys; the flames would soon show this. Moreover the blaze on one set of stairs might easily prevent students from reaching the other way to safety; a few minutes would be ample time for fire to do all this. The stairs being burned away, connection between the floors is cut off; there are no fire escapes on "Barclay Hall"; and "Founders Hall," too for, that matter, is unprovided for.

There is perhaps no serious danger, only if "Barclay Hall" should ever be burned down and students injured or killed, the managers or whoever has charge of such affairs would be held strictly accountable. Every thing seems secure now, but if in such an event, the loss of life was great, the absence of fire-escapes would be thought an outrage by the public and the press. Simple iron ladders at each end of the hallway might be sufficent, extending down to the second story with extra ladders to reach the ground, a few Hayward hand-grenades, would be very good things to have at the commencement of a fire; special buckets and hose, also, might not prove

superfluous in an emergency. And let us trust that this notice may not prove as prophetic as the Doctor's report of Blockley.

SOME months ago as one of the Haverford students was walking in the grove perusing Plato's Apology, he was accosted by a tramp who begged him for some old clothes; some slight conversation sprang up during which the tramp asked the student what he was reading, and desired to see the book. Judge of the youth's surprise when the man began to translate the Greek.

This undoubtedly is an exceptional case, but how much admonition it contains! How it shows that education, in the sense of "book learning," is not everything to a man! That the term education must be used in its broad sense; the training of the mind so that it may be fitted to meet the demands of the world. The case mentioned when elaborated might furnish the substance for a stirring tale. It shows that there must have been a "screw loose" somewhere, and it may serve as a lesson in this case. It illustrates the necessity of one's choosing some honorable pursuit and following it with full vigor of mind and body, thus acquiring the drill and self-reliance that come from application alone.

There is a difference between not standing high in a profession and having no profession; between being chief, and having no chief object towards which to direct the energies. Few men achieve the highest rank, and these few are they who have given their undivided vigor to one object. Is success in life confined to these few? If so, how many there are whose lives must be considered failures, so far as we can see, except to that extent in which they are a part of this moving, seething mass of humanity called the world. If one hopes for renown, he cannot expect to be a "Jack-of-all-trades" like the village school-master of old combining the professions of medicine, law, and teaching.

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

The great men of to-day are men of *one idea*. We see it in all of the professions. Not many years ago the man of science was supposed to know all the branches of it Now it is sufficient if he is prominent in one.

> "The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
> May hope to achieve it before life be done."

This will apply as well to the student at Harverford as elsewhere.

How many here have a hobby? They are not difficult to find. Some in recitation; others in sports. The best student is he who is first both in sport and study, but "he who shoots at the sky aims higher than he who shoots at a tree." If you like several pursuits choose the one you like best and and stick to it.

But perhaps it is as Sidney Smith says "you do not care," very likely; but *make* yourself care; get up, and shake yourself well, *pretend* to care, make believe to and very soon you *will* care. Get your "hobby" and ride it.

COASTING,

THE ideal student is not one who loves books only, but one who, like the "father of his country," is first in every thing he tries, and the best educators recognize the fact that the student who can for the time throw his whole soul and body into what he is doing, whether it be burning midnight oil, on the cricket field, or on a bob-sled, he is the one who enjoys what he does, and does it because he enjoys it. The time will soon come when specimens of the old-time book-worm, the "nichts als" book-worm, will be hunted for as geological curiosities, and the world will be nearly as well off when this race is extinct, at the same time, truth seeking, love of knowledge, and honest work with the head, heart, hand, soul and

body can never come too much into esteem. We like to see everything done with the spirit that has been shown in the recent coasting. Coasting as a sport dates back as far as history will take us and how much farther we do not know. It is true the style of sleds are not as they were in the days of our Aryan ancestors, for there are records of "sliding down ye big hill on a sheaf of wheat, ye wheat end being used for ye head end to steere bye." The next generation improved on the wheat sheaf by nailing together two barrel staves, which doubtless suggested the idea of the modern toboggan. Even to the present day we are told that in some of the backwoods districts of the Eastern and Western states, what they call a "pung" is brought into the service, and is steered by a boy sitting on a small sled between the thills. These good people play the part of Sisyphus, by drawing the female members of the party back up the hill. Other expedients that are sometimes used, such as dustpans, brooms, shovels and rocking chairs, have never come into very general use. His heart must have been bound with "oak and triple bronze," who first tried to descend on the plank fastened to a sled at each end and guided by a rope, in which we recognize what has since developed into the "double-runner" or "bob," but time has so increased the active habits and diminished the passive principles, that fear of danger has become lost in the desire for pleasure. Still even now one feels a preference as to who shall hold the ropes, which guide the sled. It is hard to explain in what specially the pleasure of coasting consists, or why the excitement increases in proportion to the steepness and danger of the hill, but it is probably owing to the fact that every one has a certain inborn passion for moving through space rapidly, it crops out in a thousand different ways, and it sometimes seems as though some now unhappy individuals would never have thoughts of sorrow if they could only appreciate and realize that they are flying through space, in the journey round the sun at such a wondrous rate.

It began to seem as we entered on the last month of winter with no signs of snow, that nature was going to refuse us our enjoyment for this winter, but it was not destined to be so, when hope was waning, all at once "the opportunity long looked for came," but it was the fruit of our own labor and for that reason was enjoyed so much the more. It took only a word to draw out fifty fellows, with fifty buckets, and it was a short work to cover the hill from Barclay Hall down through the field and across the skating pond with snow and water which in two hours made an iced track, such as would have gladdened the heart of a Canadian. The "Blaine and Logan" torches were drawn out, and again trimmed for a new kind of service. Bugles, horns, trumpets and anything that would make a noise was put to its proper use, and with a "now we are off" the fun commenced, and lasted a week. We have rarely seen a week, when the college seemed more alive. Washington's birthday was a regular gala-day, but so different from the way he spent it at Valley Forge, more than a hundred years before, when every bob-sled was used to haul in corn from the neighboring country. But fame flies, and the hill was not destined to be used by Haverfordians only; a general exodus of "foreigners" with various kinds of sleds joined in the general fun, and looked on the coast as a part of their worldly possesions. Those who had friends extended the privilege to them. Among the company, were "grave men and sober matrons," but a large proportion were in the younger walks of life, "where the brook and river meet." It would be interesting to know how many different persons have been carried down in the week, but counting every body, there must have been not far from five hundred. It was hard to tell

who enjoyed it most, the visitors or the the visited, while those from the highways and hedges seemed equally enthusiastic. At first an upset was something uncommon and evoked a general shout of "hard luck" and blasts of bugles, but as the ice wore smooth the certainty of a safe passage down decreased, until almost every one's skill as gubernator had proved fallible. While everyone recognized that a good tip-over added to the pleasure and excitement, no one seemed particularly anxious to slide across the ice, and to find when they came to a stand still, that they had secured a rent larger than the dagger of the envious Casca made. Every body seemed to think that their particular class sled has beaten every other, and they bestow their praises on the dumb wooden thing, as though it were an Arabian steed, and could appreciate them. We doubt if the college ever turned out so in a body to partake in any sport before, but we think it has done every body good, and we hope that when we are old men, and another improvement has been made in the line of sleds, so that the ascent may be equally as easy as the descent, we can still enjoy what we have so enjoyed in the vigor of youth. "For age is opportunity no less, than youth though in another dress," and what pleases us now and adds to our enjoyment, what builds us up and strengthens us, in short, what ever is good for us now will be so when the gray hair or, the absence of hair shall, indicate to us that we are on our last coast down a hill whose foot we see but indistinctly.

HAVERFORD LAWYERS.

THOUGH less numerous than the Physicians, the Lawyers who have been educated at Haverford form an honorable part of the Alumni.

The first name is, we believe, that of Isaac S. Serrill. He was a brilliant scholar, and has left a pleasing memorial in his address entitled "Haverford Revisited." He gave one of the earliest of the addresses before the Alumni association.

Two other students who distinguished at Haverford, although they did not take her degree, and have distinguished themselves also in the legal profession, are Joseph Parrish ('61) of Philadelphia, and Joseph K. Murray ('61) of New York.

The first lawyer of the list of our graduates is, we believe, Edward R. Wood ('56). While well prepared for success in the profession, he was led to abandon it by lucrative buisness engagements. The next name is that of Ellis H. Yarnall ('58) of Philadelphia. Then comes Silas A. Underhill ('60), who was graduated at the Harvard Law School, and is practicing in Brooklyn, L. I.

The class of 1861, gives us the name of William B. Broomall, of Media, prominent in the bar of Delaware County. Howard M. Cooper ('64) is one of the leading Lawyers of Camden, N. J. Benjamin A. Vail ('65), of Rahway, is not only eminent as a lawyer in New Jersey, but also as a politician in the best sense of the term, and has been President of the Senate of the State. Benjamin E. Valentine ('66), practices in Brooklyn, L. I. John Ashbridge ('67) was a member of the Philadelphia bar. His brother, George Ashbridge ('67) has also adopted the legal profession. William P. Clark ('67) has practiced as a lawyer, but is, we think, at present engaged in teaching. B. Franklin Eshleman ('67) is a prominent member of the Lancaster bar, and is also useful and influential in political circles. Benjamin C. Satterthwaite ('68) practices in Philadelphia. Thomas K. Longstreth ('70) was a highly esteemed member of the Philadelphia bar. Charles E. Pratt ('70) of Boston, makes a specialty of patent law. For a number of year's he was a member of the city Councils, and for two terms was elected President. Finally he withdrew from politics to take charge of

the legal and patent department of "The Pope Mf'g. Co." Mr. Pratt is largely interested in "Outing," the popular magazine. David F. Rose ('70,) is in active practice in Chester Pa., and like most young attorneys skirmishes around political fields.

Ellis B. Reeves ('71) will soon be admitted to the bar of Chester County. James Carey ('72) is a prominent lawyer in Baltimore. Together with his partner and brother, Francis K. Carey ('78) he has recently edited an important and valuable work on Legal Forms and Proceedings. Benjamin H. Lowry ('73) is a succesful lawyer in Philadelphia, as is also Edward P. Allinson ('74). Charles R. Hartshorne ('74) was graduated at the Harvard Law School and is practicing, we think, in Brighton Md. William Hunt, Jr. ('75), and Harold P. Newlin ('75) are members of the Philadelphia bar. Thomas William Kimber ('76), whose recent death is so deeply lamented, was winning particular distinction in admiralty law, in the Philadelphia courts. George G. Mercer ('77) has taken very full courses in law, having received the degree of D. C. L., on examination at Yale, and is among the learned lawyers of Philadelphia. William F. Smith ('77) is an attorney at Barnesville Ohio. Francis K. Carey ('78) is one of the rising lawyers of Baltimore, and one of the authors of a valuable legal work "A Digest of the Law of husband and wife, as established in Maryland," as well as a joint author of the work mentioned above. Francis Henderson ('79) has begun practice under good auspices in Philadelphia. John Blanchard ('83) is studying in the office of the Hon. Wayne Mac Veagh. Orren W. Bates ('84) is studying law at his home, Oneco Conn.

To all the lawyers on this list, the epithet "able" might justly be attached, and doubtless to all, the epithets "eminent and successful."

In addition to the list of physicians in our February number, we may give the following who were educated at Haverford, although they did not remain to take her diploma or degree. William R. Bullock, of Wilmington, Del., a very skillful and eminent practitioner; Robert H. Chase ('67), the distinguished head of the Pennsylvania Asylum for the Insane at Norristown; George T. Heston, of Newton Pa.; Joseph J. Hull, of Baltimore; John S. Harris of Fountain City, Ind.; John M. Leedom, of Germantown; Thomas Wildes ('59), of New York; and Thomas N. White, of Belvidere, N. C. It is presumed that they have the skill and eminence which are characteristic of men trained at Haverford. We have omitted the names of several physicians who have died.

THE COLLEGE AT UTOPIA.

IN the exuberance and joyousness of early youth, the cares and anxieties of the tomorrow are lost in the pleasures of the today. All have had times when their little fortress seemed impregnable, when their only hope was some day to go in search of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, or to investigate how the sky rested on the earth at the horizon, or to have the moon to play with. These times as we look back on them, may seem to have been very barren and unfruitful, but even then life was beginning and we were making a model of what we would be when adversity and prosperity had trained us in the great gymnasium of life. This is a critical period in the race of every human existence, perhaps none more so. But fortunately in most cases the great heart of the mother and the care of the father make the lions in the pathway mere lambs to be played with. None of us ever get so old as to forget the presure we were necessarily under while in college, or the incentives toward higher things, the opening of new fields, and how much we owe to those who acted the part of pilots

to us in this second critical period of our life. A good College founded on good principles, and in the hands of good men, is a transcendant glory to any people. Its power in the course of its existence can no more be computed, than the water which the gulf stream sends out can be measured. What need for one to describe the external appearance of the Alma Matier which is dearest to his heart. Buildings do not make a college, for we know that the greatest teachers that ever lived taught under the open canopy of heaven.

To a graduate of thirty years standing, the rough angularities of every day facts are all smoothed off, and he looks back on his college days as he would look on a beautiful work of art, taking the general effect of the thing as a whole, and not looking at each particular point. His classmates seem to him the perfection of men, and he has long ago learned to revere the faculty, who "led his bewildered feet through learning's maze."

The college at Utopia, founded when colleges were not scattered all over the land as they are now, was a place where they made men. It did not profess to furnish brains to the brainless, nor to inject its doses of knowledge through the thick skulls of any who might apply; but its entrance examination was so high, that it excluded all who were not genuine scholars, and under no circumstances was this rule varied. The result was that even in the Freshman year, there was a class of students whom it was a delight to hear recite, and a mutual love at once sprung up between Professors and students. There was one course for all and very few electives, classics were required through the entire course, but in the senior year a choice could be made between mathematics and science.

In every class-room was this motto, "Do not cheat thy-self to-day, for the future will be here to-morrow," and thoroughness was the point insisted upon on every hand. As one Professor used to say; "If you don't know what you do know, what is the use for you to know anything." It has of late been remarked that whom the gods would destroy, they first make governor of a lot of college students, but either the boys were different in those days or the faculty at our college had a thorough understanding of what being a boy meant, for the governed never complained of the government, and the governor never complained of the governed. The rule adopted was to treat every fellow as though he were a full-fledged man, and endowed with good common sense until this was proved to be a false supposition. When any marked offense had been committed, the case was brought before a committee of ten students, four from the highest class, three from the next, and so on down. Their decision was not final, but was almost always accepted. Half of the committee were appointed by the faculty, and half by the students.

It is generally safe to trust the rule that students will deal squarely if they are dealt squarely with. What really made the college was that its faculty was composed of high-minded men," and each department of instruction had its Gamaliel. It may do in these fast days to embellish the outside of the cup and platter to make a show. I know that three-story learning is quite popular, but an old traveller on the journey learns to put more confidence in substance. It is hard to get used to this crazy-quilt age, and one man with a soul and a mind as big as all outdoors, is worth more than all the paraphernalia and trappings that an institution can devise. Who had not rather study with Plato, under the shade of an oak, than with an intellectual Pigmy, in the most imposing and magnificent structure? The whirl-wind and the storm go by, but the truth comes, in the still small voice. Our President was a man, such as the world knows too little about

Unfortunately he wrote little and spoke less for the benefit of the outside world, but no one ever passed out from his class-room, without an impression on him which he carried through life. He was like the mountain slope, which feeds innumerable streams, all of which join to make up the river, so while he did not himself personally influence the general community, those who bore characters shaped by him, spread his golden truths broadcast. He was like Saul of old, head and shoulders above all, and his very presence seemed majestic. It did one good to stand, and look at him, while no one who had once heard him laugh, could ever forget it. It was one of those laughs that could come only from a thoroughly good person. He was a man of marked executive ability, and respect seemed due him by nature. It was a striking fact that he was universally known by the students as; "Uncle Tim.,"—his name being Timothy,—but this name only made him dearer to them, and no one thought of its being undignified. Much more venerable, but not yet in the least enfeebled, mentally by age, and with goodness shining radiant from his countenance our professor of moral and mental Philosophy, comes next. He was deeply read in God's revealed word, but he saw and interpreted no less distinctly what the same divine hand had imperishably written in "deathless letters of iron and granite," when the morning stars sang together. But a planet was not enough for his mind. As the mighty force of gravitation reaches out and draws to itself the most distant particles of matter, as the undulating waves of light go from one system of worlds to another, so his soul embraced all the universe which God had created, and from the infinitely great, as well as from the infinitely small, he sought to know the creator who had spoken and it was done, and "in whom all things live and move and have their being." He taught us with trumpet tones that a lie *is unbelievable*, and that of all base men he is the basest who makes his life a sham. Sometimes his broad conclusions, from his premises, were like sweeping from one mountain top to another, but in all these flights, a smile of triumph lighted up his pleasant face, and made one feel not only his greatness, but his goodness, his geniality and his broad Christian gentlemanly culture. More than all, he made every one wish to be like him. He believed that to guide the young "in the way of truth, and from error." "To know, and knowing worship God aright, is yet more kingly" than to wear the royal diadem.

"O, never from the memory of my heart
His dear, paternal image shall depart;
Who while on earth, e'er yet by death surprised:
Taught us how mortals are immortalized."

No one ever heard of a mathematical professor, who was not enthusiastically in love with his work, and our Professor's day dreams and night dreams seem to have been to make something practical out of all that came within his sphere. Reasoning from an asymptote, he could find an argument for celibacy—he was unmarried—from the infinite number of curves, an argument for the immortality of the soul,from the relation of the function of an angle, he reasoned out the expediency of Free Trade, and he believed that all the system of the universe except our earth and sun, were created to give the mind of man a chance to broaden by research. The latter part of his life was devoted to trying to prove by geometry and calculus, that a democratic government should be established all over the world. Our Superintendant or Governor, was a genius in one respect at least. He could read a face and what was behind it as well as he could read a chapter in the Bible. Though past the meredian of life, he still knew just what a young fellow needed to make his life the right combination of enjoyment and usefulness. When ever he had any difficulty to deal with, instead of

taking the jaw bone of an ass, and beating right and left to no effect, he pulled out the pillars of support just where he was least expected, and made a complete victory every time. But no one was ever punished by him without being made more a man than he was before. The great quality which nature gave him with an unsparing hand, was good, level-headed common sense. Science too had its representative, a man who could look nature in the eye and talk with her face to face. Born and bred as a farmer, he had studied geology, "digging deep" for water through the rocky strata, he learned to love Botany as he swung the scythe through the grass, while the meanest bug that crossed his pathway as he drove the cows to pasture taught him its lesson. Climbing over stump fences had taught him perseverance, and he would often sit for hours at a time, watching the movements of the smallest "bestiola." But what was especially noticable in him was his marvelous powers of observance, and nothing could be so low in the scale of existence that he did not see grandeur and beauty in it. A Professor of modern languages, whose beautiful pronounciation charmed every one incited us to just appreciation of Molieré and Racine, Goethe and Schiller, Dante and Tasso. Rhetoric and elocution were taught by a man who "lisped in numbers for the numbers came."

Our Professor of history, though a Zaccheus in stature was a marvel in research. He saw some connection between every event of the past and the present. As with a burning glass he brought the rays of all the centuries to a focus, and showed how the present fruit had ripened, and why after so many centuries, "Time, the father of empires, unbound the virgin zone of this youngest of his daughters, and gave her, beautiful in the long vail of her forests, to the rude embrace of the adventurous colonists."

"Old age is still old age," but he who has been taught by such men in his youth, has a perennial fount "*splenditior vitro*" to draw comfort and consolation from, and he feels that when he was a boy there must have been intellectual giants in the land. Beneficent nature has give us a memory that recalls the bright summit peaks of our early life, while the sloughs of despond and the springs of Marah, are lost in oblivion. So in fifty years every college student has a Utiopian or an Acadian college where he was educated.

ORATION ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

By the Hon. Wayne McVeagh.

IT is certainly fit that we should come together on this day, for it will always remain true that Washington's Birthday is a red-letter day in the calendar of American history. Of one thing I feel sure, that if Washington were here he would be the last one to say that his life was an accident. There is an evolution of political history. Washington did not appear by chance. The events of nations are governed by laws, and let us not think that we are exempt from the general laws which govern mankind. There is a steady line of divine purpose,—when the development of the race requires certain teaching the right man always appears or the right event happens. The idea of One God was intrusted to the Jewish nation to be preserved, and so handed down as our noblest heritage, when there came a time that man needed to be taught the truths of human philosophy, and the beauty of consummate art, Athens arose to confer on mankind this peculiar benefaction. At another time man needed the discipline of law and war, so Rome made her contribution to your lives and mine. There was committed to the Roman Church for hundreds of years a great and imposing part in the education of the race. The Renaissance painted soul-stirring Madonnas, on deathless canvas. Which shall charm the human

heart as long as the heart can be charmed. It reared cathedrals whose spires rise up like visible music. Finally came the new breath, the new life of the Protestant Reformation, when the *modern man* was really born.

Then the colonization of America brought the new life, which is in all our veins. Behind that heroic period are other heroic periods. Before the settlement at Jamestown or the landing at Plymouth, Holland made sacrifices for liberty, which have never been excelled. The American colonists came, imbued with the spirit of protestant Europe and moulded by the Elizabethan age. Fresh from the memory of Bacon, of Raleigh, of Sidney, and of the age marked by the matchless blazon of the genius of William Shakespeare. It was an age matchless in diplomacy by land and by sea. Having witnessed the crushing of the Armada of Spain, these men came, believing really in the forces of the world. For nearly two hundred years that romantic period of colonization lasted.

In holding up a standard to young men, Washington need not be chosen alone. A noble pattern is seen in any one of a thousand of those men who left their homes of ease and luxury and braved hardships, making unknown sacrifices simply in obedience to an *idea*.

Our modern lives are given up to luxury, to laziness bubbling over with selfishness. With it's contrast these men! *These* are your ancestors, for the year 1776 found America substantially in the domination of the same high, royal standard as that which governed the men who first came to its shores. This was truly a royal band of princely men. Think of their heroism, in deed as well as in thought, think of their daily standards of thought and action—then you begin to appreciate the character of Washington. It was no easy thing to be "first in the hearts of his countrymen" in the days of the American Revolution, for the land was filled with great and noble men; young men, middle aged men, and old men all really imbued with liberty and ready to make any sacrifices, as they showed when they sacrificed lives, possessions and most precious of all their *honor*.

The story of the events of the life of the man whom we to-day honor is too well known to need repetition. His culminating, crowning virtues are also well known; but we can never tire of repeating how he was prudent, how he was bold, how he was calm, how he was generous, answering the calumny of his enemies only with new plans for the service of the country, enduring in silence, cabals and misunderstanding, and recognizing only one reward, the consciousness of duty done.

So that it is literally true that he was "the greatest among good men, and among great men the best," and his memory will never fade from the hearts of young Americans.

But his days are far removed from ours. His duties, the problems he helped to solve will not confront you or vex the world. He found a group of struggling colonies actuated by the spirit of liberty, and it was his mission to marshall their forces in the field till he brought the cause of national independence to a triumphant close and then to preside as a civil magistrate till the nation had been finally launched in the great career he even then foresaw.

But he could not forsee the troubles that will confront the young men of to-day and demand solution. It will not do for us to go on living in a fool's paradise. Like other nations, this nation is amenable to moral laws, and, should it infract them, like others it must pay the inevitable penalty. Washington's virtues, battle valor, material wealth, will not save us. The moral forces that have made and unmade States will surely continue their operation whether we like them or not.

There is one general principle, of which every careful student of history will find striking corroboration, and which applies even to our own favored land: No one thought or desire should dominate the life of a whole people. It is necessary to the permanence of any system of political institutions that national impulses be manifold. Let one sentiment retain the ascendancy and the nation will pay the penalty. And alongside that truth is another, that men who care nothing for theology, men who do not know how to use the language of the church, have to admit, namely, that moral causes do control the question of the permanence of States, and it is impossible for any

careful student of history to expect permanence for any institutions unless based on moral grounds. America was so founded.

The men who came, came for moral ideas. Narrow, perhaps, but not merely selfish was the aim that guided them hither and controlled them after they came here. Would you have told the men of the Mayflower or the Welcome that they were merely in search of better opportunities to make money? That they were guided by selfish and material standards? They would not have understood your language. And if you had predicted to them that in two hundred years from their day, the Commonwealth would be absorbed in the labor of getting money, and more money with self-enrichment of the individual as the exclusive motive, they would have been incapable of understanding what you really meant.

Yet here we are face to face with this problem, with its difficulties and possible disasters. We go on as if everything were best in the best of all possible worlds. We send our young men forth to battle with the world, and we hold up to them, and rightly, as regards principle alone, the glorious example of Washington. But let us not forget that they will not be called upon to meet his tasks, but their own. What have we to bid them glory in except material prosperity? We tell them we are now fifty, and by and by we shall be one hundred millions. Is that of itself a proper source of national pride?

Mere number will not make anybody prouder of America than they might have been at the close of the revolution. We tell them of our exhaustless lines of railway, our bridges, our telegraph, our great manufacturing interests, our vast wealth, but do any of these things give reason for its being a priceless privilege to be born in this land? The outward forms of society in America have perhaps reached their height. The Democratic form of government is considered the most lasting, equality a general leveling spirit, goes step by step with Democracy. The industrial system is an opposing force to this, and the two will not go side by side peaceably.

I remember a year ago I was scouted at and jeered because I ventured to predict that like influences would reproduce some of the European outrages in this country, and that the spectre of Socialism might be here before any of us were very much older. Now it is here, and many of the helps we might have relied on against it are neutralized.

You have no politics, nothing worthy the name of statesmanship, and don't want it. Whatever the commercial spirit needs, one would think it needed security. In 1876 you were on the verge of civil war because there was no lawful way in which to determine who was President. But what did you care? You were Americans—you left the Lord to take care of that. Well, you escaped, providentially; and then everybody said: "Ah, we will remedy that now by legislation."

But was it remedied? No. You lived on in your fool's paradise, and when Senator Edmunds the other day hinted that there was nobody authorized legally to declare who was President of the United States, he was called meddlesome. Somebody said, "I wouldn't pay any attention to him." And nobody did. In like manner you have gone on calling eighty-five cents a dollar till now, the week bofore a new inauguration, they propose to attach some clause to an appropriation bill that for a year or more may postpone the catastrophe that must inevitably come. Living in cities, you consider municipal government no consequnece. A problem that the English and German cities have been forced to solve you ignore as immaterial; but, unless your cities can be put upon the basis of honest administration, it is sure that you will go on from bad to worse.

But people go on getting wealth, buying and selling, as if that were the whole duty of man, and take comfort in the idea that they are really living patriotic and godly lives! Are our educational systems a true source of pride? We are not training our youth as the youth of Germany are, and the youth of England will be trained. And there is no pretense of any barrier between civil society and the ignorance of the voter, though it is sure that your government must perish unless the citizens are trained in patriotism. Your government, believe me, cannot be saved on the basis of human selfish-

ness. All you have is one law of political economy; "each man must get as rich as he can." Do you think this is a cause for pride? Do you not know that *no young man in America is so fortunate rich as poor.* Judged by any standard this remains true. You have turned all your energies into this one channel, for the increase of the mere material wealth of the country, and here you have met with an unparalleled degree of success, you have more acres under cultivation than any other nation, more manufactures, more wealth. You have also more poverty than any economist ever thought possible, and more men hovering between hard labor and the alms house. You have no art! A people dominated by one sentiment and that sentiment so vulgar could not have art.

You started with a fair chance for a school of art, fifty years ago there was still a chance of it; but now what single characteristically American artist can you name!

You have no literature! no new literature. A few old men still tottering on the stage. Fifty years ago there were numberless fine books appearing from American pens. Have you now any enobling literature?

You have science—yes—this is indeed a great gift, but even this is chiefly appropriated to your absorbing interest and all tends towards making the individual man less and less, corporations more and more.

You have journalism; but the best side is not the growing side in your journalism. Newspapers give you what you wish. You will find a great contrast between the papers of to-day and those of ten years ago.

Perhaps the view which I take is too dark, I hope it is, but it can do no harm so to speak here on one of the few vantage grounds of American life, here where young men are still taught that moral forces prevail in the universe, as young men were taught one hundred years ago.

No doubt this *is* the best era of the world, and no doubt this is the most favored country of the world but even here and now, we are not without our dangers.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are elevated, think on these things."

Those, of course, are words from a book associated generally with only one day in the week; but they are true to-day in America as they have been true every day in all the world. Truth, honesty, purity: those are things which made George Washington worthy of the admiration of America and the world. From begining to end though his life has been searched as with a lighted candle, no act has been found which did not meet this apostolic requirement. Those qualities were the characteristics of his life. As it was with him it may be with you. We older men may not be susceptible to change. *You can* rectify abuses, *you* need not submit to low standards, need not empty yourself of all nobleness. You can find grand rewards here, to say nothing of hereafter, in other ways than the search for wealth.

Reflecting on what he was and what he did, some of you will surely care to imitate his his example, an example *not* of selfishness, but of self-sacrifice for the good of others. He was a generous man. He never thought of self when America was in question. You can imitate him inthis. Cease to think so much of yourself as we have become accustomed to do, solace your selves with noble aims, with purer ambitions!

LITERARY.

With all our boasted advance in literature and learning, and the consequent elevation of the public mind, we are suddenly brought back to the fact that we have plenty of room to work yet, by the terrible London explosions.

It is rather humiliating to find ourselves on a level with more than two centuries and a half ago. Our object here is to note the aspect of the newspapers on the subject. Every American newspaper denounces them in the strongest terms. Now why do they not have a *greater* influence? We have great faith in the newspaper and think them to be the greatest factors in forming public opinion, besides being the exponents of our civilization. Such papers as the *Irish World* of course laud the dynamite plots, and it remains for the American people to suppess these vile sheets. Laws can have little or no effect in stopping these outrages, and the only way is to educate public opinion so that

this country at least will become too hot for these enemies of humanity.

Americans, as a rule, are not hero-worshipers, yet no people we believe are quicker to recognize merit. And, though surrounded by a halo of glory, honorably won during the civil war, General Grant's entrance on the field of historical writing proves again that he is a man worthy of all the high honor he has received. No one has better opportunities to get at the facts of the campaigns of the rebellion than General Grant. His articles in the *Century* will be read with interest. The first number shows his manner to be straight-forward and impartial, his style simple and vigorous, and withal it strikes us that at last we have found the true historian of our late war in the Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

It is with a feeling of contempt that we read some remarks and criticisms on Lord Tennyson. Nearly every paper has something unpleasant to say of the poet laureate, such as: "Tennyson is about to perpetrate a new poem," and so on. We think this is, to say the least, bad taste. Alfred Tennyson has undoubtedly been the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century; and, however much time may have impaired his vigor, we would like to see a little more respect paid to the gray hair and old age of the man who has written some of the finest English in the language.

Edmund Gosse, who has just returned to England from his lecturing tour, declares himself well pleased with America. His reception was far beyond his expectation, being received by every literary man almost in the United States. Geo. Augustus Sala the renowned newspaper correspondent, now in the United States, has much the same opinion. Men who look through the medium of common sense will find America extending them a warm welcome, but those who persist in looking through the glasses of British bigotry, will find us harsh critics.

Among late books worthy the notice of the public, are—"Holmes' Life of Emerson," American Men of Letters series: "Edgar Allen Poe" by George E. Woodberry, in the same series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co: "Money-Makers," from D. Appleton & Co., a reply to "Bread Winners;" and "Romona," a novel, by Helen Jackson, from Roberts Brothers, Boston.

NOTES.

It is now known that Charlotte Corday was a decendant of Corneille the poet.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is the richest writer of subscription books, though Blaine presses him pretty close.

Fred. Douglass' second marriage has made him a stronger advocate of women's suffrage than before.

Louise M. Alcott will spend the winter in Boston.

With all his eccentricities, bordering on insanity, people seem unwilling to let Edgar Allen Poe die. As many as four volumes have lately been written on his life, and extended notices in leading periodicals. Poe was a genius, but like all of his class was a crank.

A rival to the American News Co. has been started in New York under the name of the Mutual News Co. So far the former Company doing an annual business of 20 millions, has been able to defy all competition, but the latter has able and rich men at its head, and it is hoped it will succeed.

I suppose the next thing we will hear will be that the English illustrated periodicals have suspended publication because of the American invasion. Already *Harpers*, *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* have circulations in that country that few native magazines can get, and now *Harper's Young People* has entered the lists and and boast of an English edition of 50,000 copies.—*The Lounger in Good Literature.*

LOCALS.

Mizzled and Mitr'ed.

Reedy paid us a pleasant visit a few days since. We made an endeavor to get a few lines of his early spring poetry for this number, but were unsuccessful. Although his "muse had grown rusty," his gift of telling a good story had in no wise diminished.

"I haven't seen my uncle since I didn't know him, a'int it? The first time I saw him I saw a pine apple."

Count. (Seeing a Soph. steering a big bob sled down the hill alone)—"Providence does protect drunkards and *fools*."

It was a dark day for America, when the Alton mob killed Lovejoy and destroyed his printing press, though a servile Bostontonian could say that he died as the fool dieth. How near the editors of the HAVERFORDIAN have come to the same fate will perhaps never be known, but it is to be hoped, that taught by the threats of the nobility, they will learn discretion.

The following touching poem, or rather fragment of a poem, supposed to have been written by a former Haverfordian bard, was recently found on a torn piece of paper in the archives of the library. Considerable doubt has been expressed as to the meaning of the word in italics in the last line, but we give the most approved reading.

* * * * *

And it proved a true friend to the last;
Do you think me so mean as to cast aside,
When the day of its use, sir, is past?

When the thoughts for the morrow had filled me with care,
Alone in my old college room,
Its magical words quickly drove out despair
And banished the dull mists of gloom.

With it at my side I no longer had fear,
For the hardest of Greek to construe,
For, sir, I declare, it made everything clear
In that speech ΠΕΡΙ ΤΟΥ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥ.

By the charm of its leaves (safely hid in my sleeve),
I weathered my final exam.,
And had it not been for that book, I believe,
I would never have been what I am.

For now, sir, you see me, old, honored and gray,
An A. M., Ph.D., and all that;
Yet had not that book backed me up, sir, I say,
I'd had never a plume for my hat.

And still you would know, sir, the name of the book
And why such an old man should bless it?
Let me take off the cover. Bend over and look,
'Tis my *pony*, I'll frankly confess it.

It is said that the nobility of the college expect to provide themselves with dress coats of mail in order to insure their persons against the attacks made upon them by the rude peasantry in snow ball time.

Prof. Pliny Chase has been suffering for two or three weeks with a pain and lameness in his back, making it difficult for him to walk, so that his classes have recited at his house. All are glad to see him well again.

That M——k has not been himself since the night the ladies coasting party came out from town is evident to everyone. All have seen that he has been unusually sad and pensive of late, while some of his more intimate associates have noticed a peculiar far away look in his eyes; his once voracious appetite is now easily appeased by a small portion of pickles and horse radish; upon being visited in his apartments the other day he was found deeply absorbed in a novel the title page of which revealed the following—"Sweetness and Light" or "Marshmallows by Moonshine" by the Author of "Darts from Cupids Quiver" and other poems. It has also been observed that he took fewer constitutionals last week than usual. An expert having taken the case in hand, says that all the symptoms go to reveal the solemn fact that the aforesaid is *in love*. We certainly think it extremely cruel for a heartless damsel to wantonly rend the oscillating heartstrings of one so young and tender. We can only extend our sincere sympathy, and express our profound hope that the innocent victim will survive.

One of the Freshmen calls the Red Lion Wisdom, because he says it is better than "Ruby's."

The Freshmen claim that their new sled, as regards grace and beauty, removes the torn bit of muslin from among the shrubbery.

One of the Sophomores wants to know who was President of the United States before George Washington.

"Buz" has the malaria in his wrists, so that he is unable to work regularly with the eleven in the gym.

The Sophomores expect to have their *team* in good shape by the time the spring opens. Brockle, as formerly, will do most of the *driving*.

D——. has recently received a fine large collection of German chemistries, with footnotes, preface, and appendix. Auhänglichkeit, which he assiduously peruses at sideral intervals. His favorite clarionette melodies are "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Des Deutscher Vaterland."

Inquisitive Soph—"If a boy is born on a German ship sailing under an American flag and has an English father and an Italian mother what would be his nationality provided the ship was headed for the Sandwich Islands?" Prof. deferred the answer until the next recitation, when the question would be brought up under the head of new business.

The attendance in the gymnasium is not all that the lovers of sports could desire. There are but about six students of the eleven who work with any degree of regularity—the rest it seems, would rather pay the fines than attend the exercises.

The Freshmen did not get their new sled in time for the best coasting. When it did come however, they put it immediately into active service.

When Moses was brought before the judge he got off a very nice little story for one of his ability—about skating down the river and on the way losing his money, etc., making the whole matter very clear but the judge thought he saw just a little incongruity between a ten inch pair of nickel-plated American club skates and a No. 14 gum boot on the pedal extremity of this un-aristocratic son of Ham.

A senior labeled his substance "ye sulphides." A Freshman saw it, and after looking in vain for some time in an unabridged chemistry book, returned and asked the senior please to inform him what substance "ye" was the symbol for.

For the greater part of last month, students were unable to work in the machine shop on account of the cold.

'87's class sled probably made the best record of any in college.

Although the coasting lasted more than a week and, during that time the sleds were kept running almost all hours of the day and night, yet it seems rather remarkable that no one was hurt to amount to anything. It is true there were a good many upsets, the occupants of the sled getting more or less shaken up and occasionally resulting in the demolition of a plug hat.

Smith '86, after a prolonged absence, has favored us again with his presence. He spent a part of his time in Florida, and on his way home paid a visit to the New Orleans Exposition.

"Cawlvert" has learned that it doesn't pay to attempt fancy skating on a hillside.

The following is from the Phila. *Enquirer*:—

"A number of young ladies visited Haverford College yesterday to hear Hon. Wayne MacVeagh's oration and participate in the festivities of the day, and after the chapel audience dispersed they were invited by the students to repair to the coasting ground on the beautiful lawn in front of the building. Here is a broad area fully one-sixth of a mile across, presenting an unrivaled slope for winter sport. The long New England sleds were used, and for hours the classic shades of Haverford rang with the merriment of the coasting parties."

Nine of the senior class have elected "Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge," which they enjoy exceedingly."

It is an interesting question whether Moses really had instructions to take those skates.

Thomas Kimber gave us a very interesting lecture on the 18th ult. His subject was "The Reaction Against Scientific Infidelity."

EXCHANGES.

The Stevens Indicator from Hoboken, New Jersey is a neat and handsome paper. Although just starting out on the second year of its existence it has reached a literary standard to which many older papers might aspire. The January number is especially good. The illustrations by Mr. Williams are a pleasant feature of the issue and are remarkably well executed. The Reminisences of a Coal is a good illustration of the *multum in parvo* a careful and intelligent observer can see. The Heroism of Science, while not presenting many new ideas, is written in a very concise and spirited style. The writer has a fortunate way of expressing his thoughts, a manner showing a command of force and elegance. *When I first came to Stevens* is pleasantly written.

The Wilmington Collegian, Wilmington, Ohio, could be greatly improved in shape, typography and general make-up. It contains but little that is interesting to one outside of the college. The last number however is the best one we have seen, and it certainly does not deserve very harsh criticism. More editorials would be an improvement. The piece of poetry entitled Evolution takes up considerable space, but it is not badly written and some of the thoughts are well expressed. The sentiment of the whole is good. Symmetrical Development should be read by those who need it. The Exchange column is well filled.

The Hobart Herald is one of our regular and punctual Exchanges. It is not especially handsome in its external appearance. It needs a neat cover to make it show off well among its contemporaries, and a little more care in aranging its subject matter. The editors very properly rejoice, in the January number, over the prospect of the erection of a new library building, a generous donation being made for that purpose. Here again we must complain of the absence of any interesting articles of a literary nature. There are indeed several pages of sensible and interesting editorials. The editor advises the base ball nine to "brace up" and practice regularly and to go in with a determination to win during the coming season. It is also desired to have an inter-collegiate field-day held at Hobart during the coming Spring. Some of the College Poetry is very good and *In the German* is especially so. The *Campus* department is fresh and interesting.

The University Review, University of Kansas, is one of the best monthly papers which we receive. It combines literary excellence with a neat and attractive appearance. In looking over the table of contents we find a list of subjects concerning which something very interesting might be said, and looking through the paper we are not disappointed. The first paper on *Francois Villon* is very scholarly and we look forward with interest to what may follow. Musical Settings of the Faust legend are entertaining and instructive. The author of The Literary Position of Nathaniel Hawthorne evidently has a strong belief in our great writer of romance. He says, "Hawthorne will outlive Dickens, because like Shakespeare, he has given vent to the perennial fountains of human nature. In some very distant day Dickens will run dry, Hawthorne never." The statement sounds a little strong at first, but it is well to share in the pride with which we all regard our American writers, who have acquired merited renown. He is probably correct in saying as he does, that Hawthorne is entitled to the first rank in that department of literature in which he wrote.

The Blair Hall Literary Magazine is receiving favorable criticisms from all sides. It is doing remarkably well so early in its first volume. In the first place it is very neat and handy in form and appearance. Then the editors show very good taste in selecting an appropriate motto from Bacon,—"Reading maketh a full man," etc. Considerable of their material is selected or derived from outside sources, which is not so desirable as it is to have it written by the students. Scene in a Country Post Office is natural and interesting. Several other articles follow, which are written well but are too short to be of much value. We see no reason why the *Magazine* should not be a success.

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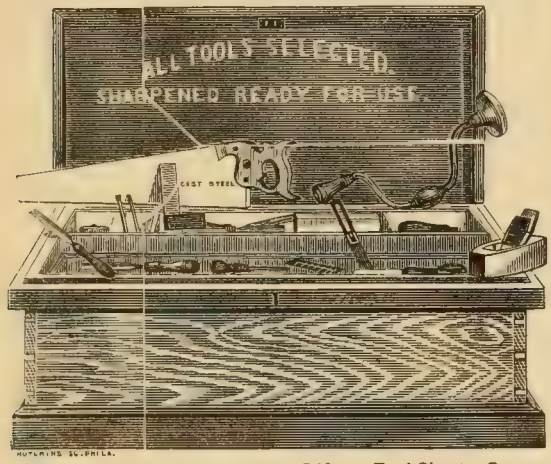

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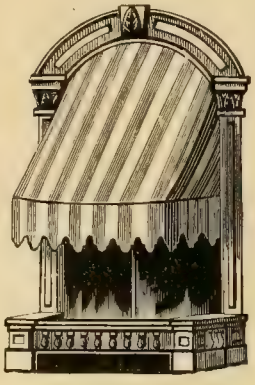

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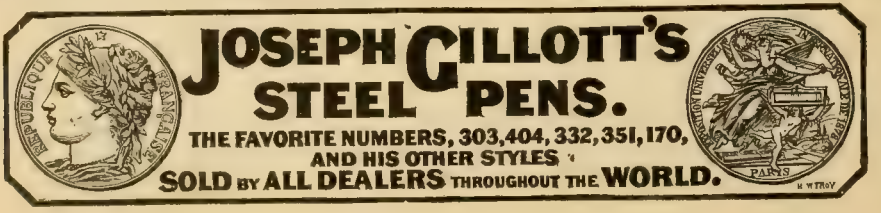

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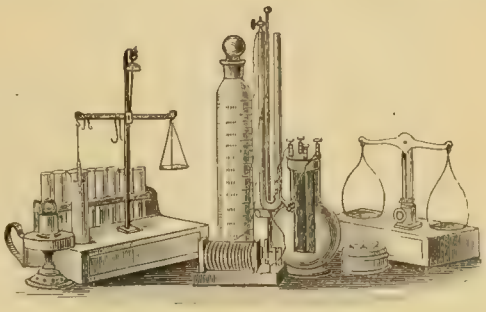

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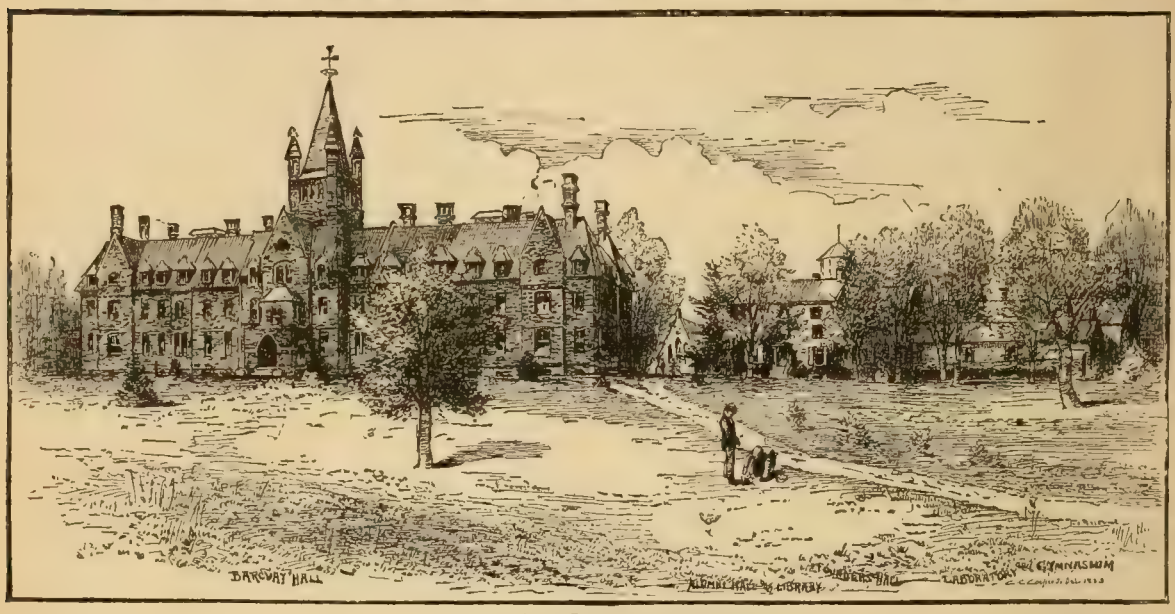

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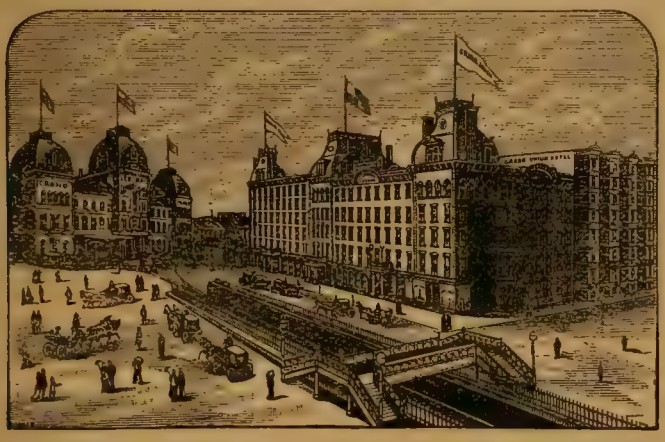

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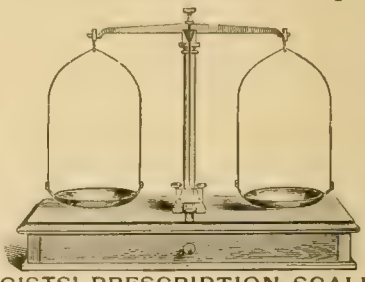

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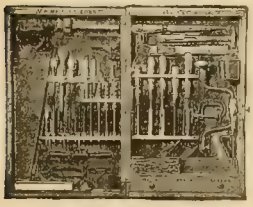

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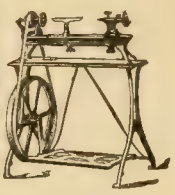

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THIS issue as most are aware is the final number of the present administration, and with a few words of farewell, we wish to express our thanks for the pleasant treatment we have received on all sides, and then we will surrender the trappings of our office to our successors.

When we began our first plaintive notes a year ago we felt as though we were attacking a Goliah with only a sling and a few smooth stones to rely on, we were really distrustful of our ability to make the HAVERFORDIAN what the friends of the college thought, a paper issued from an institution of lofty sentiments and wide influence, ought to be. We heard the foreboding croaks of that sable bird which had lighted over our door, but we still trusted that the spirit of the college would lead us through safely if we were true to ourselves and it. We have felt as we believe few who have gone before us have felt, the support of the college and those interested in it, and it was this thought that scattered our clouds and made our hours of toil, hours of pleasure. Editors cannot perform their task with the required earnestness, unless they can catch enthusiasm and inspiration from their fellow students, and unless they have some slight recompense,—the recompense of appreciation. We do not believe the heretical doctrine that the editor must steer between Scylla and Charybdis, that he must tickle the ears of his home readers with light stuff, and touch his outside friends with more solid material. We have no such poor opinion of the abilities and tastes of our students as to think they cannot and will not appreciate a paper conducted on a scale high enough to be acceptable to the best readers outside the college.

Our one word of advice to our successors is to see to it, that nothing ever goes on its pages, which shall in any way tarnish the honor and good name of the college.

We feel that we may have been too personal sometimes in our locals, but if so it was not from any feelings of malice. We have labored with an honest wish to please all, injure none, and to make the HAVERFORDIAN in truth represent the college. At the start we advocated progress as a necessity, and it is still necessary. Our plans are but partly fulfilled, our aspirations only partly attained. As we hand over the inky pen to our successors we feel a weight of responsibility roll from our shoulders to theirs. The work may seem to older heads like the battle of the frogs and mice, but to us it seems like genuine business. The dignity of the institution must be maintained, its

thought represented, and its reputation exalted. Every one would rather see the HAVERFORDIAN *non est*, dead and buried, than to see it degenerated into an organ for growls and complaints against the powers and customs that be. There is a good spirit in college, which we believe is in the ascendency, a rising not a setting sun, and on this as their good genius the new editors can rely. We wish here to express our sincere thanks for the signs and expressions of encouragement which we have received from all quarters, and we hope the same feeling will be extended to our successors. Some of us have been connected with the HAVERFORDIAN through nearly our entire course, we have seen it in its ups and downs and we have come to love it. It will always seem to us like an old land-mark in the college. We hope it will ever be cherished and supported with earnest devotion, and always be the worthy organ of a college, more and more honored in each new lustrum.

AS we sit writing, the last snow is taking its departure, the first robins of the season are making the air outside melodious, and signs of general happiness are making themselves evident on all sides. No matter how many feelings of discontent and weariness the winter may have aroused, no matter how belligerent and pugnacious a spirit it may have given birth to, now is the time for all such unbidden guests to fold their tents like the untutored Arabian and give place to the warm, kindly, satisfied feeling which this auspicious season ought to beget. No one who has ever spent the last three months of the college year at Haverford, will ever deny the effect of the climate on character. Everything in nature is so in tune, that a peevish, fretful disposition would jar the whole harmony, and makes one condemn himself and wish to reform. The coming weather may not be especially conducive to hard study, but while all around, nature is performing such a miracle of benefaction for us, we ought to have sympathetic symptoms of the same kind. It is a good time to learn to live right, cultivate a warm, genial disposition that will last through all the cold weather of life. Let us see if we cannot get enough of this spring sunshine into our souls to cast a beam of gladness across the paths of some who are compelled to walk in shadows.

As spring makes us think more of the college it ought to make us think more of each other, and if every body would assume the feeling suited to the season, we might have a little "golden age" here, all on our own hook.

THE year during which the present editors have held office, has, at Haverford rolled by without any marked changes, troubles, or difficulties. When the editors came into office last April, the paper had fallen under the disapproval of the faculty and managers, and we at once sought to relieve it of this drawback, by showing that it was not our intention to create trouble between managers and students, but in every way to promote good feeling. We feel that our efforts in this respect have not been in vain, for, if the writer mistakes not, not a single expression of disapproval has reached us from the faculty or managers. This has been very gratifying and we can wish for the incoming editors, no better fortune than to maintain the confidence of the managers, which we think has been gained, and as advice from experience, would urge them to give heed to this.

We have been pleased to note that a good opinion of the paper prevails almost universally among the students, and also that many of the Alumni have manifested their approval of our efforts. We have desired from the first, to publish a paper which, would

satisfy the demands of the students, and interest the Alumni, without containing anything at which the faculty or managers could become offended. How far we have succeeded we cannot say, but our efforts have been towards a worthy end.

The year during which we have been in office, has been a favorable one for Haverford. Our term covered entirely the cricket season of '84, and we saw the records of defeats, which had become usual, changing largely to a record of victories. The opening of the college year '84–'85 saw the students coming back in good spirits after the long vacation. Soon after came the foot-ball season which is fresh in the minds of all, in which we met success in both our outside matches. But the sports are not the first thing, though we always want to see Haverford doing well in them We are glad we can say that we believe hard work has been done in study. Generally each class, will contain some members who do little work, but we can point to hard workers in every class and we consider the number of faithful workers in college to be large. When students work well, devote time to outside reading, and keep up strong bodies by exercise on the cricket and foot-ball fields when those games are in season, and during the winter by faithful attendance in the gymnasium, we consider that we may call the year a successful one; and to a large degree this has been the case during the past year.

IN the mass of humanity that makes up a college there is always more or less good common-sense and candor, a respectable amount of good disposition and geniality, but interspersed among the rest, one is almost sure to find, now and then, a gnarled, knotty, cross-grained stick whose good sense and pleasant disposition, if he have such qualities, keep decidedly in the background. Such men are hard subjects to deal with and it would generally be supposed that their influence would be small, but they are the originators of numerous complaints, which rapidly spread, for a complaining spirit is wonderfully contagious. No doubt many causes for complaining occur at various times in all colleges, but what we wish especially to call attention to, is the distrustful feeling that generally exists between Professors and students. Some of this aforesaid class of fellows seem to regard a Faculty as something against which they must wage ceaseless war, and it is much too seldom that students regard the men placed over them in their true light as laboring unselfishly not for their own interests, but for those who in return delight in making their lot as hard as possible.

But to be more specific, let us consider our own Faculty and how they treat us. It would take but a careless observer to see that our Professors have only one aim in view how they can best improve the characters they are called upon to mould, with the least amount of inconvenience to us. One glance over the list of names suffices to show that such men could follow no narrow, selfish policy, but rather one commensurate with their characters, one of liberality, broadness, and frankness. We have the good fortune to be taught by men, who have obtained a wide reputation, of eminent abilities, and most of all so interested in our welfare. Forty or fifty years from now, if we are alive, we will all vie with each other in extolling the purity, the gentleness and the magnanimity of those, who will seem so dear to us, as we look back on their characters. Let us be more generous, and show our gratitude while there is a chance of its being appreciated. Common justice ought to teach us that we should condemn no Faculty measure, having looked at it only from one point of view.

THE writer has often regretted that there is not more fellowship between members of the different classes here at Haverford. He does not mean that what is generally called class-feeling, exists here to any great extent, or that members of one class feel at all unfriendly toward those of another, but we do not see frequently enough, men of different classes intimate friends: they do not go together as much as might be wished, or interest themselves in each other. This we consider a defect, but one which can readily be amended, and which every student ought to concern himself about. It is true that classmates have the most in common; they have, to a great degree, the same interests, pursuits and feelings. Therefore it is right that classmates should be bound together by a closer bond of union, than members of different classes. It is not for nothing that for three or four years a set of fellows have met in the same class-rooms, eaten at the same tables, worked side by side at their studies and their sports, learned to know each other by so long a continuance of association, and become attached to each other by firm and constant ties. It is a pleasant sight to see a band of young men leaving college with a warm fraternal feeling for each other, and a class-feeling of the right sort should be encouraged.

But when class-feeling or anything else, even so worthy a thing as a habit of close and concentrated study, keeps a student standing aloof from members of other classes than his own, the warm-hearted feeling of fellowship which should exist throughout the whole college, on the part of each student towards every other student, cannot have its full sway, "its perfect work".

We cannot too heartily rejoice that the abominable system of hazing, which makes return for every grain of "Freshness" of which it relieves the Freshman, by sowing seeds of disunion, and unfriendly feeling in the hearts of the persecuted, which bear fruit in a dislike or even hatred of their persecutors, has no firm footing at Haverford. Also we may be glad that harsh feeling between classes, arising from other sources than the trials of the Freshman's first year, are rare here, but we will have more reason to rejoice when we see, not the ties between classmates broken, but the isolation of classes done away with, and the whole body of students more interested in each other.

THERE has never yet existed an individual or a class of individuals, which humanity seems inclined to adopt as a model. Every man who has trod the pathway to the grave has had a weak spot somewhere, a doubtful ring once in his life. It may have taken some time to find out that he was built of this same fallible, mortal clay, but prying, inquisitious critics have at length found something to justify them in casting stones. When the hot plow-share test is applied there is always an opportunity for the Tekel, "Thou art weighed and found wanting," so that every one who sets himself up as about right, and more holy than anybody else, is in danger of deceiving himself, and while we are amusing ourselves in ridiculing the faults of our neighbors, very likely someone is giving an illustrated lecture on our own weaknesses, but this does not prevent us from setting up our camera again.

Doubtless college life would be almost unendurable from monotony, if only those entered the lists who aim for the prize, which hard, untiring work promises to bestow. It is to be expected that the division of character which appear in real life will also be more or less marked in college life. From some unknown reason the different members of the human family have not come into the world endowed with the same amount of space for brains, hence some

appear sadly deficient in what might be called real good sense. But on the whole the world is very generous, and it always overlooks many weaknesses, if it has good evidence that there is something manly and honest in a person; then too, good intentions and good nature cover a multitude of faults. But there is a certain class or species of humanity which has almost no claim to toleration, though it may have some for pity. We *can* endure the fungus growth of dudes and dandies, which are a burden to the world, if they devote their lives to the charms of society. That seems to be their peculiar element, and as long as they content themselves with inhaling that atmosphere, we can see a reason for their creation, as we can for the Sigillacia and Lepidodendra of the cartoniferous age, but when they leave this for college life they experience about the same fate that a baloon does on reaching a too etherial region. Far be it from us to slight the importance of more knowledge for this class, but it is not for an increase of knowledge that they leave their element for college. When a fellow finds that he is shallow brained and would be little missed in this great world, and from these premises concludes that he needs to broaden his mind, and elevate his aims, then there is hope, but if on the other hand a fellow looks on college as a field for new triumphs of dandyism, where his dude clothes and æsthetic pose will elevate him on the top wave of popularity and glory, the sooner these heretical ideas are eliminated from his mind the better. Toleration of dandyism and the standing army of those who have no purpose before them, have brought as much odium on colleges and college men as any other one thing. When a fellow with nothing to lean on except a rattan cane, his ears like those of Midas just cropping out above a white linen collar, presents himself in public as the product of college training, many people decline to recognize the advisability of spending four years to gain such results, and business men shake their heads in distrust when college graduates apply for situations, because there are so many poor specimens who are less fitted for active business than when they entered the Freshman year. The only way to remedy this evil is for our large colleges to regulate their course of study so that it will not be so much like boy's play to complete it, and dispense with the wholesale system of electives, which gives a fellow a free passport over a pacific sea with hardly a stroke at the oar. If we had a little more of the puritan spirit we should see less of the dandiacal.

LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

The following letter was received from John G. Whittier in reply to a request to contribute a short poem to the *Haverfordian*.

Danvers, 3rd mo., 4th, 1885.

My Dear Friend:

Thy favor of a late date is received. I would be glad to comply with thy request, but I have been obliged to give up writing as far as possible, and cannot make any new engagements. Indeed I find it impossible to answer the great multitude of letters, which reach me. I regard Haverford very highly: it is doing a noble work, and taking a high stand among the colleges of the country, and I am sorry that I cannot write for the paper published by its students.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Now the Junior, very soon-yer
Big oration will be speaking,
On the platform,
From the station, each relation
With a boquet, will be seeking
Hall Alumni.
Pretty Cousins, by the dozens
Will be casting pretty glances
At the Freshmen--

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

THE founding of a college marks an era in history. Historians dwell with fondness on the noble spirit of the Puritans, which prompted the founding of Harvard, the magnanimity of Franklin in fostering the University of Pennsylvania in its early days, the patriotic ardor of Bowdoin in laying the corner-stones of the institution which bears his name, where men could be trained to serve their country, as he had done. In the long list of names of those whom we delight to honor none hold a higher place than those who have conferred a lasting benefit on the world by establishing institutions of learning. The opening of Bryn Mawr College will mark an epoch in the progress of civilization. It is only recently that the world has come to realize that woman should possess opportunities for the same intellectual development as man. A brief study of history and common law will disclose what a slight influence woman has been allowed to exert, what

TAYLOR HALL.

disadvantages she has been compelled to labor under, and how every advance which has been made has tended to raise her higher, and nearer to her true position,—

"Not undevelopt man, but diverse
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness, and moral hight,
Nor loose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breath, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Strong-women's rights representatives, with their green cambric umbrellas and other distinguishing features have done little to bring about this reform. Broad, liberal education has removed the scales of prejudice from our eyes and now all are disposed to do justice to the Sapphos, the Cornelias, the Joans and the Stowes of the future.

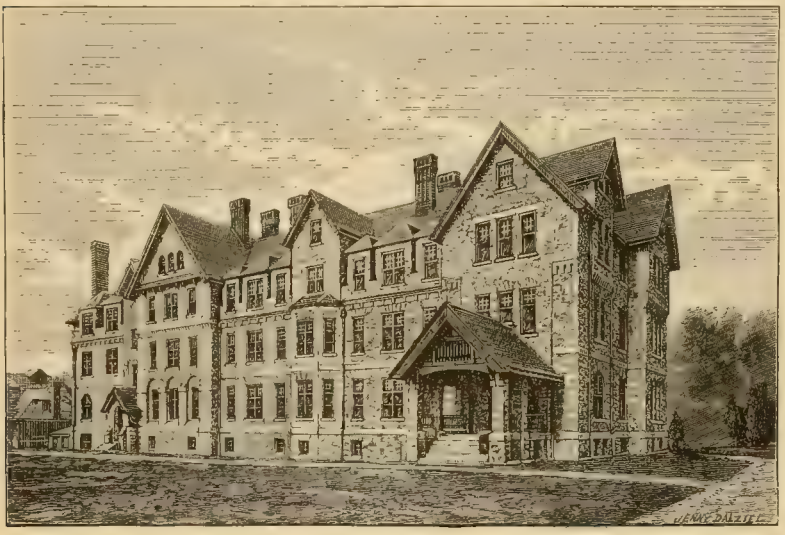
Of course we recognize that Bryn Mawr is not the first college for young ladies in America, but the circumstances of its origin, the liberality of its endowment, and the marked ability of its Faculty, all give proof of the high position it is destined to take in the education of women for the time to come.

As early as 1876 the idea of devoting his fortune for such a purpose suggested itself to Dr. Joseph Taylor who was a prominent member of the society of Friends at Burlington, N. J. Having travelled widely in Europe as well as in his own country, he had been a careful observer of character, and the influence of education in its formation. Being himself a man of thorough gentlemanly, christian culture, he wished to place intellectual culture and womanly development within the reach of the young ladies of the future, so as to elevate their tastes and aspirations and fit them for a wider social influence. He spent a long time in choosing a suitable situation for the new institution, but no place seemed so satisfactory in all respects as Bryn Mawr, and so he decided to begin the work of building on the land which he had purchased for that purpose, in all about forty acres, near Bryn Mawr station, ten miles from Philadelphia, and at his death he left $800,000 in addition. Few more entirely satisfactory spots for such an institution exist in the country. As Haverford students come in from the different points of the compass they are all agreed in reference to the beautiful grounds, the delightful surroundings, and the excellence of the country in whose bosom Haverford has been placed, and the same remarks will surely apply to Bryn Mawr, though of course it will take time to perfect its grounds. The village, especially in the vicinity of the college is one of the finest suburbs of Philadelphia, abounding in beautiful walks and drives and no more healthy location can be found, surely one of the first qualifications to be sought for.

Though the site is not particularly elevated, yet the out-look is charming; toward the North the country is rolling and reminds one somewhat of New England, farther to the West the prospect is more woody, but in no respect monotonous. The first thought that is suggested to one on approaching the college, even while it is unfinished, is that it is not being done on a small scale, but that it is to be all that liberality and generosity can make it. If Solomon's Temple were in the process of building at the present time, probably few would visit it without having some suggestion to make to Solomon for improving the structure; it was only when the Temple was finished that its perfectness became evident to all, both Jews and Shebans. So in this case we have become so accustomed to seeing these buildings in a half completed state, the rooms filled with window-frames and lumber, that we have sometimes wondered what manner of an edifice it would be when ready for business. Now we see how well

the different buildings are adapted to their special purposes.

Taylor Hall is a massive structure and impresses one with durability. The largest room on the first floor is intended for a library and the remaining ones for class-rooms, all of which are splendidly lighted with spacious plate-glass windows. On the second floor most of the space is taken up by a Hall, elegantly finished the ceiling in oak; there are also class rooms on this floor. The third story is devoted almost exclusively to the laboratory department. Still higher the tower rises with its clock and its bell with the appropriate motto "Get understanding." But let us not dwell on clocks and bells, for how soon one tires of their musical sounds except at three particular occasions during the day.



MERION HALL.

A little to the North-west another building, a little more humble in its pretentions but no less suited to the part it is to perform, appears. This is *Merion Hall*, the cottage, mostly taken up with dormitories, besides it has a parlor and a commodious dining-room. This building is finished in pine, which with the tint of ceiling and walls gives a very pretty appearance.

The rooms will accommodate about fifty students and are arranged on the same plan as at Haverford; two students are to have three rooms, a sitting room, and two sleeping rooms. Great care has been taken to have the heating and ventilation perfect in every part of the building. Among other advantages it contains an elevator.

The third building which is of brick is to be used expressly for a Gymnasium. It is to be fitted up with Sargent's apparatus, and will be under the charge of a well qualified person.

The grounds will require time to make them compare favorably with many older colleges, but they have been tastefully laid out with walks, trees and shrubbery. Far be it from us to depreciate the use of a Gymnasium, but it is a great point in favor of the college that it will give such good opportunities for the best of all exercise—that which can be taken out of doors, walking, lawn tennis etc. When the surrounding country furnishes such inviting walks no one will be excusable for poor health on account of want of pure air, furnished in abundance in one of the most delightful climates. It is not yet decided whether the students will attend the Haverford meeting or whether they will have one in the college, probably the latter, at least in the middle of the week.

It takes a far-sighted statesman to foretell the course of a coming administration, but he must be as far-sighted who could take the out-side machinery of a new college, its prescribed course, its faculty elect and

predict the success of these elements when combined. The preparation which has been made in a material way is open to judgement and doubtless meets the approval of all candid observers. The standard for admission is very high and so it gives assurance that only a high-grade of students who are eager for knowledge will be admitted. The system to be adopted is that of groups instead of classes. Each student takes the course most congenial to her, and after having completed the prescribed amount, graduates. This system will fail in a great measure to arouse class feeling and devotion, but it will be very advantageous to health, as it does not specify a given amount of work which must be completed in a limited time. The Professors are to teach their classes in a great measure by lectures, which for many reasons and especially in the latter part of the course is an excellent plan, but for young students and in particular branches there are insuperable objections to this method.

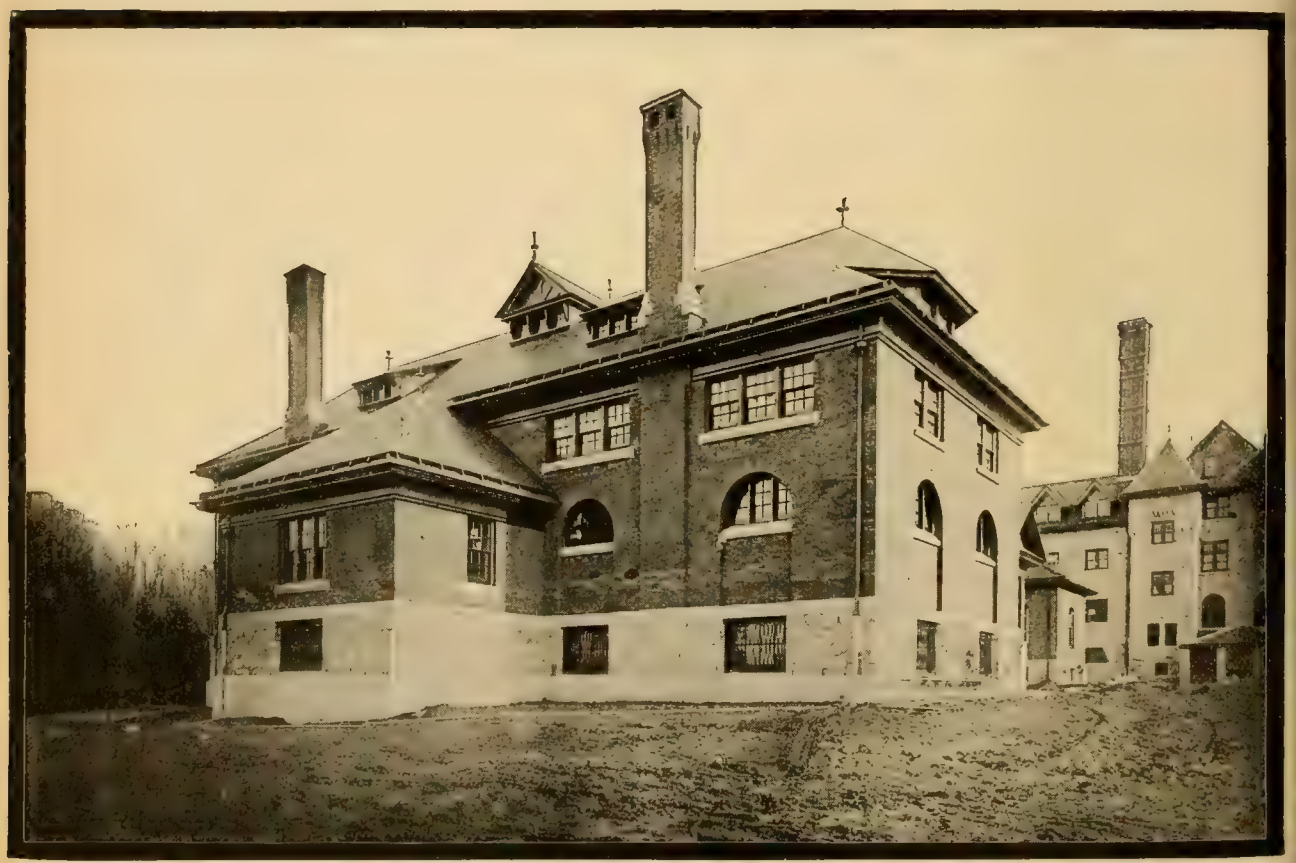
No name has appeared on the faculty which does not show unquestioned fitness for each special branch of work. In fact we doubt if a college ever opened in the country with abler representatives in the several departments, than the one we are now discussing. The time is coming, or has come already, when students will demand to be taught, not necessarily by a specialist, but by a man who knows every jot and tittle of what he professes to instruct them in. The good old days when colleges supported two or three men to take whatever branches of study no one else in the faculty wanted to teach, are fast passing away, and men, who are masters at least of their department, are the only ones who need apply. Learned cranks are another species of humanity that now and then creep into many college faculties. They can write volumes on the uses of the dative case in Greek, or pamphlets on the sounds of the letter R, but in the methods of conducting a class or of dealing in any common-sense way with young humanity they have taken no lesson. They inevitably get things into a snarl and they are "the one thing not needful" in an institution for dis pensing true wisdom and knowledge. But every man or woman with mind stored full of Truth, and with a soul commensurate, who enters the broad field to assist in shaping the course of the youthful aspirants for knowledge gives cause for new assurance and trust in the bright promise of the future. The solidity and ability of the faculty elect at Bryn Mawr foretell the kind of women they will graduate there, not educated finely perhaps in music, and what constitutes the ephemeral charms of those who make up the mass of their sex, but women "moulded to the fuller day," destined to be agents in making the thoughts of the world grow broader as the ages advance. Space will not allow us to speak of the faculty individually and most of them are already widely known, but this article would be incomplete if we passed the President over in silence. It is no more difficult thing for a man to start a college into existence, if everything is in readiness and the students are on the grounds, than it is for an ignoramus to pull the throttle-valve and start an engine. It is when the train reaches some dangerous place on the road or wants to stop at some station that it requires a skillful engineer, and so while a younger, less cautious and less experienced man might do excellently well for a season, there are times in the life of every institution, especially in its young days that require a man of calm judgment, thorough knowledge of human nature, and determined to see right and justice hold sway.

Too much stress cannot be laid on having for the figure head of such an institution a man who will command respect from every body, who has a wide influence, and who

carries his principles stamped on his features. We heard the statement made, not long ago by one fully qualified to judge, that there was not a man in the world better fitted to fill the position of President of Bryn Mawr College than Dr. Rhodes. With strong individuality, candid and calm, broad and deep, his moulding influence will be clearly traceable on all who are under his care, and we can give our testimony that there could not have been found a man to fill the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, broader in intellect, purer or loftier in character, or more worthy of the affections of his students than our own honored Professor Pliny Earle Chase. Doubtless Bryn Mawr is starting out on more of a university plan than many expected, than perhaps some would have desired, but after it is fully under way and in working order we do not think it will exclude those who are earnestly desirous of a college education, and we believe that those who complete its course will have as perfect an education as can be obtained in America.

It was Dr. Taylor's desire that Haverford and Bryn Mawr should mutually assist and strengthen each other, and so we hope and trust it may be. Each doing its work in its particular sphere, but each laboring for the same end, may they stand like two watch towers to catch the earliest glimmerings of Truth,

> "Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
> Of science, and the secrets of the mind."



THE GYMNASIUM.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORIAL YEAR,

May 1884 to May 1885.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE,
1885.

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PHILAD.A

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THE GENIUS OF HAWTHORNE.

THE lessons and delights of literature can scarcely be over estimated, especially for those who, on account of a liberal education, have access to the literatures of other lands than their own. And even to those of us who may as yet be unable rightly to appreciate the masterpieces of foreign lands and of the ancient Greek and Roman mind, our own language furnishes a literature that, for richness and variety, is unsurpassed. We are said to have but little truly American literature, but we can claim as ours the grand inheritance of the literature of our mother country. It belongs as much to us as to our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. Our forefathers sat with theirs' in the parliaments of Elizabeth and James; they fought for liberty against the tyranny of the Stuarts; they, as well as the ancestors of the English, listened to the plays of Shakespeare, and saw in the blind bard of Puritanism, one of themselves. Our fathers by severing themselves from the English government did not give up this inheritance, and to-day we may claim it as ours.

We have, it is true, produced, in the short period of our national life, no Shakespeare,—no Milton, but we have produced poets whose high, pure thoughts and beautiful verse have delighted others beside ourselves, and we have writers of elegant and forcible prose; in History, in Romance, and in Oratory. We have all lingered in delight over the pages of Motley, Bancroft, and Prescott; we cannot fail to be struck by the eloquent words of Webster; and who is not charmed by the delightful tales of Hawthorne?

Henry James says, in his short biography of Hawthorne, "Three or four beautiful talents of Trans-Atlantic growth are the sum of what the World usually recognizes, and in this modest nosegay the Genius of Hawthorne is admitted to have the rarest and sweetest fragrance." Some of us can remember that when Lord Coleridge visited Haverford and addressed us, he said that Hawthorne was ready to rank with the greatest writers of English that have ever lived.

To appreciate, or even to understand the Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne it is necessary to delay a short time on the Puritan influences which were exerted upon him.

Our forefathers left England in thousands because it was not granted to them there to worship God according to their conscience. But this is far from saying that they were imbued with the spirit of religious toleration. That formed no part of their creed, and while we rejoice that the little company whom the Mayflower brought to Plymouth never persecuted; and honor Roger Williams and William Penn for founding colonies where complete freedom, in this respect, was granted, it was not thus with the Massachusetts colonists. The puritan sought for himself and those of his creed, what he would grant to no others.

Hawthorne's ancestors came to this country in the early days of the Puritan Settlement and were themselves Puritans of the sternest type, ideal citizens at that day, hardy fighters against the troublesome Indians, and scarcely less so against the inoffensive Quakers. To this persecuting zeal of his ancestors, Hawthorne alludes in his beautiful introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." Two of them were especially distinguished by this rigid Puritanic nature: of them, and their probable opinion of him, he says "Either of these stern black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins that after so long a lapse of years the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne, at its topmost bough, an idler like myself. No aim that I have ever cherished would they recognize as laudable. No success of mine

* * * * would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. 'What is he?' murmurs one grey shadow of my forefathers to the other. 'A writer of story-books! What kind of a business in life, what manner of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation, may that be? Why the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!' Such are the compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself across the gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine."

There was ever brooding over the spirit of the old Puritan a sense of sin committed. The purest and most pious of them felt, notwithstanding his sanctity, that he must necessarily have deeply sinned. And hence the dark, gloomy character that is in mockery ascribed to them. The good Puritan did not seek pleasure and enjoyment, but to glorify God and deny himself. Hawthorne inherited from his rigid Puritan ancestors something of this spirit, and it is shown in many of the products of his genius. The sin may be a real one, not imaginary, but the idea of a sin committed darkening the whole after-life of the guilty one frequently appears.

I have dwelt on this at some length as it is to my mind important. Looking at some of his darkest portrayals in this light, we understand them, and need not at all consider him, as some have done, a "dusky malarious genius." Yet we must not deny a certain trait of his character, or rather his imagination, which made him love solitude, shrink from society, and delight in weaving fanciful tales from, sometimes to be sure, gloomy enough subjects. But when we give proper heed to his inheritance from the Puritanic sternness of his forefathers, we ought to account for much by that, and be unwilling to do him injustice.

All of us have read Hawthorne more or less, and, I doubt not, all with much delight. The range of his imagination, the quickness of his fancy, his beautiful and elegant language, and his ability to tell the simplest tales in the most charming manner, all combine to impress the mind of the reader with a sense of his exquisite genius. No one need proceed far into the "Mosses" and "Twice-told Tales" to be charmed and to perceive in them traces of a master-hand. We can read and re-read them and never tire, so very full are they of delightful images and pictures, while the beauty of his style is manifested in them as well as in his longer works. Who of us as a child has not lingered in delight over the pages of the "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"? I have always considered those works as masterpieces of their kind. The old myths seem to become real, the heroes to receive new life under the magic of his touch, and blossom forth in a picturesqueness which has been rivalled by no other author. The beautiful description of the old manse, I have lately read with more interest than ever before. The sluggish river rolling slowly on, is pictured so that we can almost see it, and we can almost believe that we ourselves are poring over the dusty, theological tomes, a century or more old, in the attic. One beautiful fragment I cannot help quoting. He has been speaking of the "blessedly sweet and sad" foreboding of the year's decay, and has said that it is different from any other feeling; "Did I say there was no feeling like it? Ah, but there is a half-acknowledged melancholy like to this when we stand in the perfected vigor of our life and feel that time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never idle fingers must be to steal them, one by one, away."

It is pleasing to linger over these sketches, some of them among the most perfect of his productions, but his longer works must

not be denied the attention they deserve. Well would it repay us to delay long over each of these but the most cursory glance only is possible in the limits of this essay. The "Scarlet Letter" is to my mind, its author's masterpiece, the most powerfully written, and while not without faults, for we may claim absolute perfection for none of his works, is, notwithstanding, free from some of the faults of his other works. The magnificent portrayal of Dimmesdale and Chillingworth could hardly have been surpassed, and the closing scene, where the minister summons up the courage to throw off the mask of hypocrisy, which he had worn for so long, and show himself in his true light before the people, now more than ever before convinced of his sanctity, is executed in the author's ablest manner. How glad we are that at last strength was found for the confession, and that the minister could die "this death of triumphant ignominy"!

The "Marble Faun," "Blithedale Romance," and the "House of the Seven Gables" are all ably written and abound in elegant and beautiful touches. They are familiar to all. The lovely character of Hilda, the passionate and mysterious Miriam, and wonderful Donatello, so happy and faun-like until over-shadowed with the commission of his crime, and afterward so altered, all combine to raise the "Marble Faun" to a high mark as a romance, and this is still further heightened by the beauty of language and description in which the work so abounds.

Much could, and perhaps ought to be said of the "House of Seven Gables" and the "Blithedale Romance", but I can only refer to the works, Judge Pyncheon and Zenobia will speak for themselves.

We Americans will think none the less of Hawthorne when we learn that among his personal friends we may write the names of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, Channing and Fields. One by one most of that group has been taken away but the characters and names of those who have died, live and are remembered.

It is a great thing to me that I have invariably found Hawthorne to be on the side of Purity and Truth. A few selections from his works show this. The moral of the "Scarlet Letter" is, "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred;" and again, "To the untrue man, the whole universe is false."

The "American Note Books" give us this; "A man will undergo great toil and hardship for ends that must be many years distant—as wealth or fame;—but none for an end that may be close at hand—as the joys of heaven."

The "Marble Faun" has a beautiful picture of christian faith as it appears to the believer and the unbeliever, which I consider unsurpassed in literature; "Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors."

These are but a few selections taken almost at random from some of his works. They might be indefinitely increased, but a few show what I wish to set before you, that Hawthorne's genius was employed, with all its beauty and elegance, on the side of religion and moral truth.

Longfellow's beautiful poem would form the most fitting conclusion; Hawthorne's fellow-student at college, and personal friend through life: he took up his lyre in honor of his departed friend, and sang the charming poem closing with the stanza:

> "Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And the lost clew regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain!"

After Swinburne.—A Good Ways.

Scene: 8.45 train on P. R. R., Monday morning. Young lady and her mother in a seat; directly behind them, two students going to Haverford, studying scripture lesson.

SCENE OPENS.

She was sitting with her mother on the Monday morning train,
Her grace was most absorbing, her face was far from plain;
Her interest in her fellow-passengers had just began to wane,
When occurred this little incident which I will now explain.

PLOT THICKENS.

O'er her shoulders came the accents of a conversation, most confused,
Where the scriptural tongue and modern slang were both generously used,
And certain names and situations were indiscriminately abused:
The talk at first annoyed her, then afterwards amused.

THE DENOUEMENT.

But as longer grew the talking and repeated was each text,
To know who'd use such mixtures, she then became pereplexed,
And when she could not see who was behind her, she was decidedly vexed:
While the unconscious students plodded on, from one verse to the next.

AFTERWARDS.

But next day, when she told Adolphus, her most devoted slave,
How near she was to being sent down to an untimely grave,
How in spite of all her powers, she was almost made to rave,
Little did the students know the amount of pain they gave.

LOCALS.

"That's the night I got skirt."

As a kind of a safe-guard, it might be well for the college to provide a few hand grenade fire extinguishers for some of the rooms in which the Seniors recite, owing to the incandescent tendency of some of its members.

It has recently been ascertained that the clarionette is made of dog wood. The character of its *bark* lead to the important discovery.

"Captain Boleslas" has been duly instated as "high chief lamp lighter of Barclay Hall", and "knight of the order of the steam radiator," in the place of "Moses," whose retirement from active service was necessitated some weeks ago.

"Slowly sauntering the sunny slope."

"Chubby" has got another little scheme.

"Is it blood or onions that I smell?"

Prof. Thomas and family will sail for Europe on the 16th of June.

"Ah! Mein Herr, gehen Sie zu spielen?"

The members of the astronomy class have again commenced their practical work in the observatory. But few colleges offer to their students such advantages in this line as are possessed by the students of Haverford.

Morris '85 and W. E. Morgan have succeeded in obtaining some very good photographs of the moon.

If all "Chubby's little schemes" would just work, he would be as happy as a king after the ace has been played.

Patterson of '88, who had the misfortune to break one of his carpul bones, is, we understand, rapidly improving. We sincerly hope that he will be entirely well by the time the cricket season opens as it would be very difficult to fill his place on the college team.

The person who said he heard the new college? glee club singing "Vogels' Waltz" all the way into the next room, has since told us that he saw a man ride down the steep roof of a house an a bycicle, and land safely on the pavement thirty feet below. We can no longer give credence to his unlikely stories.

Now doth the mole
Himself unroll
And strike a "bee line"
For the pea vine:
When he this destroys
He seeks other joys.
Among his many sports
Is plowing tennis courts,
Which makes the owner so mad
That he straightway gets a spade
And institutes a search,
But the mole, who is "ole"
Leaves him in the lurch—

Then came along the "mole exterminators who are no amateurs at the business," and set their trap *en route* whither the footsteps of the mole are likely to tend. Then the mole by force of habit goes out to take his *promenade du matin*, and being near sighted strikes the trigger

—Then the trap
With a snap
Comes down
Upon his back
Or frontal bone
And sends him home
No more to roam.

Poor jealous Joseph.

We always thought that Luthur was justified in attacking the Prince of Darkness with such a formidable weapon as an ink bottle, but we are sorry that some one has tried the same method to exterminate rats in the closets.

Spring is the proper time for gambols, but Lamb's game leg will remind him that he is too old for such *agile* sports.

Already the Second Eleven glee club have an atrabilious look because they are not allowed to sing at the Cooperstown May Festival. They have some noted voices and would have been listened to with pleasure and interest.

We have had very interesting lectures from Prof. Davenport and Prof. Thomas.

In fact all the students will be having a good time except the Juniors, who will be too much engrossed with care and anxiety to feel any inclination to participate in the hilarity.

We dont know whether "Hap" is trying to be English or not. At any rate he ignores the "h" occasionally—at least he did when "Cawlbert" requested him to *heat* the eggs.

We are ready to sell to the new Editors, at a perfectly ruinous rate, our collection of stub pens, chewed pen-holders, warranted to inspire the possessor with unhoped for flight of fancy, also our wire window-screens, as a preventative against bricks.

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EXCHANGES.

The Bates Student is a nice appearing paper, neat in form and well arranged. It contains a great deal of interesting and instructive reading. The editorial columns are ably written and the subjects fairly discussed. In the number before us is an editorial in favor of abolishing the Latin Salutatory from commencement excercises. The bad example of our larger colleges now becomes evident. Do not give up the Latin Salutatory. It is the pleasantest part of the commencement exercises. Those who have ever studied Latin are gratified to hear even a few words, or now and then a sentence which they can understand. It carries them back to their college days and it is a pleasure, even to think, how much Latin they have forgotten. Those of the audience who do not know any Latin are flattered by the implied supposition that they understand every word that is said. The excercises are for the public ear and a commencement with a Latin Salutatory, we think, will continue to be most satisfactory to the public. The Student contains some humorous poetry and a well filled local column.

The Collegian is a new paper published in New York City in the interest of colleges. It is conducted with the aid of graduates from some of the prominent colleges of the country.

In literary merit it does not surpass other papers published by undergraduates.

The Beacon, published at Boston University is a good paper in every respect. The cover presents a fine appearance, and the printing is done in clear type on good paper. We also find the Editorial department well filled and some interesting articles under the head of Literary. *Four Chapters* is quite a thrilling story. *Hither and Thither* we find to be a very entertaining and instructive article. The *Beacon* certainly deserves success.

The Campus is a new paper published at Meadville, Pa. It has a very neat and tasty external appearance. The first thing that meets our eye is a piece of selected poetry. *The crisis in College Life* is worthy of careful reading, and modern improvement in lying might suggest some new ideas. Fewer selected articles would be an improvement.

We see a great deal written in college papers in opposition to the marking system. We take the following from the *Tuftonian*:—"The ranking system on the whole has no broad comprehensive end in view, some are disgusted with their rank, others are discouraged. It does not necessarily show a man's scholarship as it is; many times it is a gross misrepresentation although the professor be perfectly fair in the matter. It excites honorable ambition in no one. It rouses an ambition of the meanest sort in some. If it is just to the hard worker it is more than just to the trickster. How long shall we support a custom that means nothing?"

The Ariel is a good paper but it might be greatly improved in appearance by the addition of a neat cover and a change of shape to a convenient magazine form. One of its late numbers was filled with accounts of the oratorical contest. Several of the orations appeared in the paper and reflect credit on the college. The *Ariel* has some sensible Editorials on subjects of interest. Literary Style Among The Arts is a very good article. It contains a good deal of thought and is really written in a forcible and spirited style. The *Ariel* on the whole is a well conducted paper.

The Illini, University of Illinois is one of the best monthly magazines that we receive. The appearance and mechanical execution of the paper are good. Political questions are discussed in the Editorial columns with considerable ability. A wrong system of giving demerits seems to be in vogue at the University. Any professor can report ten demerits against a student for a breach of good order without the knowledge of the student, until the number reaches fifty, when he is notified. The *National Evil* is a very readable article and contains much truth and plain sense. The students have had the pleasure of listning to a course of lectures by the Reverend DeWitt Talmage.

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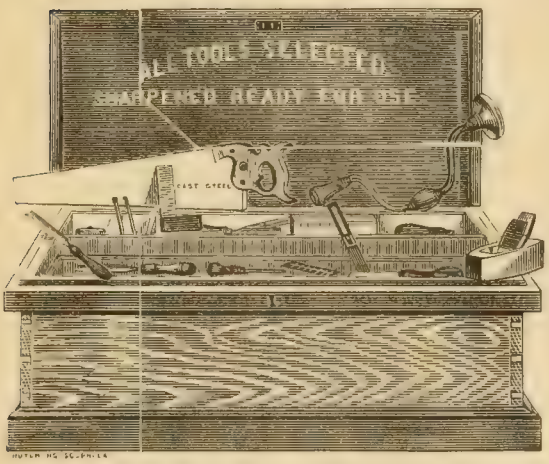

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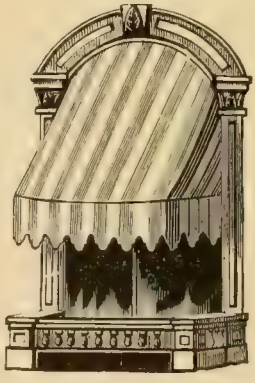

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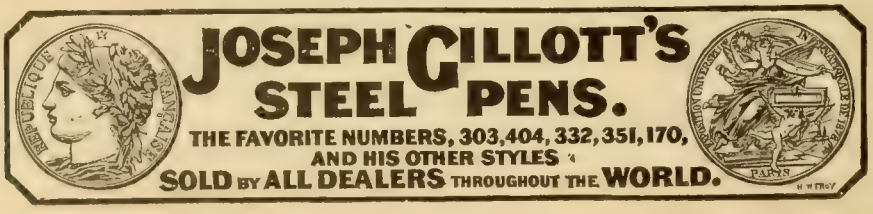

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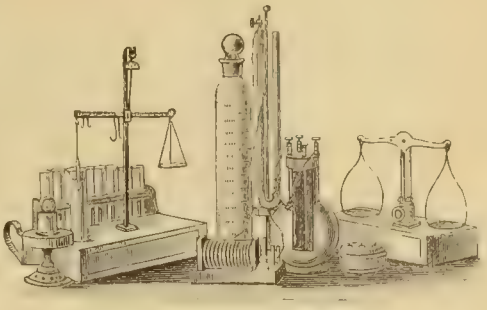

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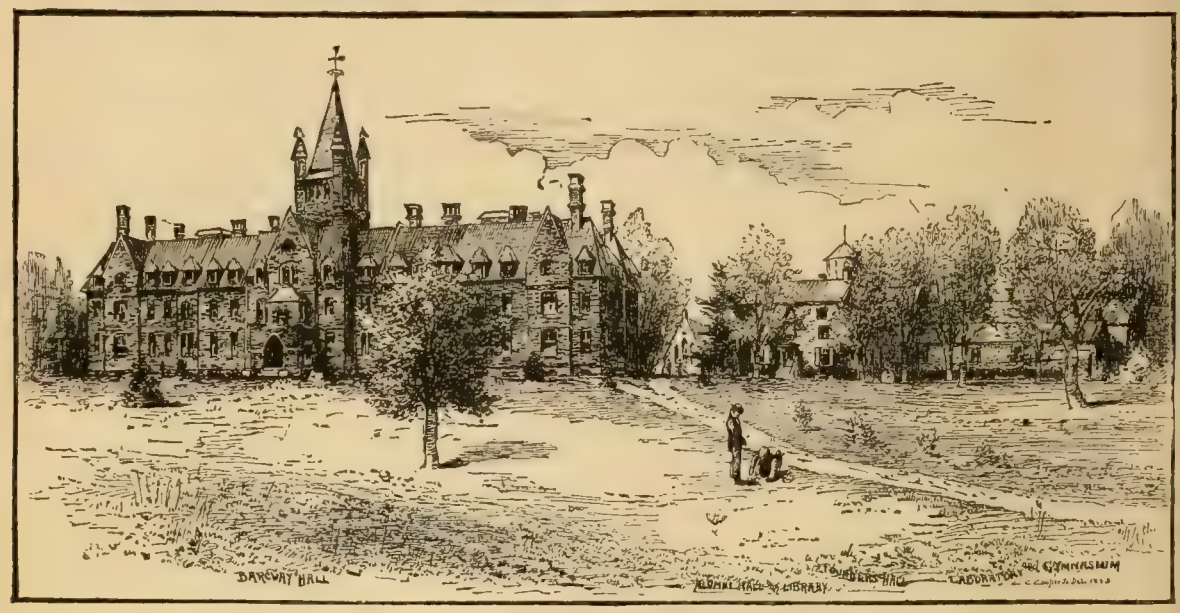

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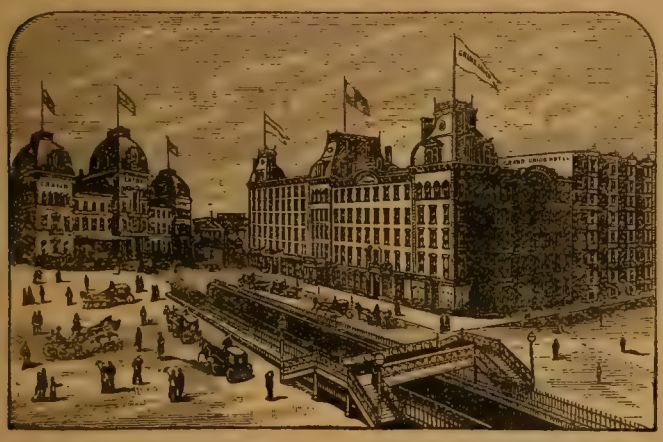

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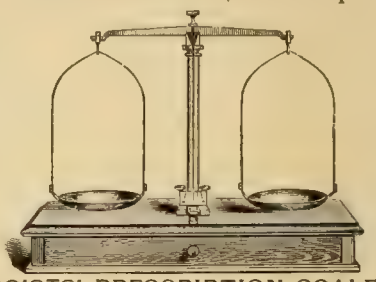

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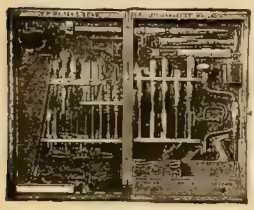

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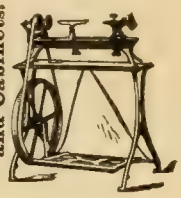

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AS spring has really come at last and brought with it change and the budding and blossoming of trees and flowers, so it would seem, judging from the list above this article, that it had also brought in its train a blossoming of new editors and a change of managers of the HAVERFORDIAN.

It is not without a keen appreciation of the responsibility placed upon us that we put before our friends this first issue published under our care, and hoping that we may meet with the same kind treatment at the hands of our public that our predecessors have enjoyed, we shall endeavor to the best of our ability to represent through the paper the truest and best moral sentiment of our college.

Recognizing that college papers wield an influence by no means small and that both in their own colleges and in others, desiring also that our institution, as well as all others of the kind in our country, may not only keep pace with, but even as heretofore take the lead in the onward march of the world, we shall endeavor in our small sphere to lend our influence to all that is good and useful. Having received the paper from the hands of the late editors in a much neater condition and having a higher literary merit than at any time during our knowledge of it, we feel that it should be the aim of our efforts to raise to a still higher standard the character of our college organ; but while this is our desire we recognize that this is a more difficult task than at any time heretofore, for the higher we go the more difficult the road, but as nothing will be won if nothing is ventured we launch our little bark upon the troubled editorial seas, hoping that the Gods may be propitious and grant that a double portion of the editorial spirit may fall upon us. Taking up as we do a work entirely new to most of us, immediately after our return from our spring vacation, we feel that we labor under many disadvantages that might not otherwise exist and ask our friends to be somewhat lenient in their judgment upon us this time.

Looking at the affairs in the college we find everything doing well, our games starting well, and a better feeling existing among the fellows than at any previous time for years and we hope that the remainder of this year will be improved by every one of us, so that on commencement day we may all say that we are satisfied with this term's work. On the other hand, if we take a view of the world at large, we find

that there are wars and rumors of wars on all sides and that England is engaged or largely interested in nearly all of them, even our own government has had a hand in a little trouble in Central America, and to us this eagerness on the part of our government to be on hand at the place of disturbance, although it may be entirely proper and necessary for us to take this course as a nation, seems but one of the signs that would indicate a restlessness and the increase of a desire for war of some kind. If we will recall some of the utterances of the Press, during the consideration of the Nicaragua treaty we shall find this idea confirmed and, this being the case, it seems as though every man of judgment should be careful of the sentiments that he gives utterance to and try to lead the minds of the people from this desire for war, than which nothing could be more disasterous, to the reviving in our politics the higher sentiments which seem now for the most part lacking in the two great parties of the day.

WE often hear it said that one great fault in the American character is its lack of reverence for age and sacred things, and while the lack of that unquestioning reverence, which, in some of the nations of the old world, almost amounts to the worshiping of rites and customs of long standing, has been one of the prominent reasons for the rapid strides in civilization made by our nation, yet we must acknowledge that as a people we do lack this quality which tends to give a firmness and dignity to character.

And if it be true, as Bishop Simms once said, that the college student views the world from a lofty standpoint from which he may obtain a more comprehensive survey than his less favored fellows of the world in which he is to move, and thus a greater responsibility is laid upon his shoulders, it behooves us, as young men who are preparing ourselves for the duties of manhood, to look to it that our actions are such as become those in our position. As it is the "straw that tells which way the wind blows" so some very small actions may sometimes tell much more than we intend them to.

The clicking of a watch near the time for the close of a meeting for worship may not always have any particular meaning, but when repeated persistently, and by more than one watch, it would seem as if there must be some purpose in continually disturbing the time which many present wish to spend in worship.

If any of our students in their haste to be at their studies or games are so thoughtless as to disturb the worship of others, surely the simple mention of the fact that they are annoying others, and a reminder that we are not children, but ought to restrain ourselves a little, if not out of regard to the wishes of others, at least from respect to the time and place in which we are, will be all that is necessary to entirely do away with this evil.

And let us also remember that in acting in the manner mentioned above, and in assuming lounging and undignified positions during meeting time, we are but lending color to the assertion that as a nation we lack the element of reverence, and surely we all know that this is all very unbecoming to young men who enjoy the advantages of college life and some of whom are at some future day to hold positions of trust and honor.

DURING the portion of this college year already past, Haverford has distinguished herself in the field sports. A most unexpected victory in cricket over a strong team from the University, and the success of all her foot-ball matches with two exceptions, mark a propitious era in this direction of her interests. Now that the spring cricket season is just opening,

she sends forth her teams with good wishes for their further success.

We had thought that the first eleven would be unusually strong this year, but unluckily it has been deprived of two of its best players; oddly enough in each case on account of disabled wrists. Still there are grounds for great confidence when we consider the successes of last year in connection with the additional experience and practice acquired in the meantime. If the wrist which was broken should mend in time to give back our only slow bowler, as has been hinted, we might entertain most sanguine hopes. A prize-cup for inter-collegiate victories has been earned; and now our energies must be put forth to the utmost to retain it. Looking to the *sine qua non* of success in cricket, continued and careful practicing, we must hold our prize purely by labor. In this connection the future must be largely considered; as each Senior class graduates, the positions of the players leaving must be filled; so that members of the lower classes should work with peculiar diligence, and should be encouraged and "coached" by those of longer experience. Most commendable interest in the game appears in '88. But '87 is lagging, and it is to be hoped that the enthusiasm so propitiously exhibited by that class last year has not died out. Perhaps the holidays have revived its members. It is an unhappy circumstance, and one which it would be well to correct, that class considerations divide advantages so that some practice creases are favored by several excellent bowlers while others have not a single one. Training with a good bowler is indispensable to improvement in batting. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of playing every ball with perfect care, and using effort to make each individual play in better style than the one before, and of never permitting oneself continuously to "slug" for the sake of finding how far the ball can be sent. As good ground is necessary in practice creases, it would be well to use the roller oftener, in order to keep down the bumps that are formed by the continual pounding of the ball.

A number of matches have been arranged for this season, including games with the University of Pennsylvania and with Harvard: the opening contest will have been played on May 2d, at the home ground, against the University Barge Club.

We hope that base-ball, the other sport of the season, will also thrive. Cricket and base-ball need interfere very little with each other, since very few are proficient in both. It will be agreeable to hear of some base-ball matches having been arranged. Games will very likely be played with Swarthmore and the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Let us also see plenty of lawn-tennis playing,—not that the game will be neglected at Haverford, for its excellence as an exercise and a pastime will no doubt preserve it everywhere, but let more of those students who are over-inclined to study try to find pleasure in it. The interest of the game is much more than doubly increased by keeping courts well rolled, and by using the best balls. We think that a Tennis Tournament would be an enlivening variety.

STUDENTS are too apt to fall into a kind of monotonous, listless sort of life, following the old customs, and keeping right on in the same way as was pursued by those who have gone before them, never thinking of a change, or that perhaps things are done in a different manner at other colleges. But seeing is believing, and so by visiting other colleges, one becomes acquainted with customs and methods slightly different from his own, new ideas are presented and if taken advantage of, another object of college life is attained.

It was recently our privilege to look

through the handsome buildings, and to stroll over the beautiful grounds of Vassar College. We were first shown through the chemical and physical laboratories by Prof. Cooley, who kindly spent an hour in describing to us, a number of new or rare instruments, some of which were the product of his own ingenuity, and would be well worth a place in other colleges. The system of ventilation in the chemical laboratory together with the means employed for the disposal of the fumes of noxious re-agents seemed to be perfect. In the class-room the black board was covered with sentences and formulæ, relating to the mercoptans, alcohols, and sugars, which at least gave us the satisfaction of knowing that we are not alone in our study of what seems past finding out, or at least remembering, in regard to the combination of the hydro-carbon derivatives.

We would have gladly spent more time in the museum and library, both of which revealed at a glance their excellent worth. The chapel is particularly handsome, and as we stood just inside the door-way, we could almost fancy we were attending service there, and could hear the deep tones of the great organ.

The surroundings are in good keeping with the buildings, and so soon as spring shall add her magic touch, will compare favorably with our own beautiful grounds at Haverford.

After a ramble along the banks of the little lake we took our departure, appreciating as never before the benevolent spirit which prompted the founder of that great institution. We can however but regret, that a site was not chosen commanding a view of the noble Hudson.

WE need a teacher of elocution at Haverford. When a student comes to speak on Junior Day he finds that his education concerning correct speaking and gestures has been very insufficient. No fault can be found with the training which he has received at the hands of his instructor except that he has not received enough of it. It is perfectly correct to say that a person's own natural manner of speaking is the best way in which to express his thoughts, but one must have practice in order to speak naturally. The students should have some practice in public speaking before the last term of the Junior year. College oratory may not be particularly attractive to the public, but let it be remembered that the undergraduate does not speak to enlighten the assembly but to cultivate the art of speaking and to draw out his latent power. If the young orator gains a spirit of confidence, which is indispensable to success in all public speaking, the desired result is obtained. Too much reliance is placed upon the practice received from the literary societies. The training so received is very insufficient, amounting in some cases to almost nothing. The system of offering prizes has been productive of good results in the two lower societies and should be re-established in the Loganian. But the work is imperfectly done and imperfectly criticized, and the practice totally inadequate to produce first-class speakers. If Haverford could secure the services of a competent instructor in the elocutionary art, who would give regular lessons to those students who desire to perfect themselves in that important branch of education, she would be amply repaid by sending out graduates ready and able to speak in public or private, on those questions which must necessarily occupy the attention of all good and intelligent citizens.

THE oft debated question of the relative value of men who work and men who think is nearly always decided in favor of the worker. There is something about the busy bustle and muscular power of the

man who works that attracts us Americans. We worship great deeds. How we boast of our Pacific railroads, of worthless prairies redeemed to the plow, of a successful republic established and tested within a hundred years, together with all the great institutions of which we may justly be proud. Yet we neglect the men who think. These are the men who deal the death-blows at falsehood and are always in the van of movements toward reform.

Thinking men are the deadliest enemies to monarchies, and well did Cæsar acknowledge it in his comment upon Cassius, "I like him not, he thinks too much."

Philosophy in the abstract certainly appears unattractive. But Plato and Descartes, Spinoza and Locke, however much error they admitted into their teaching, set the world to thinking and we reap the benefits while they are forgotten. The thinkers produced the reformation. Luther and Hus, Latimer and Zuinglius had *thought out* the future and calculated the danger. But leaving the theoretical and coming down to the practical value of the "man who thinks." Who has never said "I didn't think?" And many men believe that that is sufficient excuse for any mistakes they may make.

It is each man's *duty* to think; always to calculate the results; the future is not nearly so tightly sealed a book as many seem to believe. Earnest thought unlocks many of the doors in the winding passages of the future. How many heart-aches, broken friendships, and enmities, even, would be saved if we would think.

Every man may not be a philosopher nor a reformer but every man can *think*, if he *will*.

College men as a rule do very little solid thinking for themselves. We reason a little perhaps, but of real, original, soul-wrought thinking we steer about as clear of it as of some malignant disease. Ask your class-mates what they think on this or that question and you get an answer about like this, "Oh, I don't know but Paley or Butler say so and so."

The great dearth of the present age we believe to be *original thinkers*, almost as scarce as honest men in the time of Diogenes. We pattern and copy and rearrange other men's ideas and then get them off as our own.

Be a thinker if you can; if you can't then be a worker, but by all means be *something*.

THE HUDSON.

THE Hudson, the river of legend, poetry and romance! The first voyager who sailed between its wooded shores recognized its charms; and in 1609 the commander of the "Half Moon," after looking upon the quiet valley shut in by distant mountains, and beholding the ever varying landscape, wrote in delight that he had discovered "the most beautiful spot in the world." But how little did he dream of the celebrity the river was to gain in the history of the New World, or of the fruitful source its rocky hills would prove for song and story. The very origin of these hills, like the origin of the gods in ancient mythology, furnished the material for interesting legends, one of which—common among the old Indian tribes, two hundred years ago—supposes that somewhere in the far north was a spring of "Fire-water," which, gurgling up into the river, so affected it as to make it assume a very winding course to the sea. The mountains then came from the east and west to see the wonderful sight and were so attracted by the beauty of the place that they have remained there ever since.

Almost every nation has its streams, in which it takes great pride and it is but natural that people should praise the physical features of their country that possess any especial beauty or around which cluster

any old historical associations. England is justly proud of her Thames, with its Magna Charta Island and Richmond Hills; and who has not heard extolled the splendors of the Rhine? Every one has read of its pleasant vineyards, its ruined castles, and its grand mountains. The very name, Rhine, is a synonymn for all that is beautiful in River scenery. In our country, the Mississippi and Ohio rivers occupy a prominent place in the national heart; but the true, patriotic American forgets all these when he ascends the Hudson and views the places where occurred many of the stirring Revolutionary scenes, and now made sacred by the blood of those who fought for American rights and for American independence.

But while contemplating the site of battles or the glorious region which a traitor would have delivered to an enemy, we must not treat as entirely unworthy of notice, the many legendary and fictitious stories connected with these places. Indeed they add a great deal of interest to the Hudson, and what a pleasure it must be to the learned traveller, as he journeys through the charmed country, to be able to recall the incidents that have happened at each spot, and to know the true historical ones, and the circumstances giving rise to the great number of imaginary ones.

After leaving New York, one of the first objects of interest is the Spuyten Duyvel river which separates Manhattan from the mainland. According to Diedrich Knickerbocker it received its name from the boast of Antony Van Corlear, who swore, while in the service of the stern old Stuyvesant, that he would swim it one stormy night "in spite of the devil." He met his death, however, in endeavoring to accomplish this rash undertaking.

On the west side of the river the Palisades tower above in steep and precipitous crags, the rocky sides presenting, in their strength and endurance, a remarkable contrast to the quiet murmurs of the waves laving their feet; but it is in the upper part of the Highlands that the real beauty of the scenery begins. Here were situated the old forts and redoubts used in the war for Independance, and here Mad Anthony Wayne gained his laurels by the storming and capture of Stony Point. The scenery is delightful. On either side of the river the forest crowned peaks rise to a height of a thousand feet or more, one of which, Anthony's Nose, is quite interesting on account of the doubt existing as to the origin of its name. Some authors claim that it was so called from the remarkable nose of a secretary to one of the old land proprietors, but the "truthful historian" of New York would have us believe it was on account of the still more remarkable nasal appendage of the above mentioned Antony Van Corlear, which once reflected a ray of sunlight into the river so powerfully as to kill a sturgeon. Be that as it may, the height is one of the prominent features of the Hudson, and the name does not at all detract from its beauty.

On a little plain, situated in the very midst of rugged hills, are the beautiful buildings and grounds of our country's great Military Academy. How the heart thrills at the sound of the name, West Point! Embraced by a river which it commands for miles in either direction, its very position makes it a stronghold which our early leaders were not slow in fortifying, but how different now from what it was a century since. To be sure, the sound of fife and drum is still heard among those rocks, but 'tis not on account of sudden alarms, and they call not the slumbering patriot to resist an onslaught of the Hessian invader. The wooded hills are as grand and reach toward heaven just as far as of old, though the guns are silent that once thundered from their summits,

which are now crowned with ruins, and the midnight sky is no more made lurid by their warning beacon fires. Much of the wildness remains, yet the handsome villas with their cultivated grounds, seen in all directions, speak plainer than the pen, of the long and unbroken peace that has blessed the land.

A fine view of the country can be had by climbing up to Fort Putnam, from whence the river is seen, like a silver thread, winding away into the distance. Across its narrowest part, just above the point, was stretched, in 1778, the great iron chain intended to obstruct the passage of British war vessels. A little farther up is seen the town of Cold Spring where much of the artillery used in our Civil War was cast; and yet farther, through an opening in the Highlands, the waters of Newburgh Bay glisten. Newburgh is memorable from its having once been the head-quarters of Washington, and the old house which he occupied is still standing on the steep bank of the Hudson, having been converted into a museum for Revolutionary relics.

Lossing relates the following incident in connection with a peculiar room in the center of the building, a room having seven doors and only one window, and that served for the General's dining-hall. Shortly before his death, La Fayette with several Americans, was invited to dine with Marbois, the French secretary of legation, here during the Revolution. The company was shown into a room, the general style of which betokened a large country kitchen. The low ceiling was supported by heavy beams; one saw the sky above, through the immense chimney; there was a single uncurtained window; and, instead of a table loaded with Parisian delicacies, there was only a rough board supporting a dish of meat, some wine in bottles, and a few glasses and silver mugs. "Where are we?" asked the host of La Fayette. After a short pause, "Ah! the seven doors and one window," he answered, "and the silver camp-goblets such as the marshals of France used in my youth! We are at Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago."

Across the river lies the sunny slopes of the Fishkills, the "neutral ground" where occurred the stirring events that inspired Cooper in his tale of "The Spy;" and a little to the south, the elevation known as Storm King stands out in bold relief.

It would be an almost endless task to describe all the beauties of this, our noblest river, where every bend discloses new regions and new objects, which once seen, are never to be forgotten. The old primeval forests might have been more impressive in their majestic solitude, but they could never have awakened in the soul such mediations as move one when looking upon old colonial mansions, scarred by British balls, like the Livingston house, just below Poughkeepsie, where dwelt one of the Signers. And how little does the outer world seem when standing before Sunnyside. Sunnyside! the home of one of America's first and greatest writers; the home of a master whose every word was but the utterance of nature expressing the thoughts of an intellect as broad as the visible universe. Its very name is only the reflection of the sunshine that filled the heart of the proprietor and that brightened all the productions of his genius.

Then there is Idlewild, and many pleasant country-seats which all testify how the hand of man has vied with nature in producing beautiful retreats. Was it a success? They answer for themselves. However, he who longs for the untamed, let him journey to the northward and view the spot where—

"——the Catskills print the distant sky;
And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending, that the cheated eye
Forgets or which is earth or which is heaven."

Let him realize the full depth and meaning of Irving's description which represents them as "undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until, in the evening, they print themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape." Then let him seek a resting place in the spirit-haunted vales of these old "mountains of the sky," surrounded by their fleeting shadows and bound by enchanting spells with which fancy has enshrouded them.

We will remain by the placid Hudson, and there, midst dreamy hills watching over it, will muse in silence on the river of legend, poetry, and romance.

JUNIOR EXERCISES.

"FORTITER, FIDELITER, FELICITER,"

ON the evening of the 16th of April, the students and friends of Haverford College assembled to listen to the annual public orations of the students of the Junior Class. The much hoped for pleasant weather was realized, the evening was all that could be desired, and at an early hour Alumni Hall was filled with an audience representing some of the best families of Philadelphia and vicinity. President Chase opened the exercises of the evening with some remarks in Latin. He said that the use of the latin tongue on such occasions was fitting and scholarly, and mentioned the orators of the evening as young Ciceros. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the Silver Tankard, on exhibition in the Library adjoining the Hall, won by the Haverford College Cricket Club, which holds the championship in the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Association. He hoped that they would retain it in their possession for many years.

The exercises included orations on widely differing subjects and on the whole were well up to the usual high standard of Haverford's literary exhibitions.

The first orator of the evening was Wade Betts of Ohio, and in his oration "Science as a Witness for Truth", he showed that Science, instead of being opposed to the Christian Religion, was its best friend and that the two united had done and would do everything to regenerate the world. The second oration was delivered by J. Dickinson, Jr., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; his subject was "The Great Incendiary." The speaker said the greatest men were sometimes forgotten, and proceeded to show that Samuel Adams deserved well of his country to have his name placed high on the roll of the Sons of Liberty. Guy R. Johnson, of Virginia, was the next speaker and had chosen for his subject, "A Modern Industry." He gave a brief sketch of the history of steel and described the principal methods of its manufacture, said that it was succeeding iron and was the future metal of the world.

"Shall Suffrage be Restricted?" was the subject of the next oration, delivered by Wm. S. McFarland of New Jersey. The speaker contended that suffrage should be restricted on the ground that the low and ignorant classes were rapidly increasing and that the bad element would soon outweigh the good. A. M. Underhill, Jr., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in his oration on "Ancient Domestic Architecture, portrayed how men, as they become more civilized, gradually improved their places of abode, and reminded us how much modern nations owe to the civilization of Greece and Rome.

E. D. Wadsworth of Maine, in his oration on "Henry Clay and the Nation," pointed out the distinguished services Clay had rendered to his country and showed how closely his name was connected with her history. Wilfred W. White, of Indiana

closed the exercises with an oration, "Is the Union Reunited?" The speaker, after showing obstacles in the way of bringing about a union of elements so opposite in their character, was disposed to take a hopeful view of the situation, and predicted that mutual interests and closer communications between the North and South would make us a Union united in spirit as well as in name. The subjects of the orations not delivered were as follows;—"Criticism on Art and Literature," Israel Morris, Jr., "The Political future of Canada," William P. Morris, "Steam in the Nineteenth Century," Alexander H. Scott, and "The Present Crisis in England," Horace E. Smith.

JOHN HUS.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT, DELIVERED BEFORE THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

I CONSIDER that one of the greatest benefits the world derives from the of study history is the lesson taught by the lives of the great men who figure in history. It is a great thing truly to be enabled to trace the course of humanity up to the point it has reached at the present day; to recognize the dangers which have menaced the advance of civilization in the past, and learn from them how to guard against the dangers of the future:—It is a grand thing that we can trace the growth of humane and moral sentiments, the increase of benevolent institutions, and the civilizing effect of the Christian religion; but if we take away from history the lives of the great men of all ages, we lose a treasure of inestimable worth, and one which can be supplied from no other source. These, as Carlyle has told us, make up the soul of the world's history. We cannot study the advance of civilization, without studying the lives of the men who have aided that advance; we cannot thoroughly investigate the growth of moral aims and principles, without learning of the men who have been active in promoting that growth. Therefore we must not neglect the part that the great men of history have played, or the debt we owe to them.

True hero-worship, the study of the lives of the truly great, should be a most potent factor in the formation of character. It shows us what individual men have done and suffered; it sets before us their lives of consecration to truth and duty, their sincerity and self-sacrifice; it elevates and ennobles humanity by showing that such men have lived; and calls upon each one of us to strive, it may be in the humblest manner, to imitate them.

Often, it must be acknowledged, has hero-worship been diverted from its true path. Men, blinded by the clouds of error and prejudice that so often surround us, have too frequently placed crowns upon the brows of unworthy men, and have hailed them with acclamations as the great,—the heroes; too often they pass by the truly great, to do homage to the famous or the powerful. But wherever hero-worship is true to its real nature, wherever greatness of character is esteemed above power or fame, there it must be acknowledged to have an elevating effect upon mankind, tending ever to develop the higher part of our natures and keep down the base.

To whom can homage more rightly be paid, than to the Christian heroes,—the hero-priests? Men who were priests and reformers, holding ever before themselves as an ideal, the life of our Saviour, and allowing nothing to hinder them in their pursuit of that ideal; who were faithful shepherds to the flocks entrusted to them; pure in an impure age; with clean hands in a corrupt age; unselfish in an age of selfishness; self-denying, fearless; are not these infinitely more worthy of honor and recognition, than those whose only title to fame rests upon fields of blood?

It is for just such reasons that I place

John Hus among the truly great. His life of purity, self-sacrifice, and devotion to truth, moves me to enshrine him in the Valhalla of Christian heroes.

A pleasant episode is that which we read of in Hus's early life. He has exhausted all the sources of learning that his home and the neighboring villages afforded, and still his thirst for knowledge is unsatisfied. At his earnest request his pious, God-fearing mother takes him to Prague, the seat of the great university, it is said of as many as 30,000 students. Poor peasant-people, forced, doubtless, by their poverty, to spend many a night under the open sky, under the protection of no one but the God of the fatherless and the widow, they make their way at last to the desired city, and presenting her humble offering, the mother obtains for her son the advantages offered by the university. He takes up his studies there, preparing himself, by the study of theology and philosophy, for a life of future usefulness and soon after he receives his masters degree his career of usefulness begins.

A chapel had lately been built in Prague, by the generosity of two of its citizens, for the preaching of the Gospel, especially in the Bohemian tongue. It was to be called "Bethlehem;"—"The house of bread." Destined indeed was it to be a source, whence the famishing common-people were to receive the Bread of Life; to hear the Gospel from the lips of one whose blameless life added weight to his teachings. A preacher was sought for this chapel, and it is an evidence of the high regard in which Hus stood, that he was chosen for the position. Here the chief interest in his life commences; here the struggle against wrong began.

It was a great thing at that day, that there should be a chapel where all could assemble and hear the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity, drinking in sermons glowing with the love with which the speaker was imbued. As a result, Neander says, in a few words, but meaning a great deal, "A new Christian life started forth from him among the people." The beginning has been made: the hero-priest has buckled on his armor. We shall see that he lays it aside, not for a moment, throughout his whole career.

We, in this age of churches, do not at first sight appreciate the influence of Bethlehem chapel. It was greater on account of the contrast there was between the preaching of Hus, and religion as generally set forth at that time. Christianity surrounded by ceremonies and superstitions, and overshadowed by the immorality of the clergy, would attract the eye, but would not touch the heart. But the people thronged to hear the "Good tidings," set forth to them in their native tongue, preached by pure lips, and free from ceremony.

It is a noticeable fact that so long as Hus confined himself to rebuking the vices of the laity, he was unmolested and even encouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities. But when he turned from the flock to its shepherds, and upbraided them for their immoral lives, a tempest of rage was at once raised. But because such doctrines were repulsive to the clergy and monks, they were not on that account listened to with less favor at the court. Hus was indeed confessor to Queen Sophia, and King Wenzel was not inclined to discountenance his zeal in endeavoring to correct ecclesiastical abuses, since he owed his deposition from the empire mainly to the Archbishop-electors. In addition to this the long schism of the Papacy had shaken the awe of the heirarchy to its very base. Hus, therefore, was supported by the crown in his efforts for reform, and when the Archbishop of Prague, alarmed at his attacks on the clergy, complained to the king, he obtained for his answer, Robertson tells us; "So long as Master Hus preached against

us laymen, you rejoiced at it; now your turn has come and you must be content to bear it."

Here it is fitting to state the connection in which Hus stood to Wiclif, and the effect of the English reformer's doctrines on his mind. Anne of Bohemia, sister to King Wenzel, had married Richard II of England, and the ladies of her court returning to their country after her death brought with them the doctrines and works of Wiclif. The universities also, and perhaps in a more effective manner, were instrumental in spreading his opinions. Latin being the common language of the universities of that day, Bohemian students sat at the feet of the bold professor of theology at Oxford, and English students found their way to Prague, bringing with them Wiclif's works, some of which were translated into the Bohemian tongue. Hus was at first so little attracted by Wiclif's theology, although he had already adopted his philosophical views, that he advised a student, who had shown him one of the works, to burn it or throw it into the river. But he soon became charmed with much that Wiclif had written, finding deep and neglected truths in his works, and the influence of the English reformer worked slowly deeper and deeper into his mind and teaching. But Wiclif had been condemned as an heresiarch, and the spread of his opinions so alarmed the clerical party that a number of propositions taken from his works were condemned by the university and a Papal bull was sent to the Archbishop calling upon him to suppress this heresy.

Hus, moreover, was not without troubles and enemies in the university. A change in its management, made under the authority of the king, but brought about by the influence of Hus and his supporters, brought it under the control of the Bohemians, giving to the Germans, who had formerly predominated, a far inferior weight. This seems a slight thing, but its results were great. At once almost the whole body of students left Prague, leaving it is said, but 2,000 from the 30,000 or 40,000 of yesterday. Of these self-banished students, some founded the famous university of Leipsic; others proceeded to other seats of learning; but, we may say, all the Germans with their adherents left Prague. The enemity here aroused, did not soon die out. The German hatred of Hus, for boldly upholding what he considered the national rights, will show itself throughout his life in Bohemia, and will confront him at Constance.

Hus had been zealous for the council of Pisa, and by opposing Gregory XII., had drawn upon himself the hatred of that Pope's party. The hatred is quickly shown, for he is forbidden to preach, that the people may no longer feel his influence. But the prohibition is unheeded. He draws his authority from a higher source than either of the rival Popes, and the walls of Bethlehem chapel resound as before with his thundering denunciations against spiritual wickedness in high places as well as in low. Every one, also, possessing Wiclif's works is commanded to give them up, and 200 or more of these books, "carefully written and splendidly bound," were committed to the flames. The Archbishop was, however, compelled by the king to repay the value of the books, to those from whom he had taken them.

The clouds were thus darkening around Hus, when the pious Pope Alexander V., died, poisoned, it is hinted, by his successor, and the cardinals elected as pope, Balthazar Cossa, a pirate of infamous reputation. He now succeeded to the Papal throne, and took the name of John XXIII. Of all the monsters who ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, none ever exceeded him in infamy. Unbridled in his avarice, inordinate in his lust; so vile that no pope since has dared

to take upon himself the name of John; a pirate raised to be pope; was there ever a more impious mockery than, that such a man should rule as the vicegerent of Christ; the head of the Christian church on earth? We shall meet John hereafter at Constance. His relations to Hus, however are thus stated by Milman. "Among the first acts of Pope John was a citation to John Hus, the man of irreproachable morals, to appear before the tribunal of a Pope, charged, at least, with every imaginable crime." We may be glad that Hus was not allowed to obey the citation, and soon after the Archbishop receiving a confession of faith from him pronounced himself satisfied, and wrote to Rome that no heresy existed longer in his diocese. To this communication no answer was received, but there came vendors of indulgences, granted to aid the pope in the crusade he had preached against the King of Naples. The hero has met a new enemy, and he at once attacks it. The contest begins, and a century before Luther entered the lists and nailed his ninety-five theses upon the church door at Wittenberg, John Hus broke forth in a torrent of eloquent indignation, denouncing the impious traffic. To the Archbishop he said he would obey Papal mandates only so far as they agreed with the doctrines of Christ and his apostles, "But" he adds, "if I see anything in them at variance with these, I shall not obey even though the stake were staring me in the face." Bold words! but they are meant. He fears not the stake, but he does fear to do wrong; and with him, his own conscience is the standard of right, not papal commands. The individual conscience never had a firmer defender than Hus.

But the Pope John is as remorseless as the pirate had been, and, throwing the ambassadors sent to him by Hus into prison, he placed Hus under the ban of excommunication and Prague under the interdict. Nor was this all. Bethlehem chapel is to be razed to the ground. Now see the devoted attachment of a bold people to their beloved teacher. Bethelem chapel is not torn down, but, on the contrary is thronged as ever by multitudes who seek there the bread of life, and consider it of far more importance than anything the Pope can do. Hus, however, though certain of support, unselfishly leaves the city that it may not be torn by the strife of factions. But he is not on that account silenced. His chapel has merely grown until it embraces all Bohemia. And, no longer limited by the walls of Prague, his influence spreads wider and wider, and his preaching reaches more hearts than ever.

It was during this voluntary exile of Hus from Prague, that the Emperor Sigismund and Pope John arranged for the summoning of a general council of the church to be held at Constance. Let us look at the church and consider the need of a council.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERATURE.

[*All publications for review must be received by the 20th of the month preceding the issue. All books received will be duly noticed.*]

THE Revised Version of the Old Testament is almost ready for circulation. Many people predict a small demand for it, but already the orders exceed those for the Revised New Testament in the same length of time. Still it is certain that a greater interest was felt in the latter by the people at large, partly because it was new and partly to find fault with it. But now nearly all prejudice against the revision has died out. Occasionally you find some crank berating the revision as was the case with the writer two weeks ago. The speaker said that all versions had radical errors in them. Of course we do not claim perfection in anything but you can find no edition of any ancient author that approaches the accuracy of the Revised New Testament.

Every one should show a wholesome contempt for publishers who are doing all in their power

to make money on this new version by securing advance sheets. Let us at least have one book free from copyrights and all other restrictions. Let the Word of God be free.

At this writing the eyes of the world are turned toward Afghanistan. It is hard for all, and Americans in particular to understand why the two greatest nations of Europe should expend so much time and money and even human life on a petty, semi-barbarous, Asiatic Tribe. On this account if no other "The Russians at the Gates of Herat" by Charles Marvin is especially interesting. Mr. Marvin is an Englishman and of course gives an Englishman's opinion of the question but no one is better acquainted with the subject having passed his youth in Russia and being personally acquainted with many prominent Russians. *C. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.*

We have just received two works on hygiene from A. S. Barnes & Co. The first is "Hygiene for Young People," by Mary H. Hunt with a long official name. Professor A. B. Palmer of Ann Harbor is freely quoted through the book and writes a flattering introduction to it. It is written in a simple style and adapted to primary classes. The subject matter is excellent embracing facts every one ought to know. The arrangement of chapters we think might be improved.

The second book on the same topic is "Hygienic Physiology" by J. Dorman Steele. This covers more ground than the former book and uses scientific terms. It is adapted to more advanced classes. The excellence of the work both in matter and style is guaranteed in an author so widely and favorably known. It must be understood that both books are written with special reference to the effects of alcohol and other stimulants upon the human body.

The bills lately passed by New York, Michigan, Vermont and other states, and just now by Pennsylvania makes such text books a necessity. We utter but the truth when we say that they are the best written, freest from exaggeration and most adapted to their object of any to be found.

"Discriminate." a companion to "Don't" of the parchment series by D. Appleton & Co., is a handy little volume showing by examples where to use words often considered synonomous. Every one should have it.

A quarterly "Index to Periodicals" a continuation of Poole's Index is being published, edited by Fletcher, Poole's former associate.

"The Rescue of Greeley" by Commander W. S. Schley and Professor J. R. Soley is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The illustrations are excellent. It cannot fail to interest; the reader feeling that the writers speak from experience.

General Grant seems to be an inexhaustible subject. "A Military History of General Grant" by his aid-de-camp General Badeau is just issued by D. Appleton & Co.

"Massachusetts" in the American Commonwealth series is to be written by Brooks Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams.

The Century will hereafter be issued on the first of the month. Other magazines should follow.

General Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur, will finish the novel on which he is engaged, as soon as a new minister succeeds him at Constantinople.

LOCALS.

Professor of Geology, treating of the fossil animals found in the rocks. Prof. We now come to Mr.——, the lowest order of animals. Mr.—— feels highly complimented and class collapses.

No wonder Doctor McCook can find out the tiny little spider and his wiles for ensnaring prey. He saw with the naked eye the silky down upon some of the Seniors upper lips. He is one of the most observant men of the time.

We are all rejoiced to have our friend Patterson of '88 with us again, both for his cheerful company and because we need him on our first cricket eleven.

The Sophomore class complains of spondaic lessons in Prometheus as they are always too long (— —). Brockle wants dactylic one long and two short. Bottle suggests tribrach.

Our peddler could talk German, French, and Greek all of which were intelligible through Baron as interpreter; but he said he couldn't wrestle with his Russian.

Every evil has its compensating good following in its train, and this is surely the case with the freshets that have heretofore washed away the walk from Barclay Hall to the depot, for now a fine asphaltum walk adorns our grounds and we all feel that we are much indebted to some kind friend.

Elias thinks that laying asphalt walks must be profitable. He thinks of making it his life work.

Doctor McCook seems to understand very clearly a Freshman's liking for pie, and surely to any one who is at all inclined to be interested in the things around, the lecture delivered by him last on the 30th instant was full of pleasant and instructive information.

Will the Bryn Mawr College girls go to our meeting? If so, some of us must spruce up if we wish not to be left in the wild race for approbation.

Mr. Ernest K. Barr has left us for a European trip. We wish him most heartily the greatest possible amount of pleasure, and may he regain the best of health before his return. He will be sadly missed in the College where his general abilities and genial manners made him deservedly a most popular fellow. In cricket also the college will feel greatly his absence. May he return to us in the fall.

Who is local editor now?

On the nineteenth of last month some of those little schemes, that have been nourished so long and tenderly, bore fruit in the form of a concert given by some of our students at Bryn Mawr Hall. It was quite a success, as the Hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and the fellows sang well and all went "merry as a wedding bell." It seemed as though the trials and tribulations through which the fellows passed to attain their end had acted on them as a stimulus.

The HAVERFORDIAN'S spring poet having gotten out of his stock rhymes, determined that realism is the spirit of the day, consequently he penned these few gems which, while they may contain but little of the genius of poetry, are certainly life like in their simplicity.

ON SEEING A "BID."

Down the corridor she tramps,
Her arms are heavy laden
With the buckets and the lamps,
Dusty little maiden.

Reflections caused by the appearance of a tramp; in which a question is poetically propounded and answered.

How doth the weary, wandering tramp
Improve each passing hour?
He leaves his coat down in his camp
And comes in shirt sleeves, the merry scamp,
And begs with voice, both hoarse and damp
For something to shield him from the shower.

EXCHANGES.

The April number of the *Vassar Miscellany* comes to us filled with originality and good sense. The first article evinces much thoughtfulness, and sets forth in a plain and forcible manner the only way by which we can attain to that true intellectual life which we all so much desire. We quote the following:—"However circumstances may help or hinder us, the intellectual life is always a contest or a discipline, and the art or skill of living intellectually does not so much consist in surrounding ourselves with what is reputed to be advantageous, as in compelling every circumstance and condition of our lives to yield us some tribute of intellectual benefit and force, * * * The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science, or in perfection of expression *but in a constant preference for high thoughts over lower thoughts:* and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of infomration. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct. * * * Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a *state* or *condition of the mind* in which it seeks earnestly for

the highest and purest truth." The essays on *Physical Culture* and *Modern Fiction* are ably written, both being the production of graduates. No doubt such contributions raise the standard of the paper but we are always glad to see more work done by the present students.

Nothing tends to raise a periodical in the estimation of the public more than a firm adherence to principle. This most important truth has been most strikingly violated in the last number of the *College Rambler*. How a man can advocate attendance at prayer meetings we can understand. How a civilized American can preach the extirmination of the Indians does not appear so clear. But that a man, sufficiently developed to comprehend either of the above topics, should deliberately embrace both, is indeed a most perfect paradox. We seriously suspect that our western friend has *rambled* too far, and kindly advise him to pause and rearrange his incongruous load of principles before proceeding further. It seems probable also that this valuable journal should be adorned by an appropriate cover before proceeding furthur to criticise, so severely, the dress of weaker brothers.

That merchants and men of business are generally averse to giving employment to College graduates is due in great measure, we believe, to a deep and strongly rooted prejudice which only time and the undoubted worth of graduates obtaining employment, can ever efface. The following spirited editorial from the *Dartmouth* plainly sets forth the claims of the college men.

"The remark was recently made by President Eliot of Harvard, that:—"In no field does college education tell more than in the field of business! This is, we believe, contrary to the opinion that prevails among men of average education, not college graduates; but it appears to us to contain a vast amount of truth, and it is probable that public sentiment is being gradually modified in this direction. It has been a common thing for men of means to refuse to send their boys to college on the ground that they were going into business, where, according to their view, a college education would be worse than useless. If there were anything connected with any kind of business which called for dull wits and narrow minds, then there might be some sense in such a position. But the opposite being true, it is important to observe that college training of the present day aims at developing the best qualities in a man, and at giving him personal independence, outside of mere technical instruction. It is not a new, but a very true, saying that nowhere can a man get a more thorough knowledge of human nature than during his college life. Business wants all the men it can get equipped in just this way. Special training is of course required after graduation, but the college man has acquired the ability to learn better and more quickly a particular branch of trade than a non-graduate, and is usually much more efficient after he has learned it. One trouble is that in estimating college graduates, business men, as well as some others, are apt to pick out, as a standard, the few cheap characters which every college sends out, and which neither education nor anything short of re-creation could fit for a prominent sphere of action."

Among our many exchanges none claim a larger share of our interest than the *Student*. The April issue now before us is fully up to the average in most respects, and contains a fair share of interesting essays, especially the one entitled "Industrial Education" is filled with good ideas. The *Science Notes* are very entertaining, and the items well selected; but where is the interest once manifested so fully in the deparment for queries and answers? When this department was added to the paper we were surprised and gratified by the great amount of interest taken, and the eagerness with which the different queries were answered, sometimes two or three answers coming for one question, but gradually the enthusiasm flagged, queries and answers alike fell off, till, with the last number there is but one query, Cannot something be done to arouse us once more? It cannot surely be pleaded that we need ask no more questions, such a perfection of knowledge

is unattainable: but even if we do not ask for information, would it not be well to send in such questions, the answers to which would prove instructive to many? By all means, let us strive to prevent the failure of this most useful department.

CRICKET.

The opening match played on the Haverford ground against the University Barge Club on May 2d, resulted in a brilliant victory for the home team. The scores were large for the beginning of the season. Haverford having won the toss, selected the bat, Reeve and Patterson being sent to face the deliveries of S. Law and Dr. Morris. To the great disappointment of all, Patterson was bowled by Law in his second over; but Bettle following, a display of most beautiful cricket ensued, and the fielders were kept busy until, the score standing at 58, Reeve was captured by Dr. Morris with 21 runs to his name, and Price took his place to be bowled by the same trundler soon after. Captain Hilles now came to defend the wicket, and another stand, in which hard hitting was the rule, carried the total to 103. Then Hilles was retired by a new bowler, Mr. Platt, with a fat 32 to his credit. The game was now less interesting, Bettle having been captured by Law after a magnificent innings worth 52 runs. The wickets then fell rapidly, Baily contributing 5, Crosman 3 and not out, P. H. Morris 1, while Garrett, McFarland and Blair were disposed of in order by Law, each with a zero to account for.

The Barge Club then went to the bat, Hilles and Patterson handling the ball. The innings was short, Law and Dr. Morris making the only stand. The former was neatly stumped by Price, Patterson bowling, for 11 runs; the latter being disposed of for 19. The total innings was only 50 runs including 9 extras.

The Barge Club then "followed;" and in their second attempt by means of somewhat reckless "slugging," put together 104 runs. The 50 of Mr. Platt however included some brilliant driving and good cricket.

Haverford then went to the bat and carried the total of both innings to 157 with the loss of 3 wickets. Reeve still kept his place with a score of 22, when the stumps were drawn.

The home team thus won by 3 runs, with 7 wickets to spare.

The score is as follows:

HAVERFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Patterson, b. Law	0	Crosman, b. Law	0
W. T. Reeve, c, & b Morris	21	Reeve, not out	22
S. Bettle, c, & b. S. Law	52	Bettle, b. Law	11
W. T. Price, b. Morris	0	Hilles, c. Law, b. Morris	0
Hilles, c. Watts, b. Platt	32	Baily, not out	0
C. Baily, c. & b. Platt	5	Byes 6, Wide 1	7
Crosman, not out	3		
Garrett, b. Law	0	Total	40
McFarland, b. Law	0		
Blair, c. Watts, b. Law	0		
P. H. Morris, b. Law	1		
Wides	3		
Total	117		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
S. Law	241	7	6	39
Dr. Morris	96	5	2	42
Worrel	18	0	0	18
Platt	42	0	2	15

Wides, Morris 1, Platt 2.

SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W	R.
S. Law	48	5	2	14
Dr. Morris	42	1	1	18

BARGE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Worrel, c, & b. Patterson	0	Hoffman, b. Hilles	0
Watts, run out	2	J. C. Morris, b. Hilles	1
Law, st. Price, b. Patterson	11	H. Dixon, l. b. w. b. Bettle	19
Dr. Morris, b. Patterson	19	Worrel, b. Baily	1
H. Dixon, c. Crosman, b. Patterson	3	Biddle, b. Baily	4
Hoffman, run out,	5	Platt, b. Hilles	50
Platt, c. Crosman, b. Patterson	0	Carter, b. Baily	5
Biddle, b. Patterson	0	Fisher, c. Hilles, b. Garrett	2
Carter, c. Hilles, b. Patterson	0	Dr. Morris, not out	13
Fisher, b. Hilles	1	S. Law, b. Hilles	4
J. C. Morris, not out	0	Byes 2, Leg Byes 2, Wide 1	5
Byes 7, Wides 2	9		
Total	50	Total	104

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	84	4	1	16
Patterson	80	1	7	25

Hilles 2 Wides.

SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	53	2	4	10
Baily	72	2	3	33
Bettle	30	0	1	21
Garrett	30	0	1	21

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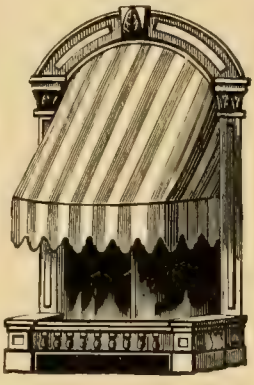

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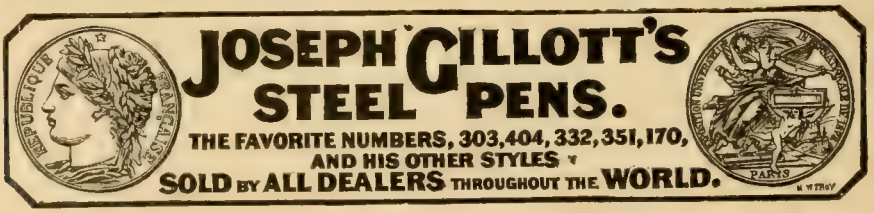

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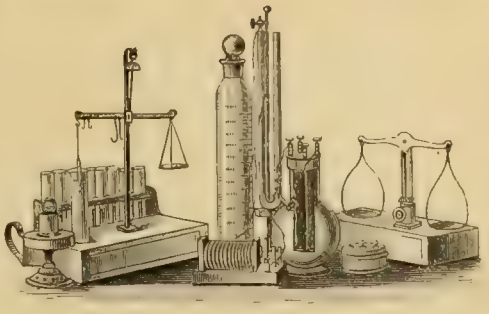

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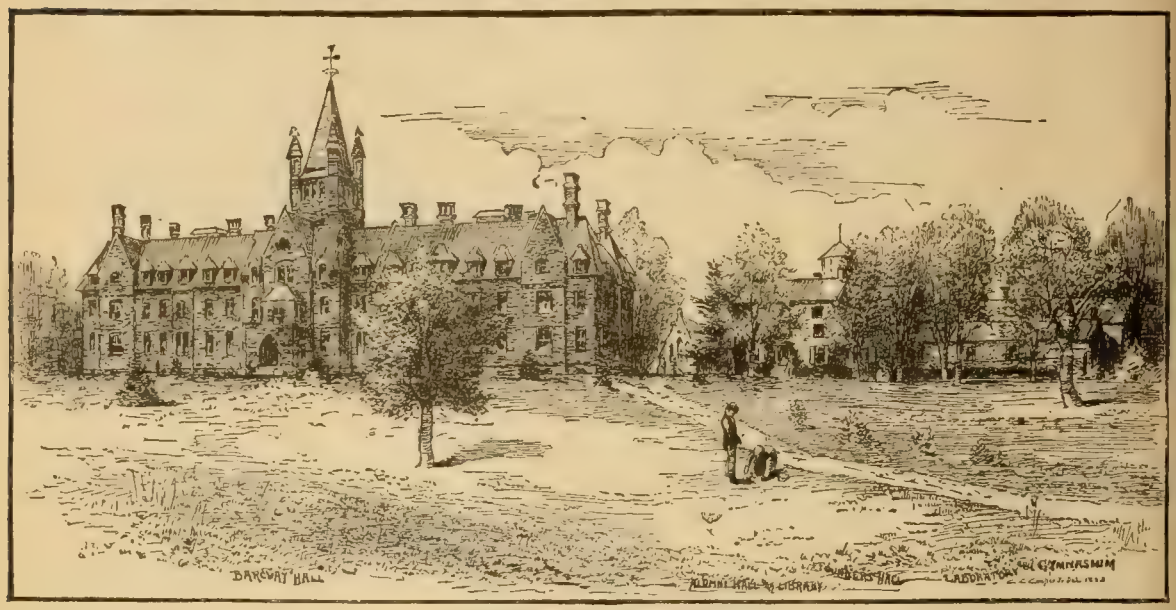

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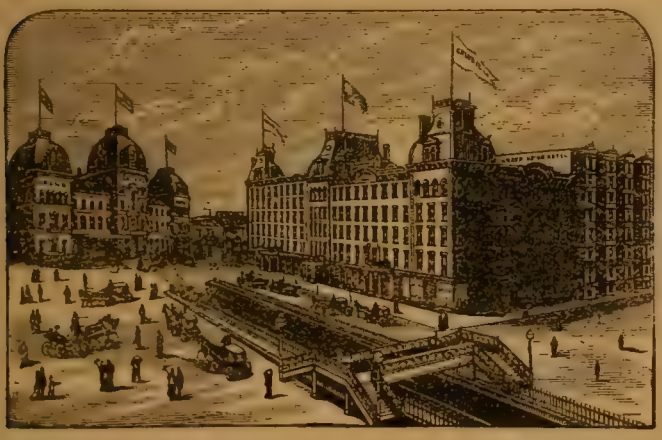

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June.

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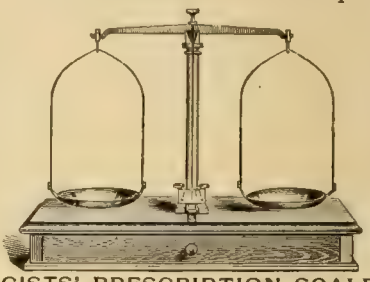

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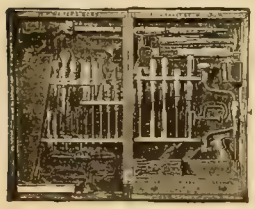

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The Haverfordian.

VOL. VI. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., June, 1885. No. 9

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through mails at second class rates.

WE believe in striking while the iron is hot, and now that it is fresh in our minds let us say a few words in regard to the Alumni Prize Oration. That there is some literary ability in our college no one will deny, and while we regret that there are so few occasions on which to display it publicly, we cannot say that the students are very enthusiastic in availing themselves of the privilege even thus rarely brought about. In truth, the prize offered, by the Alumni, to members of the Senior and Junior classes is the only one of real value that can be obtained here for excellence in composition or oratory; and with three literary societies which have been more than usually successful of late, and between whom exists that friendly rivalry conducive to good literary work, it may seem, at first, a matter of surprise that only six students entered into this year's contest, and that the number has been so small in previous years. But what are the facts of the case? The present rules require that the contest shall take place on the last Friday in May. This is just midway between the Junior Exercises and Commencement, when half of those who may compete feel little disposed to prepare and deliver a second oration in the space of four weeks, while the other half is occupied in getting ready for graduation. Again, the speakers appointed for the Loganian Public Meeting are generally those who would be glad to try for the Alumni prize, if they only had time for the necessary preparation. So with the amount of literary work required at the close of the year, it is very inconvenient for the students to attempt more. Would it not be better to appoint a date for the Prize orations at some more suitable season?

Why not appoint the last evening of the fall term which has generally been celebrated with a big racket in Barclay Hall?

To be sure, the Juniors would be minus the valuable training they receive from President Chase, previous to their Exhibition, yet the advantages offered by time and season would partly compensate for this, and the greater number of competitors would show to those whose kindness made possible to us a reward for our work, that their effort to bring out what little talent we may possess was not unappreciated.

LIVING as we do in the time of Kindergarten schools, blackboards and lectures; and comparing the work which we have to do to obtain a given amount of information, with that required of students

two or three centuries ago, we can but appreciate, in a measure, the debt that we owe to those who have left us to enjoy the fruits of their labors. And every one of us should feel that by accepting these gifts, shall we say, of theirs we put ourselves under obligations to leave, as the fruit of our own labors,something to aid those who come after us.

Looking over our Lecture course, just finished, we can but be very well pleased with it as a whole, for we have had some rare treats in this line. For instance the four lectures given by Prof. Luigi Monti were all very interesting in themselves and gained an added interest from the fact that their author is one of the famous men of his country's troublous times, and has been immortalized, as the Young Sicilian, by our Longfellow in his Tales of the Wayside Inn.

James Wood's lecture, on Ireland, was very interesting and instructive, in his lively and at times humorous style, giving facts that were new to most of us and some that were diametrically opposed to information previously obtained, but which have since been repeatedly confirmed by some of our best authorities, thus strengthening our confidence in the lecturer as an accurate and trustworthy authority. The lecture on Monks and Monasteries by Prof. Davenport, also, as usual with his lectures, was one of the best and as it treated of a subject not often handled, was very instructive. Of course in thus mentioning these lectures we merely give them as samples of the course and as those which impressed us the most, and we wish to say right here that in no one way can a student learn more about a subject in a given time than by giving heed to a good lecture.

The last and by no means the least of our lectures were those given since vacation by Dr. McCook. One on "The Industrial Art of Spiders," and the other on their Maternal Instinct. Perhaps at the first glance one might think that the spider is a poor subject for a lecture, but one only needs to hear a little of his wonderful character to change his mind. It seemed a very suitable time to learn of the habits of these little creatures just as they are coming out into active life again. Besides the regular college course we have had several lectures, before the Loganian Society, by our Professors, which were also of a high character and well worth our attention. We often miss a great deal by our staying away from these Loganian lectures and exemplifying the truth to a small extent that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people."

WE have often thought that it was a great pity that so many of the institutions of learning, throughout our country, are crippled by their lack of means with which to fulfill the object for which they have been founded. And our own college has been, and is as yet, no exception to this condition of things. Her beautiful and healthful situation, her thoroughly efficient corps of instructors lay open to her a field of great usefulness, which, so far as the means at her command allow, is thoroughly occupied, but we need more with which to do. Very lately our friends have been mindful of our college and in addition to the generous bequest of which President Chase has kindly given the sketch annexed to this article, we have been the recipients of some smaller but not less acceptable gifts; such as a collection of stuffed and unmounted birds, for the use of students in class work, a dozen excellent microscopes for class work also, and lastly, a thing that we very much needed, a new boiler and engine able to run all the machinery in the shop, which for the past year has labored under some difficulties.

The names of the donors have not been given us, but we can say that these gifts will be in use next year and that they could not have been put to better use.

BY the will of the late Jacob P. Jones, of Philadelphia, Haverford College will ultimately come into the posession of a very large estate, ensuring its permanence and increased usefulness. It cannot be told precisely to what the endowment will amount, but it will be generous and adequate. Jacob P. Jones was a sincere Friend in principle and by conviction, and a model of the christian graces in life and character. He has made large donations to the College in former years. His only son, Richard Thomas Jones, was graduated here in 1863, and was a young man of brilliant talents and noble character. He died universally lamented in 1869, and his father has bequeathed $5,000 to endow a scholarship, in the College, bearing his name.

VERY few were out to hear the orations delivered in the contest for the Alumni Prize on Friday evening, May 29th. Notwithstanding the fewness of the hearers we think we may say that the oratory was up to the average, and that most of the orations were written better than they were delivered.

After a few words from Professor Thomas in opening the exercises, in which he remarked that the six speakers were all from the Senior class, the first speaker, Rufus M. Jones, delivered his oration, on Wm. Pitt, The Great Commoner, in very good style. His treatment of his subject showed thought and study.

Wm. T. Hussey then spoke on "Moral Force," giving some very original ideas and altogether doing credit to himself, having the misfortune to be left in the dark by a sudden freak of the gas in the hall, he, however, calmly continued and light was restored to the benighted audience. "Poe as a Poet" was very well delivered by W. S. Hilles, and gave evidence of a love for, and acquaintance with the life and works of this, as he termed him, "much abused poet." Poe certainly has in *him* a warm admirer and defender. A sketch of "Charles Sumner" followed next, by A. H. Reeve, given in a style peculiar to the speaker. It was an eulogistic sketch of this noble man. I. Sutton in his "Submission on Equality," gave some very good ideas on the question of the colored people in the South, in which he seems, as a true citizen should, to be deeply interested.

The final speech of the evening was delivered by Arthur M. Jones, on "Henry Wilson and the Slave Power." The speaker threw himself into his subject, speaking clearly and with force, and in his article showing an appreciation of sterling integrity and principle.

At the last minute as we are going to press the decision of the judges has not reached us and although the friends of the speakers are very anxious to hear the result and it was our intention to wait for it, we can delay no longer.

A MODERN RECLUSE.

A homeless troubled age—the gray
Pale setting of a weary day;
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept;
Yet still his heart its young dream kept,
And, wandering like the deluge dove,
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And mateless, childless, envied more
The peasants welcome from his door
By smiling eyes at eventide,
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until in place of wife and child,
All-pitying Nature on him smiled;
And gave to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim!
She laid her great heart bare to him,
Its loves and sweet accords!—he saw
The beauty of her perfect law.

The Chapel of the Hermits.

FEW of us perhaps, as we read with deep interest the story of the hermits, retiring from the busy haunts of men, and living in such close communion with nature

and with nature's God, are aware that almost at our very doors, has been living for years a veritable recluse. Yet such is the fact; in a beautiful secluded grove hardly two miles from Bryn Mawr, may be found a man dwelling alone, with only the birds and flowers as his visible companions, and pouring forth songs overflowing with "natural piety."

Concerning his early life much remains a mystery, but this at least is certain, that he is a native of Manchester, England, and

was originally a sailor. While following this occupation he visited many foreign countries, going in one voyage as far as India, and also for a time, he cruised along the shores of Africa, in order to capture the slavers that frequented those seas.

It was here, on shipboard, that he received his meagre education. One of the officers noticing the great desire he had to learn to read and write, kindly taught him, and further permitted him to have access to the ship's library. This rare treat he enjoyed exceedingly, spending the time, which the other sailors devoted to their games, in reading.

About this time too he began composing his poems, and had collected quite a volume with the intention of sometime having them published; but all his designs were frustrated by his ship being wrecked off Cape Hatteras. So sudden was the sinking of the vessel that the sailors had barely time to escape in the small boats, without saving any portion of their goods.

After beating about for several days, with no protection from the storm, our hermit, with his companions, was picked up by a passing vessel and taken into one of the Southern ports. He had suffered so severely from the cold, his hands especially, being terribly frost-bitten, that he was wholly unfitted to continue his life as a sailor, and having no friends or relatives to assist him and feeling deeply grateful for his deliverance, he determined to go into seclusion and spend the remainder of his days in quiet meditation.

In the selection of his place of retirement

he has displayed much poetic taste. His humble cottage stands on a hillside near the border of the wood, overlooking a beautiful meadow, through which winds a sparkling streamlet. High overhead the tall chestnuts weave their branches in which the thrushes sing and the squirrels gambol in the summer, and among which the stormy winds wake their wild music in the winter. Near at hand in a small ravine is his spring, which he has caused to flow into two small reservoirs, around which the delicate ferns and uvularias bowing in the soft breeze form a complete wreath, and lend much to the attractiveness of the place.

Among such surroundings as these, his cottage, although rough and constructed of the rudest materials, has still an appearance of quietude and comfort not known to many structures of far loftier pretensions.

Here seated before his lowly dwelling he composes his songs, fresh with the spirit of the scenes around him and breathing out the pure inspiration of nature, as in these lines from the "*Bard's Heritage:*"—

> And how I dearly love to sing
> The songs of Nature gay;
> The charming, blooming, balmy spring
> And the flowery month of May;
> Each little wild bird on the wing,
> With merry roundelay,
> That does a tuneful tribute bring
> To hail the dawning day.
> The forests wild, the mountains high,
> The fields and valleys green,
> As each successive meets the eye
> A grand, delightful scene,
> Where sylvan dells secluded lie
> Like jewels gemmed between,
> Such is my treasure, wealth and store,
> My bounty and reward.

And a rich reward he deems it too! No one enters more fully into the spirit of the scenes around him, or appreciates them more, and when he says;

> "Tis sweet to wander by the brook
> Meandering down the vale,
> Or from the summit's crest to look
> Abroad, o'er hill and dale."

we know that he means it, and that every word comes from his very soul.

Thus after his many wanderings he lives in contentment and quiet, almost his only book being the ever open book of nature, every one of whose hieroglyphics he can correctly interpret and whose exhaustless pages he never tires of reading. But we must not conclude that he spends no portion of his time reading from printed pages; his small library consisting of a Bible, a copy of Tennyson's poems, and of Whittier's, claims no small part of his attention. Passages from his Bible, especially from the New Testament, often appear as headings to his poems. Among the poets with whom he has made some acquaintance, Whittier occupies the first place in his estimation, while some parts of Tennyson he considers unsurpassed. He also admires the "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, but has not had a copy since his shipwreck.

Considering his very poor advantages of obtaining an education, his knowledge of various subjects is wonderful, and one is frequently surprised in reading his poems at some mythological allusion, or an appropriate quotation from one of the standard authors. However, he keenly feels the loss of a regular school training, and in one of his poems we hear him exclaim;

> "Say not that ignorance is bliss."

But none can appreciate better than he the advantages that have fallen to his lot, and thankfully he says:

> "Kind Nature taught me all I know,
> And claimed me as her child."

And again:

> "No bolts nor shackles can control
> The freedom of the mind and soul.
> No prison cell with iron door,
> Nor clanking fetters can secure
> The germs of thought by Nature sown."

It is these stray "germs of thought by Nature sown" that give to his writings their peculiar charm, and they may justly be compared to the rolling meadow which

stretches away before his door. Although on every side spring up grass and weeds, and even at intervals a thistle may lift its prickly leaf, yet the music of the crystal waters is never lost, and now and then we rejoice to discover the innocent face and delicate perfume of a modest violet, or the graceful stems and cheerful countenances of a cluster of forget-me-nots.

With a mind intensely religious, he has never joined any sect, nor bound himself in any established creed, but his religion is of that high and lofty character which has ever marked the beliefs of the world's greatest men. Alone in the depth of the wood we can hear him saying fervently in his devotions;

"The forests are thy temples still
Thy presence doth creation fill."

This grand idea of the Divine Presence is ever uppermost in his mind; all things he sees are intended for his good, and in surveying his former life, with all its hardships and perils he is content; firmly believing, as he so beautifully expresses it, that

"God's wise designs ordained it so."

Although living in the midst of the world's busiest century, and surrounded on every side by its active influences, yet in such a life as this, so humble, so pure, so unambitious, there is much we can admire, much we can strive to imitate.

This is the great lesson taught us by our hermit, that no matter what be our lot, no matter whether our lives be successful or unsuccessful, the sun still shines, the birds still sing and the waters flow, for our enjoyment; and that in all things we must recognize the merciful dealings of a kind Father who does all things for our best welfare.

No one can visit his humble abode without being impressed with the peaceful feeling which pervades the whole place, and especially after our day's work is done, when we walk into that silent grove and hold converse with the venerable sage who dwells there, we feel our petty cares and anxieties to fade away before his simple philosophy, and know ourselves to be lifted into a higher and purer atmosphere.

'85's SUPPER TO PROF. THOMAS.

THE class of '85, on the evening of the 4th, gave a supper to Prof. Allen C. Thomas who sails for Europe on the 11th inst., to which the faculty were invited, with the following *Menu:* Lobster chops, baked shad and cucumbers, veal cutlets, green peas, asparagus, new potatoes, deviled crabs, strawberries, ices, coffee and lemonade.

It was one of the pleasantest occasions of the whole course, and the warm feeling, which has all along existed between the faculty and the Senior class, was clearly shown, a feeling which is too seldom present between instructor and instructed. The supper began shortly after 8 o'clock, and it is needless to say that full justice was done to the viands, making one think that it is rather unfortunate for said class to be sent out into the world to earn a living in the same year that the seventeen year locusts have appeared. When there was a lull in the last course, the President of the class, R. M. Jones, made a few remarks, speaking of the earnestness which Prof. Thomas had shown in his work and the interest he had taken in the class, and wishing that his year in the Old World might be full of pleasure and profit, and that he might long continue to give the College the benefit of his instruction.

Prof. Thomas responded as follows:

On such an occasion as the present I feel no slight embarrassment—if I simply say, I thank you—gentlemen of the class of 1885—thank you for this unlooked for expression of your good will, *you* would doubtless feel disappointed at such a brief acknowledgment, and *I* would be conscious that something was lacking on my part.

It is indeed pleasant to feel your kindly appreciation of the past, and I am sure your best wishes will follow me in my endeavor to gain from Universities of the old world, something that will enable me better to guide your successors in the field of historical study.

Coleridge once asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply. I fear that you might almost say the same of me; and yet, if I have oftener attempted to point a moral than to adorn a tale, it has been from the desire of emphasizing the importance of *earnestness* in life.

I would I had the power fully to express what I feel regarding *you*, and *all* the students with whom I come in contact—in a word, it is that you should be living exponents of all that is implied in its highest sense in the word *men* that you should dare do all that doth become Christian men.

We all have been rejoicing that Haverford at last has been put upon a solid foundation, and that in due time she will reap the benefit of a noble generosity. Let us hope that those to whom is intrusted the dispensing of this munificence and those to whom the instruction of the students is committed, will never forget that there can be no higher aim for them than to send out from these academic groves not scholars only, but scholars who are also *men*.

The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is one of the highest of earthly callings, and yet knowledge is but a means to an end.

Excessive devotion to study, however, is not a very common fault, the neglect of study and reading is far commoner. How often we see the college graduate leaving his studies and his reading when he leaves his college. There is no truer maxim than "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The wise man did not mean us to read it, "Whatsoever *one* thing thy hand findeth to do, do that *one* thing and neglect the rest." It is do *all* things with thy might—measuring out thy life in due proportion.

> "To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
> Toward solid good what lies the nearest way;
> For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
> And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
> That with superfluous burden leads the day,
> And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains."

And so I would encourage you not to be wholly given up to the pursuits of material things, but to employ a cheerful hour in reading or in study in examination of nature's secrets. So far as practicable, keep abreast of the times in literature, and science, and politics. Do not rest satisfied with a daily newspaper—read it, but not the whole of it; leave unread fully half, and give the time thus saved to the great Authors or to investigation of Nature in some of her varied forms. Your view of men, will thus be widened, your mind will be cultivated, and when the time comes as I trust it may to all, that you can lay aside active work you will have something which will be a solace, a refuge, and an ever increasing delight.

Each of us has more time at his beck than he is willing to acknowledge. Each can spare many moments without tresspasing upon work, social intercourse, or physical exercise. Half an hour or even fifteen minutes every day will accomplish much and the habit once formed, the book may be laid down, or the study broken off, with the certainty that when resumed the mind will take up its work again without serious loss of time. Naturally, I magnify my office, so I would especially recommend the reading of History, as needing little or no apparatus, no laboratory, and is productive of no anxiety. A goodly number of us have spent no small amount of time in reviewing the history of our own and of other lands. No one of us has wholly neg-

lected the study of the actions and aspirations of men of the past. If you have learned that it is only by the active participation in national affairs of the earnest, virtuous, patriotic, individual citizen that a nation can have, a continuous healthy growth, and thus escape the fate of those great empires which rose, flourished and fell, leaving on the shores of the Mediterranean so many records not only of their magnificence, but also of that corruption and immorality which caused their ruin, the time will not have been spent in vain. Are you enough of pessimists to believe, as many do, that nations are governed by a general law of growth and decay, and therefore our nation too, must look forward to such an end as that of Rome, I trust not.—But unless you, and we, and others do our work, such will be most assuredly the fate of these United States. Signs are not lacking—luxury, communism, socialism, infidelity, lack of reverence, distrust of our political institutions are all around us. Unless the majority of our citizens continue to be found supporting *in earnest* those things which are honorable, which are just, which are pure, which are lovely, which are of good report, our country's destiny may be surely foreseen, upon each one of *you* rests a responsibility—how great, nor you, nor I can tell, but it cannot be slight to men of the abilities which you have displayed—the responsibility to do your share in perpetuating in this land free government, liberty of conscience, freedom of worship. Do not be misled by sham reform, but see that the root of the evil is cut off; beware of men who "compound for sins they are inclined to" by condemning those that have no attraction for them; neither overestimate the evil, nor undervalue it, neither blinded by prejudice, not bound down by unwise custom, be large-hearted, reasonable men, cheering your fellow workers by your example and inviting others to join your ranks.

Another thought.—Thoroughness has been Haverford's distinction in the past. If there has been any lack of it during your four years, it is too late to remedy now. But I trust that you, and we, your teachers, will ever keep before us Strafford's *good* motto, though used by him in a *bad* cause —*be thorough.*

And now one word more in conclusion. Much that you have heard from us in the class room, or elsewhere, will be forgotten, but may I express the hope that something will remain ever fresh and pleasant in your recollection. I cannot stop without referring to my own experienee. It lacks but a few days of twenty years since I stood in your places, here at Haverford, and as I have been speaking, memories of words spoken, beauties pointed out, lessons taught, have been crowding into my mind, and with grateful appreciation I acknowledge a large debt to the College and to her Faculty, not the least to him, who, your instructor, was also mine.

President Chase was next called upon. He spoke of Prof. Thomas as a student, his attainments since and the value of his teaching at Haverford. He spoke of the interest he should always take in 'the noble class of '85,' and he hoped to hear some wit and wisdom from different members of the class. Prof. Chase followed, referring to the stress which Philadelphians laid on family relationship, he said he was reminded of an illustrious relative of Prof. Thomas. His wife's sister-in-law's grandmother's step-son married Andrew Jackson's adopted daughter. This may account for Prof. Thomas' knowledge of the Constitution. Andrew Jackson supported the constitution as he understood it, but we had as our instructor in constitutional law and history, a man who understood it better than Andrew Jackson did. He then spoke of the picture which the class of '85 had presented to him, and that it should always remain on the walls of his home as a

lasting memorial of the class. Prof. Davenport said that Martin Van Buren in a speech accepting the nomination to the presidency, promised if elected to walk in the steps of his illustrious predecessor, that while Prof. Thomas was abroad he was to follow in his steps as an instructor, but he should follow "*haud passibus æquis*" as Ascanius did; while Prof. Thomas had taken long strides, he must take little short steps and take them so much oftener, but that if he could in any measure keep up with *his* illustrious predecessor he should consider that he had done what Cæsar calls a "*magnam rem*," a big thing. Prof. Sharpless made some very complimentary remarks about Prof. Thomas and the class, and he made some startling revelations. After a number of speeches from different members of the class and a hearty class song, the feast closed, an occasion not soon to be forgotten.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS.

JOHN HUS.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT DELIVERED BEFORE THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WITH the death of Pope Gregory XI., in 1378, the "Babylonish captivity" of the Papacy came to an end, but the disgrace of the captivity was to be followed by the deeper disgrace of the schism. There were to be for years two Popes, one at Rome and one at Avignon, each claiming to be the vicar of Christ and denouncing the other as Antichrist; each maintaining himself to be the true sucessor of St. Peter, and cursing the other as an upstart. Nay! there were even to be three Popes at the same time, and the Christian world was to divide its allegience between them.

With the heads of the church thus anathematizing and excommunicating each other, what room was there for reform among the lower clergy? and what opportunity for the common people to hear the Gospel of Christ, when one party of the clergy was occupied in cursing the other, and exhausting its energies in the long continued struggle, having no care for the spiritual weal of its flock? Unless, to be sure, fearless men like Hus were willing to risk their lives in giving spiritual bread to the neglected people. And well for the world that such men have lived! But with the exception of these, the Christian church throughout the fifteenth century was almost if not quite, at its darkest and lowest point. The crimes practiced by the clergy are too well known to need mentioning. Avarice and greed seem to have been a part of their natures, so completely are they engrafted in them and so constantly practised. Simony, nepotism, the holding of pluralities, anything by which money or power could be gained, was not only common, but almost universal. Naturally, therefore, when everything was looked upon in this light, and a position in the church was taken, with regard only to its pecuniary emoluments, the preaching of the gospel was shamefully neglected, and religion, to a great degree, sank into a superstitious mummery. But even more digraceful than the avarice, the greed, the constant neglect of the duties of a priest, is the gross and unblushing immorality of the clergy of all ranks. From this it is fitting that we turn away in disgust and loathing.

The purer minds of christendom had long been alive to these disgraces, and efforts for their reform had not been wanting. The Council of Pisa was summoned for the purpose of putting an end to the schism which had existed for thirty years. A short reference to it only is necessary. The rival Popes were summoned to appear before its bar and submit their claims, and upon their refusal to do so were declared contumacious and deposed from their office. The council then proceeded to the election of Alexander V. as Pope. But the schism is not ended. The two rival Popes were, to be sure, declared deposed, but they did not consider the declaration of any weight, and far from mending matters, there were now three Popes instead of two.

The council of Constance is of greater importance, and it is with it that we have mainly to do. It was summoned for three great ends, which are, as given by Milman, 1st. The union of the church under one acknowledged pope. 2nd. The reformation of the clergy in its head and in its members. 3rd. The extirpation of erroneous and heretical doctrines.

Some months before the opening of the council, members began to arrive at Con stance; grand bishops, in all the splendor of ecclesiastical pomp, attended by large retinues; noblemen and princes in martial array; poorer priests, servants, and menials, all keep winding down into the little city upon which the eyes of all Christendom are fixed. Pope John and the Emperor having arrived the council grows rapidly, until fifty or a hundred thousand strangers are entertained by the city, commonly of only seven or eight thousand inhabitants. But before the coming of the Emperor and a short time after the arrival of the Pope, another man entered Constance, "a pale thin man, in mean attire," the so-called heretic, Hus.

I left Hus in exile from Prague, and after so long a digression, it is time to turn again to him. Always ready to defend his opinions, and conscious of no error, he had gladly obeyed when summoned to attend the council. His departure from Prague was most touching. The Emperor promised to send him a safe-conduct, and caused him to be informed, Neander tells us, that he "would make sufficient provision for his being heard before the council, and that if he did not submit to the decision of the council, he would send him back unharmed to Bohemia." Hus wrote to Sigismund, thanking him for his kindness and promises. He says; "I will humbly trust my life on it, and under the safe-conduct of your protection, shall, with the permission of the Highest, appear at the next council, at Constance." But although he expressed himself to the Emperor as satisfied with the safe-conduct, although he had as yet only received the promise of one, he was warned by his friends not to trust himself to it. One of his congregation, quoted by Neander said to him on taking leave, "God be with thee; for hardly, think I, wilt thou get back unharmed, dearest Master John, and most steadfast in the truth! Not the King of Hungary but the King of Heaven reward thee with all good, for the good and true instruction I have received from thee."

Hus' own words, which I take from the same author, show that he was not without forebodings. "There will be more against me in the council of my enemies, than there were against our Saviour. * * * * If my death can glorify his name, then may he hasten it, and give me grace to endure with good courage whatever evil may befall me." And finally he adds, "Perhaps you will never see me again in Prague." These are but a few words, and many more might be given. But these suffice to show the spirit in which he set out for the council, where he knew not what awaited him,—a spirit of meek and fearless resignation, to whatever might be God's will toward him.

For sometime after his arrival very little attention was paid to Hus. He received the safe-conduct from the Emperor on the second day after he arrived, and the Pope suspended for a time the interdict and the ban. The council and the Pope were, in fact, busily engaged in settling the relations in which they stood to each other, and John found himself drawn into deeper and deeper trouble and was in the end, helplessly entangled. To go into the details of the action against him, would be out of place here. Suffice it to say that after fleeing from Constance, being brought back, and acknowledging as true monstrous charges which were brought forward against him, he was deposed from the papacy.

To go backward a little; when he had been about a month at Constance, Hus was seized and thrown into prison, notwithstanding the promises he had received; in violation of the safe-conduct; and in spite of the earnest protest of his devoted friend, John of Chlum. He was confined in a cell, so small that he could neither stand upright in it, nor recline at lenght, and so foul, and pestilential that his health completely broke down and he was seized with so serious a fever that his life was despaired of. Sigismund was naturally enraged at this violation of the safe-conduct he had granted, but his anger availed nothing against the zeal of the enemies of Hus. The council obeyed the Pope, and Hus was left to waste away in prison. It was only when his death was anticipated as a probable if not an inevitable result of his continued imprisonment, that he was removed to another place of confinement. And it is a striking fact that his place in the loathsome dungeon at Gottleben was filled by the very man who had deprived him of his liberty, John XXIII.

Hus appeared three times before the

council to be heard, and a fourth time at his degradation from the priesthood, but for obtaining a hearing he might as well not have appeared at all. In chains, and worn by sickness and imprisonment, we might have thought that the hearts of the most inveterate of his enemies, would have been touched with pity, and that he would at least have been allowed to speak freely in his own defense. But it was not so. He stood before a council composed almost wholly of his bitter enemies, with only here and there a staunch Bohemian or Moravian friend, boldly protesting against the injustice of the proceedings. The hero stands alone but undaunted. "He," as Carlyle says of the hero-priest, "appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force: knows that it, the invisible, is strong, and alone strong."

At the first appearance of Hus before the council, the uproar was so great that he could not make himself heard, and, although the case was not always as bad, yet there was no common ground upon which Hus and the council could meet. They demand that he submit himself absolutely to their will and decision. He, on the other hand, is ready to defend his opinions, on the authority of the Bible and the Christian Fathers, confident that he will be found orthodox, and in agreement with them. But the council was not sitting there to be instructed as to standards of orthodoxy. They were judges, ready and eager to condemn one who even by his holding out against them, became in their eyes an obstinate heretic. "Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?" They demand him to abjure errors, which he maintains he has never held: he demands first to be convinced of error. "It is the glory of Hus," says Creighton, "that he first deliberately asserted the rights of the individual conscience against ecclesiastical authority, and sealed his assertion by his own life-blood."

We see at once what the result of this mockery of a trial must be. Hus defends himself ably, he was even "guilty," Milman tells us, "of the rashness of discomfiting and perplexing his adversaries." Unquestionably he showed himself orthodox, in the main points of belief. Even on the dangerous ground of transubstantiation, he had not followed in the steps of Wiclif, but held with the church that it is a perpetual miracle. But in his protest against the vices of the clergy he had gone beyond their forbearance, and in conscientiously refusing to abjure errors that he had never held, and maintaining his position, single-handed against his enemies, he had closed behind him the door of mercy, and nothing was left but to bear in the same fearless spirit, with which he had borne all things, the utmost that his enemies could do.

His last vain hearing over, he is lead back to prison. Nothing, he knows, can save him now, but his own recantation. He must declare that he has erred in all the charges brought against him; he must promise never in the future to hold or teach these opinions; and, finally, he must publicly retract them. These are the conditions upon which he can save his life. But he will never recant; he may die the martyr's death, but he can never live the coward's life.

The safe conduct granted to Hus by the Emperor had been grossly violated by his imprisonment, and although Sigismund had protested then, he had since come to the conclusion that faith was not to be kept with a heretic, and he not only abandoned Hus to his enemies, but even joined their ranks hounding them on to vengeance, and urging that Hus should be burnt. It would be absurd to claim that the safe-conduct was granted to protect the holder from the just punishment for any crime of which he should be found guilty by existing laws; but the Emperor had informed Hus that if he could not submit to the decision of the councils, he should be allowed to return to Bohemia, there to be judged by the king and his clergy. That this was the expectation of Hus himself, appears from a letter written by him from Constance, which I have not space to quote. But the Emperor dreaded the consequence of keeping his word, since the council almost as a unit, desired the sacrifice of Hus. He was also strongly urged, that his promise was not binding since it had been given to a heretic. But trying to look carefully on both sides of the question, I can come to no other conclusion, following the authorities to which I have had access, than that the Emperor shamefully broke his oath.

No effort is spared to obtain Hus's recantation. One doctor, to assure him that he would be innocent of guilt in blindly submitting to the decision of the council, said to him: "If the council declared that thou hadst but one eye, when thou hadst two eyes, thou wouldst still be bound to submit to their decision." He was finally forced to acknowledge, however, that he had taken a bad example. Hus's friends too, urged him to retract, but only if he could do so without giving offence to his conscience. The knight of Chlum said to him, as quoted by Milman, "I am but an unlettered man, unfit to council one so learned. If you are conscious of error, do not be ashamed to confess it to the council. If not, I cannot advise you to act against your conscience. Bear any punishment rather than renounce the truth."

To hurry to the final scene: Hus is led to a session of the council, held in the Cathedral, where the Emperor is present in royal state, attended by the princes of the empire, As a heretic, Hus is retained without while mass is said, but is immediately after led in, while a bishop preaches against the sin of heresy, and turning in adulation to the Emperor, thus addressed him, pointing to Hus, "It is thy glorious office to destroy heresies and schism, especially this obstinate heretic." Often, as the charges against him were read, Hus attempted to speak in reply, but was each time silenced. When, however, he was accused of adding himself as a fourth person to the Trinity, he burst out, vehemently renouncing the monstrous charge. Finally he declares, "Freely came I hither under the safe conduct of the Emperor." As he said this he turned and looked steadily on Sigismund. A blush of shame colored the face of the perjured monarch.

After the sentence had been pronounced, the question arose, how is a man who has been made a priest, to be unmade? how can the sacredness of the priestly office be removed? In the end, after some dispute, it is done in the following manner: Hus is robed in the priestly vestments, and then these are at once taken from him. The tonsure remains, but that is theoretically obliterated by clipping the hair. Thus is a priest unmade. Thus is the hero-priest degraded from the priesthood. And now a tall paper cap, painted with hideous fiends is put upon his head, and a bishop says, "We commit thy body to the secular arm, and thy soul to the devil." "And I," says Hus, "commit it to my most merciful Lord, Jesus Christ." He was then led away to the stake.

Attended by a troop of horsemen and followed by crowds from the city, he made his way to the place of execution, past the spot where the impotent malice of his enemies is having his books burnt, that he might be spared no sting even at this dreadful hour. Before being bound to the stake he falls upon his knees and prays fervently, not for himself alone, nor for his beloved Bohemia, but with these, for the enemies who are about to satisfy their thirst for his blood. Can you not see him?—kneeling on the brink of eternity to pray for the souls of those enemies who so relentlessly hated him. What better proof of the true nobility of his character, of his true heroism could there be? "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." "Into thy hands, Oh Lord! I commit my spirit." What wonder that laymen standing near, and hearing such words, say, "What he may have done before, we know not, but now we see and hear him speak and pray devoutly." He is bound to the stake, and is again asked to recant. But the same noble reply comes, "What error shall I recant when I am conscious of no error?" And now the flames are kindled, and while his lips are murmuring praises from the Liturgy, they rise higher, until his voice is choked; but even then his lips are seen to move for a few moments, until his spirit passes away to be at rest, after the terrible unrest of his earthly life. His enemies have done their worst, their blind rage has exerted itself to the utmost, but at the very moment of their seeming triumph, their victim escapes from their clutches and they can harm him no more.

LITERATURE.

[*All publications for review must be received by the 20th of the month preceding the issue. All books received will be duly noticed.*]

WHAT has become of poetry and poets? Of course that question is not new but it becomes more patent the more you look into the literature of the present.

There are plenty of novelists and some fairly good ones; plenty of writers on scientific and political subjects; plenty of biographers and historians, and excellent ones. But poetry seems almost deserted. Are we getting to be so matter of fact as not to enjoy excursions into the land of rythmical imagination and tuneful story? Or is it because the field of poetical subjects has been dug over until its wealth is exhausted and no new ones have as yet been discovered?

Undoubtedly there is not a demand for poetic thought and no one is martyr enough to offer his productions to a cold-hearted public while the field of prose offers such a rich reward for his toil and we think that many who could write verse, write prose because they are better paid. Don't understand us as advising any one to write poetry unless he must. No one can write poetry without a love for poetry itself. But still our question remains unanswered.

The first public reading, in America, of the Revised Old Testament was given at our regular collection on the evening of May 18. Not until May 21, was the book given to the public. But a few copies were sent to the revisers in America to reach them before the American edition was out. So through the kindness of President Chase, one of the revisers of the New Testament, we were permitted to hear the first public reading of the Revised Bible. Any remarks on the changes are unnecessary for already the book has reached the public at large.

As pleasant and readable a book as it has been our fortune to peruse has reached us in "Life and Travels in India," by Anna H. Leonowens, and published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. From no other source and in comparatively so small a space can the reader obtain such a lifelike view of the Hindoos and Parsees with the origin and practice of their peculiar religious rites such as self-immolation, infanticide and all the senseless forms that have crept into the simple worship of the "Veda."

"Political Evolution," by C. A. Washburn is a good work on the much discussed topic of labor and capital. It contains some excellent thoughts and many plans for the improvement of the laborer. Most of his reasoning is sound, but the author should remember that the examples of Holland and Belgium are not analogous to American classes. There are contingent circumstances that render this question in America a distinct one, and nearly all reasoning from example void. The true reason of the poverty of the "wage laborer" is not because he cannot rise but a lack of thrift and economy; and how is the laborer to buy these lots into which the author wishes to divide our farms? He hardly lives now. Get the book and read it. It will set you thinking. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"One of the Duanes" by Alice King Hamilton, is a pleasantly written story of a season spent in Florida, by a Northern Girl. Scenery and characters are natural enough but why can't people be candid enough to speak out when a word will set all right. The book at least teaches that aristocracy sometimes contains black sheep. A good book to read on a journey. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Troubled Waters" a Problem of to-day, by B. E. Warner is a popular presentation of the strife between Labor and Capital. Aside from the plot of the novel it presents real phases of life and proposes as the solution of the difficulty co-operation of Labor and Capital. To a student of Social Economy it will be both entertaining and profitable.

We want to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Hubbard Bros. Although "Gems for the Fireside" has been out some time, yet there is no collection that contains more or better thoughts than this. It is a book you will consult next to the dictionary and derive more pleasure than from a half dozen novels.

Victor Hugo's death leaves a gap not easy to fill in French literature.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, the last successors of one of the oldest houses in America have lately failed. Stereotype plates the cause.

The "Rise of Silas Lapham" in the Century is to be followed by another serial from the same author, W. D. Howells.

"Zoroaster" is the title of a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, author of the "American Politician," &c.

A copy of the Old Testament as revised by the American Revision was presented to the Haverford College library, by President, Thomas Chase.

LOCALS.

"Bostin."

"Cæsar's Ghost."

"Go up thou bald head."

'88 has a patent back action class yell!

Buy Pascal's wheelbarrow.

"Short" can stand two consecutive meals of shad.

Prof. "It is said that Chrysoston slept with Aristophanes' works under his pillow, just as if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to do the same with Pinafore,"—

Soph. (rousing with a start). "Sir?"—"What did he pin it for,—did you say?"

The Sophs never were attentive at recitation.

The Young America Match was "morally won" by Haverford.

Don't ask "Caskett" why the Romans wore their togas longer in May than in June.

Der Tabard Inn with G. v. S. as proprietor promised to be a successful venture, but the non-appearance of the bar-maid "busted it."

Who says this is not an aristocratic college. See the following list: Baron von Smith, Count of Johnstone, Lord Charles of Merrimac, Lord Bacon, besides many other more plebian titles. Even Chronos himself favors us with his benign countenance.

If you want something to haunt your peaceful slumbers and take your appetite, just get "Shang" to say: "Why, doan't yer know?"

Professor in Botany. "Mr. H.——, How may cotyledons has the potato seed?"

Mr. H.—— (innocently). "Don't know Professor whether it has any or not."

Now the Freshman busies himself in studying the best position for him to assume, in order to give a good effect in the class photograph.

It was ludicrous to see the look of responsibility which came over the face of our worthy editor, when he was informed that, by a late bequest, the HAVERFORDIAN was to receive an endowment fund of $5,000.

We are pleased to see so many ladies attend our cricket matches.

The public meeting of the Loganian Society will take place on the 22d of June at 7.30 P. M., and the Cremation the same evening immediately after the close of the Loganian.

Sharp says that Hartshorn is made out of distilled Bo(w)nes.

Commencement day is on the 23d of June.

Some of the Alumni visited us on the 28th and gave the few of our first eleven men who were here a very good rub in cricket. Both elevens were short and had to be made up from the second eleven. Although they beat us this time, we shall be glad to see them again.

Prof. to Soph, who is somewhat puzzled as to what an isomeric body is.

Prof. "What is a simple body?"

Soph. "One that is alone, by itself."

Prof. "Then if I am alone, I am simple. That would lead one to the rather unpleasant conclusion, that when one is alone he is a fool."

The following touching lines are dedicated to our friend "Bottle":

As sinks the orb of day to rest
And clouds are blushing in the west,
Upon the stairway pensive stands
A youth who wields with skilful hands
His new and shining tooth-pick.

Two rows of dental organs bright
Flash back the gleam of evening light,
While glancing with a magic twist
That no stray viand dare resist,
Plays evermore the tooth-pick.

And students passing bow in awe,
Pausing a while and then withdraw.
For 'tis a most imposing sight,
To see this brave and gallant knight,
The knight of the festive tooth-pick.

The HAVERFORDIAN editors have succeeded in obtaining the following statistics: Class of '85.—Average age, 21 years; height, 5 ft. 9⅓ in.; weight, 155 lbs.; beard average, .60; religious belief: Friends, .84; Baptists, .10; none, .05; politics: Republican, .70; Prohibition, .10; others, .20; prospective employment: teaching, .26; law, .21; undecided, 31; others, .22; engaged to be married, .21.

Class of '86.—Average age, 20 years; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 149 lbs.; beard average, .45; religion: Friends, .45; Episcopalian, .45; none, 10; politics: Republican, .64; Democrat, 27; Prohibitionist, .09; engaged, .09.

Class of '87.—Age, 18 yrs. 9 mo.; height, 5 ft. 9¼ in.; weight, 149 lbs.; beard average, .39; religion: Friends, .53; Episcopalian, .34; others, .13; politics: Republican, .84; Democrat, .04; Prohibition, .04; scattering, .08; engaged, .31.

Class of '88.—Age, 17 yrs. 9 mo.; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 142 lbs.; beard, .10; religious denominations: Friends, .20; Episcopalian, .30; none, .20; others, .30; politics: Republicans, 80; Independents, 15; Belva Lockwood, .05; .25 of the class are engaged.

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA VS. HAVERFORD. (1st Elevens.)

MAY 9TH.

The 1st Eleven was defeated by the Young America on the College grounds on the above date by 1 run and 1 wicket. Only nine men were brought to oppose the home team. Heavy rains had made the wicket slow, and scores did not mount rapidly. Haverford first sent Reeve and Patterson to the bat. The latter was caught at the wicket after a few overs, and Bettle took his place. A long stand followed, when Reeve in attempting to drive Clark was caught, after a good innings for 16. Bettle being now well set, batted in his usual excellent style until near the end of the Haverford innings he was captured by Caldwell, for 45 runs. These two batsmen made the only double figures, the remainder exhibiting a decided "tail." The bowlers during the innings were McNutt, Brewster, E. W. Clark, and Caldwell. The Haverfordians now took the field, and disposed of their opponents for 70 runs, to the 77 of their own first innings. The second attempt of the Collegians at batting was poor, Sharp's 11 runs being the only double figure. This innings closed for a total of 34.

The Young Americas in their second essay pulled up the score one run above their opponent's total, with one wicket to spare. Patterson captured every wicket taken by the bowling in this innings; 6 wickets for 16 runs.

The match was perhaps not quite satisfactory. The Haverfordians felt the loss of their captain, one of their best bowlers; and the slow wicket and incomplete team of the Young America detracted somewhat from the interest of the game.

The following is the score:

HAVERFORDS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
G. S. Patterson, c. Van Renselaer, b. McNutt	1	W. Reeve, c. McNutt, b. Brewster	6
W. F. Reeve, c. Caldwell, b. Clark	16	P. H. Morris, b. Van Renselaer	1
S. Bettle, c. sub., b. Caldwell	45	S. Bettle, c. Wright, b. Van Renselaer	8
C. W. Baily, c. Dixon, b. Brewster	0	J. Sharp, b. Brewster	11
A. C. Garrett, c. McNutt, b. Brewster	0	C. Baily, b. Brewster	0
C. Crosman, c. McNutt, b. Brewster	0	A. C. Garrett, c. McNutt, b. Brewster	0
W. T. Wright, c. Dixon, b. Brewster	1	W. Price, run out	1
J. J. Blair, c. Caldwell, b. Clark	0	Crosman, b. Brewster	4
W. F. Price, c. Brewster, b. Caldwell	4	J. Blair, c. Wright, b. McNutt	0
J. Sharp, run out	6	G. Patterson, not out	2
P. H. Morris, not out	2	W. Wright, b. McNutt	0
Byes 1, Wide, 1	2	Leg Bye, 1	1
Total	77	Total	34

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
McNutt	30	0	1	18
Brewster	96	1	4	34
E. W. Clark	42	3	2	10
Caldwell	27	1	2	13

Wide McNutt 1.

SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Brewster	60	1	5	12
Van Renselaer	24	0	2	12
McNutt	35	2	2	5

YOUNG AMERICA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
E. Wright, Jr., run out	5	E. Wright, Jr., b. Patterson	1
Brewster, c. Baily, b. Bettle	16	Van Renselaer, c. Blair, b. Patterson	3
E. W. Clark, c. sub., b. Bettle	10	Caldwell, b. Patterson	8
H. Dixon, b. Baily	3	Dixon, c. Baily, b. Patterson	13
Caldwell, c. Price, b. Bettle	7	E. W. Clark, not out	4
McNutt, b. Patterson	14	D. Newhall, c. Reeve, b. Patterson	3
Van Renselaer, b. Bettle	2	McNutt, run out	2
D. Newhall, not out	7	Brewster, hit w., b. Patterson	4
Pease, c, & b. Patterson	3	Pease, not out	1
Byes	3	Byes 2, no Ball 1	3
Total	70	Total	42

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS,	B.	M.	W.	R.
Baily	90	2	1	38
Patterson	33	1	2	6
Bettle	84	3	4	22

SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Patterson	78	4	6	19
Bettle	60	3	0	13
Baily	18	0	0	9

Baily, 1 no Ball.

MERION C. C. VS. HAVERFORD. (1st Elevens.)

MAY 16TH.

Haverford gained a signal victory over the Merion at their own grounds on the above date. In two innings the home team put together the same score as the Collegians made in one essay, 128 runs. Our men going to the bat the second time two byes were passed, thus giving Haverford the game by two runs and ten wickets. The features of the game were Hilles' bowling in the first innings of the Merion, and Baily's batting; the former capturing 6 wickets, averaging about 2.2 runs each, the latter making 37 runs and not out.

The score is as follows:

MERION C. C.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
C. E. Haines, b. Patterson	3	C. E. Haines, b. Hilles	4
J. S. Watts, b. Patterson	8	I. S. Watts, c. & b. Patterson	7
Craig, b. Patterson	0	N. Etting, c. Crosman, b. Patterson	16
S. Law, c. Price, b. Hilles	6	Law, not out	25
N. Etting, b. Hilles	0	Morris, st. Price, b. Patterson	20
J. M. Fox, b. Hilles	1	Fox, b. Hilles	2
C. Morris, b. Hilles	9	Lowry, b. Hilles	0
R. L. Rutter, not out	5	Thompson, b. Hilles	3
W. Philler, b. Hilles	0	Philler, b. Hilles	4
A. Thompson, c. Sharp, b. Hilles	3	Craig, b. Hilles	0
W. Lowry, absent		Rutter, absent	
Wide 1, no Balls 3	4	Byes 1, Leg Byes 3, Wide 4	8
Total	39	Total	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	68	6	6	13
Patterson	60	1	3	24

Hilles 1 Wide, Patterson 3, no Balls.

SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	82	4	6	36
Patterson	90	4	3	30
Bettle	18	1	0	11

Wides, Hilles 4.

HAVERFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.

Reeve, c. Fox, b. Lowry	26
Patterson, b. S. Law	4
S. Bettle, b. S. Law	6
Sharp, c. Philler, b. Law	2
Crosman, c. Watts, b. Craig	9
Hilles, c. Etting, b. Lowry	0
Baily, not out	37
W. T. Wright, c. Haines, b. Morris	11
Price, c. & b. S. Law	16
Garrett, l. b. w., b. Craig	4
P. H. Morris, b. Law	2
Bye 1, Leg Byes 8, no Balls 2	11
Total	128

BOWLING ANANYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
S. Law	143	6	5	45
W. Lowry	90	3	2	31
Craig	36	2	2	14
C. Morris	24	1	1	11
I. M. Fox	78	4	0	16

No Balls, Law 1, Fox 1.

In Haverford's 2d innings 2 byes were made.

HAVERFORD VS. BELMONT. (1st Elevens.)

The Haverford 1st Eleven was defeated by the Belmont, on the grounds of the latter, on May 23d. The wicket was somewhat bumpy. Bettle's score of 40 and J. A. Scott's of 39 were the only noteworthy points of the game. The match was decided by a difference of 44 runs in the first innings of the two teams.

The score is as follows:

HAVERFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Reeve, c. Bradley, b. Bullock	11	Reeve, l. b. w., b. Wood	0
Patterson, b. Bradley	1	Baily, not out	5
Bettle, c. Stoever, b. W. Scott	40	Crosman, run out	3
Sharp, c. Wood, b. Bradley	1	Hilles, c. Williams, b. Stoever	1
Crosman, b. Coates	6	Garrett, not out	0
Hilles, run out	3		
Baily, not out	16	Total	9
Price, b. Wood	5		
Wright, c. Stiles, b. Wood	0		
Lewis, b. Coates	0		
Garrett, b. Bradley	6		
Leg Byes 1, Wides 1	2		
Total	91		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.	SECOND INNINGS.	B.	M.	W.	R.
Wood	54	3	2	15	A. M. Wood	24	2	1	2
Bradley	98	3	3	33	W. Scott	24	1	0	7
Bullock	36	0	1	19	Stoever	6	1	1	0
Coates	36	1	2	12					
Stoever	40	3	0	2					
W. Scott	30	1	1	9					

Coates 1 Wide.

BELMONT.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. A. Scott, c. Price, b. Hilles	39
Wood, b. Patterson	8
W. Scott, b. Hilles	8
Stoever, l. b. w., b. Patterson	11
Bradley, b. Bettle	4
C. Coates, c. Sharp, b. Baily	21
Muhlenberg, c. Price, b. Hilles	4
Williams, c. Wright b. Patterson	9
Stiles, not out	13
Beitzel, c. Price, b. Hilles	1
Bullock, c. & b. Patterson	5
Byes 10, Leg Byes 2, Wides 2	14
Total	135

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	144	3	4	65
Patterson	146	9	4	31
Bettle	30	1	1	19
Baily	24	1	1	7

Wides, Hilles 1, Bettle 1

HAVERFORD VS. BELMONT. (2d Elevens.)

The 2d eleven played its first match on May 16th, at the home grounds, gaining a victory by 8 runs. For the Belmont, S Colladay's 21 was the only double figure in a total of 74. In this innings MacFarland took 8 wickets, averaging 3⅝ runs. For Haverford, Lewis' 27 and MacFarland's 23 helped the total to 82. H. Bullock took 7 wickets, averaging 2 runs each.

HAVERFORD VS. MERION. (2d Elevens.)

A drawn game was the result of the 2d eleven match at Ardmore, on May 20th. The Merion going to the bat were disposed of for no less than 189 runs. The double scores were: R. J. Thomas, 44; C. S. Edwards, 10; C. Morris, 26; B. Henry, 10; W. Thompson, 39; G. S. Philler, 10; A. L. Baily, 13; J. Wood, 15. The Haverfordians made 116 with 6 wickets down; the double figures being: Lewis, 21; Blair, 32; Sharp, 10; Garrett, 20, and Stokes, 12 and not out. The fielding of the College team was extremely loose: if the catches recorded by the score-keeper as dropped had been secured, the innings of the Merion team would have closed for 108 runs.

BASE-BALL.

On Saturday, May 16th, when there was both a first and second eleven cricket match, we played a game of base-ball against Swarthmore on our own grounds and were beaten by the extremely poor playing of some members of our nine. It was not to be very much wondered at as our fellows had never all played together and some of them seemed to completely lose their heads in the game. The score was 47 runs for Swarthmore to 22 for Haverford.

On the 20th of May our second game was played, which was against the University of Pennsylvania, in which we expected to be badly beaten; but to our surprise and that also we may say of our opponents, we were able to give them a game of 17 for Haverford to 18 for Unniversity. Some very good plays were made on both sides, but the rain just before the game made hard fielding for the Haverford, in the first inning, during which the University nine made their largest score.

The third game of the season for our nine and the second with Swarthmore was played at Swarthmore on the 27th of May. In this game by heavy batting on both sides and some good fielding, Haverford succeeded in retiring Swarthmore, at the close of the eighth inning, when the game closed, with a total of 23 runs: Haverford having 32 runs to their account won the game by 9 runs. The next base-ball match will be played with Swarthmore on the 10th of July, at Haverford.

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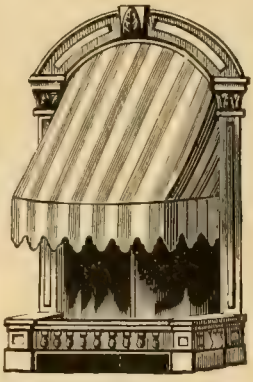

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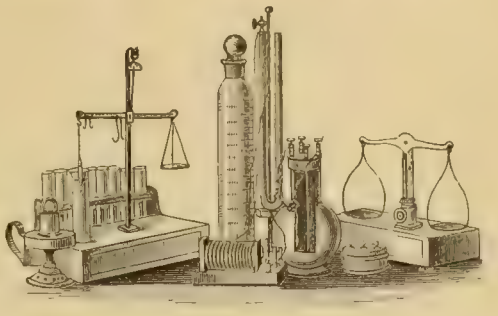

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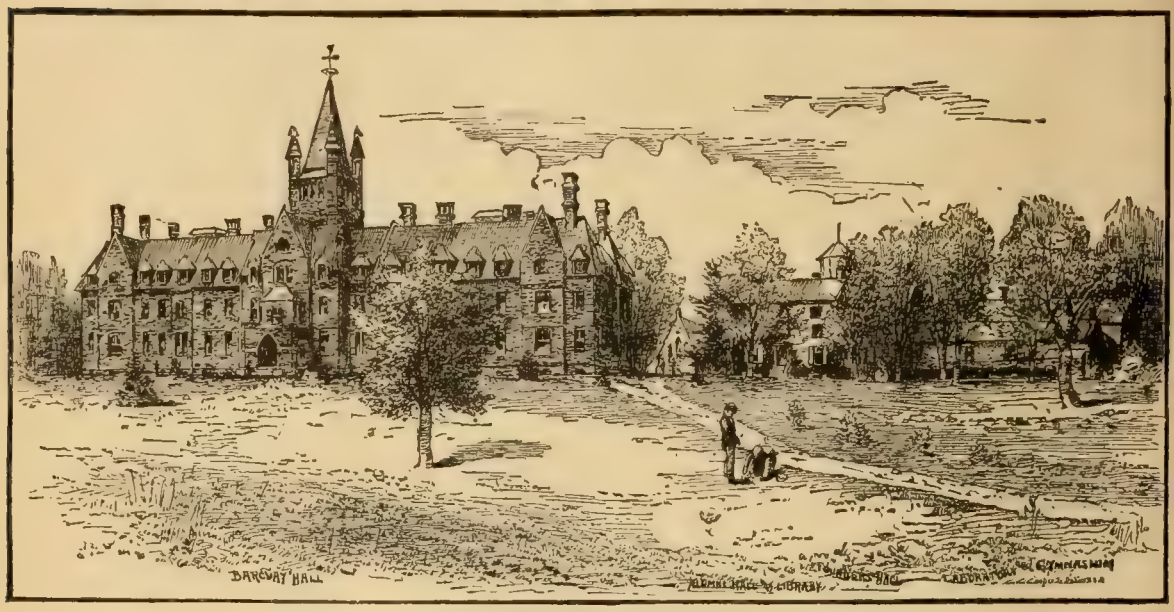

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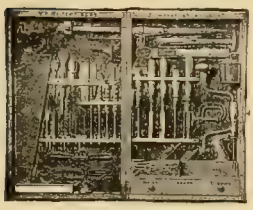

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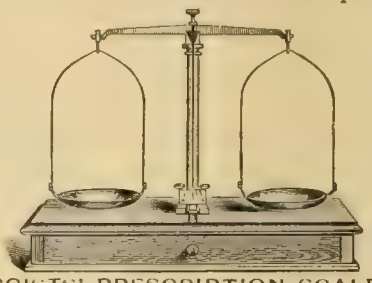

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CARMEN HAVERFORDEIANUM.

Haverfordeiam, juvenes, canamus,
Gratiis dulcem placidisque Musis,
Artibus doctis celebrem, tenentem
Praemia digna.

Haverfordeiam, juvenes, canamus,
Arborum pulchros viridesque lucos,
Graminis herbas violis refertas,
Arva beata.

Haverfordeiam, juvenes, canamus,
Illa quo felix habitatur Aula
Barclaei nobis domus alma, cara,
Semper amica.

Haverfordeiam, juvenes, canamus,
Quo pilae ludis super omne signum
Nos Rubrum et Nigrum vigiles ferentes
Vincimus omnes.

BEFORE this issue of our paper reaches our subscribers, our college will be closed and all the students will have begun their summer pleasures and duties; some to join us again in the fall, and others to enter upon the duties of life that follow the close of a college course. One of the largest classes that has ever left our college has just parted from us, and are now numbered amongst the Alumni of Haverford.

Although their course has not been marked by the best of feeling between themselves and some of the classes in the college. Every manly student is glad to forget the unpleasantness of the past in wishing each member of the class great success in whatever he may undertake.

As they have been strong together and have brought honor to themselves and their Alma Mater in their college course, may they be strong as individuals and bring still greater honor to their Alma Mater as men of the times.

To the classes who now take one step in advance to fill the gap made by this departure, we would say, by our progress our responsibility is much increased, and as we enjoy our summer vacation, and return next fall, let us ever bear in mind that our aim should be high; and that to us now our college looks for support, and on us rests the success of next year both in literary work and in games.

With the close of this college year and this volume of our paper, we are glad to be able to look and see a successful and good record both for the college and paper, and now to college-mates, faculty and subscribers we say good-bye, for the summer.

WE fully endorse the recent decision of our faculty prohibiting all further recurrences of "tossing," that most puerile species of hazing so long adhered to by the different classes, and which was only productive of hard feeling between the Sophomores and Freshmen. We know

whereof we speak, when we say that the enmity engendered on that initiation night has made unpleasantness to arise between classes, that the three years of college life following can never wholly erase.

We have been pleased to notice that for several years the tendency has been to treat the Freshmen more and more as would become gentlemen, and we have all along been in hopes to see '88 set the proud example of receiving the Freshmen without the usual barbarous treatment. But, whatever may be the sentiment of that class, as a whole, concerning this question, surely every student who will weigh the matter carefully, will cordially acquiesce with the faculty in this wise action. There can be no doubt that the "class feeling," which, at times, has run riot to such an extent in our college, was due in great measure to this one cause. What could possibly be smaller or more contemptible, than to see eighty or ninety students living in one building, dining in one room, and engaging in the same sports on the campus, and all their actions prompted by a feeling of rivalry, not unfrequently merging into real and open dislike, simply because they were members of different classes? Yet such has been the condition of affairs in time past, and such—slightly modified—is their present condition; moreover, more than one student has left the college directly or indirectly from this very cause. Knowing these things are so, surely no thoughtful student will do anything by word or deed to encourage any opposition to this timely measure. The class of '88, no doubt, by thus being thrown on their own resources, as to devising plans for the reception of the incoming Freshmen, will feel somewhat at a loss what course to pursue. We have no suggestions, at present, to make, but whatever course you do adopt, by all means show yourselves on this occasion, as you have on others, to be *true gentlemen.*

SINCE there is so much discussion on the subject of college discipline, we must understand that the subject is no settled. And isn't. College discipline is about the biggest nut that educational men have had to crack for some time.

When our fathers attended college, the case was far different. Then, *men went* to college; now *boys* are *sent.* These are two grand differences. There is a vast deal of difference between *going* to college and being *sent*, and almost as much between men and boys. This much, at least, is certain; the average age of college students now, is four or five years less than fifty years ago. When men, competent to judge for themselves, undertake to educate themselves, we take it for granted that they know what they want to study, and that they are able to be their own judges of conduct.

Were this the case, the question of required studies, as well as discipline, would not puzzle the brains of the professors. But what are you going to do with boys? Being of that much abused class ourselves, we naturally want to know your answer.

To our view it seems to be a mistake that young men, under seventeen years, should be allowed to enter college. The question of ability hardly enters into the consideration of the subject. So many boys have done nothing but prepare for college from early childhood, that they are amply prepared to enter as far as mere book learning is concerned. So it is hard to draw the line, and say just at what age a young man may go to college. We grant that nothing is of more advantage to a boy than to be thrown on his own responsibility, provided he has any, and to think and act for himself.

But boarding-school tricks and boyish conduct, by a few only, imposes iron-clad rules on all. The college discipline of the future depends on this one thing: if boys are admitted, we must have rules for boys;

if they are not, we may have few rules or none, not only with impunity, but with real advantage to all parties.

It is but natural that boys object to being held back two or three years in life. We are endowed with active, vigorous faculties, and we want to use them. If we *can* get through college before we are twenty, why not? We believe that a boy does not get more than one-half the real benefit from a college training that a man does. A man with a fully developed mind, and body too, for that matter, can grasp thousands of ideas that a boy does not. A college, we believe, is a school for men. Often boys leave our institutions of learning stunted both in mind and body; stunted in mind by trying to reach ideas above them and striving to get a man's head on a boy's shoulders; stunted in body by neglecting its culture and stealing its nourishment for the brain.

These are the most evident objections to sending *boys* to college, besides scores of minor ones, which can only be appreciated when you try it. But what are we to do with ourselves, until we may be old enough? We shall not try to answer this here, but leave it to some thinker to devise a plan.

But on the back of all this we think, seriously, that every *man* that *can*, ought to go to college. Try it, and see for yourselves.

COLLEGE is a little world by itself, a microcosm. It combines the joys, ambitions, aspirations, virtues, and vices, which prevail in the great world to which *it* is only the threshold, and as human nature is about the same in the different ages of life, we may expect to find in college, the same varieties of character, the same differences of opinions and modes of action, the same division of humanity into the two great classes, cranks and non-cranks, that we see in the world.

The fairest face may often be disfigured by an ugly mole, and the dullest eyes always notice the mole, before they can comprehend the beauty of the face. And so it is in life, one must do wonderfully well, surprising everybody by his power and genius, before he can receive much praise, while a few little faults, at once, put him under the ban. The only way to account for this is that we, as a race, are always watching for faults and blemishes in our brothers, and it rather goes against the grain to search out more virtue in any one else than we have ourselves.

Among other things, college gossip is after about the same old plan that is carried on in the rural districts, where Andrew Jackson is still the most popular candidate for president. Gossip trapped out in her mosty haughty rig, is still an unpleasant female, and she should never be admitted to live in the "ampler ether and diviner air," which college students are privileged to inhale, but some how, she does seem to thrive on it. It is about time for the world to do justice to our mothers and sisters, and to admit that they do not possess a monopoly on gossip. Good, open, fair gibing is all right; it shows a fellow his faults and foibles, and awakens in him a desire to overcome them; but discussing them in secret, surmising things that are untrue, and chattering over this one's weaknesses, that one's foolishness, and another one's crankiness, is pretty poor business for men who are trying to drink from the eternal streams of knowledge. It is muddying up what ought to be a clear, unsullied fountain. We ought to be more proud of our position in this little world of our own than to stoop to petty, super-foolish things that are beneath us. We want to be babes only in evil, low, base things; in everything else, men. If college students do not aim to reach the highest type of manhood, without disfiguring spots, how can we hope that we shall

ever have virtue enough to ennoble our whole people, and raise them above the thousand littlenesses, which exist at present.

IN MEMORIAM.

From "The Collegian," of Tenth Month, 1869.

RICHARD THOMAS JONES.

Here is the dainty book,
"Homeri Odysseia;"
Aldus's name on the page,
Dolphin and anchor are here;
"Venetüs" reads the imprint,
"M D X V I I."
Clear-cut and graceful the type,
Perfect in every line.

Ah, each in manner and mind,
Open, and winning, and true,
White-souled and clear as the day,
Precious and prized above price,
Was he, my pupil and friend,
Who on Italia's strand
Found thee and gained thee, my book,
And on thy unsullied page
Wrote *his* name together with mine.

Pure were his hands from guile,
Free was his tongue from deceit;
Ever the friend of the right,
Ever the foe of the wrong,
Cheerful and helpful and kind,
Cultured and polished, yet strong,
Sidney and Bayard was he,
Knight without fear or reproach.

How can I think him dead?
Nay, he is not dead, but lives;
And nor his learning nor grace,
Frank face nor true heart nor mind,
Now are so fondly recalled
As is the thought, full of joy,
Joy for a blood-bought soul,
How his sure faith was in Christ,
And how through Him, the Beloved,
Victor he is over death!

T. C.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

ON Monday evening, the 22nd of June, the members of the Loganian Society gave their annual Public Meeting in Alumni Hall. The weather was very favorable and the attendance large. Many were attracted thither by cremation and, while waiting for that interesting ceremony to begin, availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing some excellent oratory from the president and members of our time-honored Society. The meeting was opened by an address from President Davenport delivered in his usual pleasant and forcible manner. He referred to the quiet work which the Society had been doing and showed by numerous historical examples that it was the quiet forces which brought about the greater results in the history of the world.

"The Eleventh Plague of Egypt" was the subject of an oration by W. H. Futrell of North Carolina. He showed that the occupying of Egypt, by England, was for mercenary ends only, and totally unworthy of an enlightened Christian nation. "Living Memorials" by T. Wade Betts, of Ohio, was the third oration of the evening. The great examples from the history of Greece and Rome were cited to show how the works of men live after them. A. M. Hussey of Maine in his oration, "Abolitionism," praised the names of those men who were pioneers in the cause of Negro liberty; firm believers in the truth that all men are created free and equal. The last speaker of the evening was Jonathan Dickinson, Jr., of New York. He had chosen for his subject "An English Poetess" and in this oration he portrayed the lovely character of Frances Ridley Havegal, mentioned some of her exquisite poetry and showed how successful her life had been.

CREMATION OF WENTWORTH.

JUST as the audience of the Loganian Society in Alumni Hall were rising upon their feet, on Monday evening the 23rd of June, a fine figured young man clad in the garb of a herald of about the 12th or 13th century and followed by two men at arms, of the same period, entered the hall and mounting the stage announced that the cremation of G. A. Wentworth was to take

place immediately, on the campus east of Barclay Hall.

The whole Sophomore class in costume of the same time as the herald and men at arms, marched in slow procession to the time of singing, to the east campus, where was a stand, dressed in the class colors, for the speakers. North of this and about one-third of the way between it and the cremation stand was a covered diaz, where the judge and his attendants took their places, having the soldiers and their prisoner Wentworth, who was clad in a long gown and a high cap, all covered with Geometrical and Trigonometrical figures, on their right hand and on their left the speakers and herald, and beyond these the singers. Eight of the company were in the costume of monks and one in that of a soothsayer, and these gave the audience some very good singing from time to time.

After reaching the campus and arranging themselves in order a song by the "jolly friars" was followed by the first accusation in English, which was delivered in a very forcible manner by Jesse Phillips. After accusing Wentworth of corrupting the youth, injuring the games and weakening the minds of all who pursued the study of his works, the orator besought the "most mighty judge" to bring justice on the guilty man.

Barker Newhall then delivered the latin crimination in a clear and ringing voice, eloquently urging that the world should be rid of such a pest.

Next came the final accusation in English, by Jay Howe Adams. This speaker seemed inclined to crack a number of jokes which were well received by his audience. After a song by the monks, W. H. Futrell, who personated G. A. Wentworth, was summoned to answer for himself and accompanied by two guards with spears ready couched, he stepped out and in a few earnest words plead his cause with the great judge of his accusers. In this speech the accused fully defended himself in all points, but the fates were against him.

After this earnest appeal the soothsayer, A. C. Garrett, who meanwhile had been taking auguries, both from the sky and from his boiling decoction of snake's gall, &c., &c., was called upon to seal the fate of the accused.

In a very apt manner he gave the verdict of the heavens and in closing said that Wentworth must die.

Immediately upon this the judge gave sentence that George A. Wentworth should be burned at the stake and commanded the guards to conduct him thither.

Wentworth then mounted the cremation stand followed by two guards and after the effigy was put in place, by a trick not known to all, the flames consumed all that was mortal of the guilty one. As the last of the body was consumed by the hungry flames, the whole company lead by the singers marched to the other side of Barclay Hall where, after giving the college cheer, they dispersed to disrobe and meet their friends.

The cremation was very creditable to the class. and we congratulate '87 on their success.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TO Elizabeth Barrett Browning belongs the distinction of being the "worthiest poet among women," and she claims affectionate remembrance from not only those who are familiar with her writings, but from those who are acquainted with her character. She is described by her friend Mary Russell Mitford, as having a "slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face,—large, tender, dreamy eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam." Some one else has spoken of her as "a soul of fire in a shell of pearl." For years she was an

invalid in a darkened chamber, seeing none but her intimate friends. Her sufferings, however, found their reward, for it was in her sick-room that her character grew and ripened until its lovliness has seldom been surpassed.

She was born in London in 1809. Her father was a wealthy merchant. He had great pride in his daughter's talents, and gave her a liberal education; she was well acquainted with Greek and Latin Literature and was an eager devourer of books, upon which she meditated during the quiet hours of a long invalidism, thus preparing herself for the place, among poets, which she was afterwards to fill.

The story has been told that Robert Browning's attention was first attracted to her by her mention, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," of his little book called "Bells and Pomegranates." However this may be, her sweet poetry sank deep into his heart, and he determined to seek her out. Finding that she did not receive visitors, he wrote her a letter expressing his great desire to see her. Permission was granted him, but he could be admitted only while the nurse was in the room. His intentions, however, were not easily put aside, and then and there he told of his love for her. She felt deeply injured that he should take advantage of her indulgence in granting a fellow-poet an interview, and asked him to leave her, making no reply to his proposal. He withdrew but repeated the request by letter. Her heart was touched, and it was not long before she consented to be his wife. When she told her father of the state of her feelings, he forbade her, under penalty of disinheritance, ever seeing or writing to Mr. Browning again.

Notwithstanding, however, her father's disapproval and the state of her own health, she married Robert Browning. When we think that she had long since, as her poems tell us, looked forward to nothing but death we cannot but be amazed at the energy and resolution she exercised.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning went directly to Italy. They resided for a short time in Pisa and from there removed to Florence. Mrs. Browning's father lived and died unreconciled to his daughter and this with the exception of the tragic death of a brother, was her greatest grief. The Browning's lived in one house in Florence during fourteen years. It was there she wrote "Casa Guidi Windows," which gives her impressions of Italian life. There, too, in the long drawing-room she thought and talked as well as wrote. In conversation she was exceedingly interesting, though not sparkling or witty. It has been said by those who knew her that "she never made an insignificant remark," all that she said was worth hearing. Her talk was full of quaint sayings and leavened with a quiet graceful humor of her own;" her wonderful eyes always showing every change of her feelings. She was a rapid composer. It was her custom when she did not feel like writing to note down her thoughts on the nearest slip of paper and thus preserve them for future use.

Her verse is said to be rugged and to lack finish. Especially is the latter fault true of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—a poem of one hundred and twenty-three stanzas written in one day, while she was an invalid in her darkened room. Her first work of importance was a translation of "Prometheus Bound"—published in 1833 which she afterward withdrew from print. Her principal work, and considered by some critics as the greatest poem of this century, is "Aurora Leigh." Of this she says:—"It is the most mature of my works and the one into which my highest convictions of Art and Life have entered."

How she used her own experiences, as only the greatest poets can do, may be seen and felt in this work. It is full of noble

and impassioned passages, and displays throughout, a great deal of energy and animation. Its popularity was immediate and extensive, and in all probability will last.

"Sonnets from the Portugese" are forty-four love-letters most exquisitely written. Indeed Mrs. Browning's sonnets are said to be the finest in the English language. Her poems are pervaded with the sadness which shadowed her life. In speaking of this she says: "Poetry has been to me as serious a thing as life itself, and I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet."

Her satire is very severe. For example when she represents man as welcoming woman's writings:—

Oh; excellent!
"What grace! what facile turns! what fluent sweeps!
What delicate discernment . . . almost thought!
The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
Among our female authors we make room
For this fair writer and congratulate
The country that produces in these times
Such women competent . . . to spell!"

Her powers of conception and description are marvelous. She is alive in these lines:—

"And poor proud Byron, proud as grave,
And salt as life: forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave."

Could anything be more sublime than her personification of eternity, as shown in the "Drama of Exile?"

"Eternity stands facing God:
A stern, colossal image, with blind eyes
And grand dim lips that murmur evermore
God! God! God!"

Or more grand than this.

"Eternity shall wax as dim as death
While a new voice beneath the sphere shall cry
'God! Why hast thou forsaken me my God!'"
And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it."

Are not these passages worthy of a Milton?

In her character Mrs. Browning stands out before the world as a noble and beautiful type of christian womanhood. She is preeminently a christian poetess, and has drunk deeply though the ministry of suffering and of joy, of the spirituality of the gospel. Her poems are too deeply pervaded with the true spirit of christianity for any one to doubt its genuineness. "It is, manifestly the life of her life, the breath of immortality at the centre of her being."

To use the language of one of her most appreciative biographers—"Our fondest thought of her is not of her unequaled genius, but her unequalled life. For after all what is all else! This makes the sweetest fragrance of her fame. For the sake of this, that summer month which fell upon her grave will never leave it, but will evermore add summer greeness to her memory until it be perennial. As she said of Mrs. Hemans.

Albeit softly on our ears her sylvan song was ringing
The footfall of her parting soul was softer than her singing.

COMMENCEMENT—1885.

THERE is always, quite a mixture of joy and sorrow in a commencement which makes it a marked occasion for every one. There is joy to the graduate for having completed his labors and for the opening of his lifework; his chance for doing whatever his education has fitted him for; but there is sorrow at leaving old associations, old routines, and old friends, in fact, in dropping everything, forever, which had held his attention for four long years. It is a step, and a long one too, in every college man's life.

But to come down to details; it was a perfect day and old Haverford looked her finest; a large crowd of admiring friends and relations were on hand, and "all went merry as a wedding bell." Nothing is more beautiful and picturesque than a gala day at Haverford, especially in the pleasant days of June, when every one and every thing look their very prettiest.

First came the Salutatory address, according to college custom, which was delivered by Augustus T. Murray of New Bedford. Easy in his delivery, good in style, he

created a favorable impression upon his audience. He gave high thanks to the faculty for their aid and instruction and welcomed all with a few words of hospitable Latin. Next Charles W. Baily delivered a carefully written essay on Frederick the Wise and the Reformation which presented in good style the helps and benefits which Luther and consequently the Reformation derived from Frederick, thus showing this great Elector's prominence.

Wm. T. Hussey told us next of the three forces in history, the Grecian, the Roman, and the Christian. He compared in beautiful and appropriate language the culture of Athens and Rome, contrasting them afterwards with Christian culture. Mysticism in its various tendencies toward good and evil was ably treated by Rufus M. Jones. He spoke in glowing terms of George Fox, showing what he strove to do and what he did accomplish, in a most forcible and powerful style.

The subject of Joseph L. Markley's oration was Buddhism which he treated in a careful and studied manner, showing that this religion has a certain amount of good within its creeds.

Augustus H. Reeve told us of the stormy days of Lincoln's administration: pointing out where the weaknesses were; where the Rebellion might have been crushed, and the effects produced. He like the rest, spoke in a good, finished style. Enos L. Doan then spoke, having been interrupted in his former place by the arrival of a telegram; his theme being The Present Aspects of Poetry. He showed the dearth of literary material of the present day in the line of poetry and made it, all in all, a most interesting essay.

The Valedictory was delivered by William S. Hilles—He spoke in a feeling manner of his class, of their great debt to their professors, and made an excellent finish to the addresses.

President Chase then delivered the Baccalaureate address, which he made unusually impressive and affecting. He spoke of the great promise of the class; of the present high standing of the college and other matters of great weight to Haverfordians.

The loss of '85 will be a great one to the college. In all matters energetic and ready, it has been for four years, an extremely live class. Though disposed at times to domineer and express its feelings somewhat strongly, it still had a good effect on the other classes in society, in general life and sports. The class was composed as follows; *Classical Section*, Samuel Bettle of New Jersey; Enos L. Doan of Indiana; W. F. Ferris of New York; Wm. S. Hilles of Delaware; Wm. T. Hussey of Maine; Arthur W. Jones of Maine; R. M. Jones of Maine; Jos. L. Markley of Pennsylvania; M. C. Morris of Pennsylvania; A. T. Murray of Massachusetts; A. H. Reeve of New Jersey; W. F. Reeve of New Jersey; Isaac Sutton of North Carolina; E. H. White of Indiana; W. F. Wickersham of Pennsylvania. *Scientific Section*, C. W. Baily of Pennsylvania; J. J. Blair of North Carolina; T. W. Richards of Pennsylvania; M. F. Wilson of Indiana.

The degree of Master of Arts was granted to Julius C. Tomlinson, and to Dr. R. H. Chase, Superintendent of the Norristown Insane Asylum, *honoris causa*; degree of Master of Arts was also conferred, after examinations, upon Geo. A. Barton and Henry S. Taylor, former graduates.

Upon Prof. Thos. Newlin, the degree of B. S. was conferred, after examination.

After the close of the exercises, a handsome portrait of President Chase was presented to the college by James Wood of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., on behalf of some of the Alumni, which was received by Francis T. King of Baltimore with some very appropriate remarks.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPOON, '87 TO '88.

IT is always a pleasant little occasion when the two younger classes meet at the close of the college year to exchange the general courtesies of the season. These courtesies usually take physical form, in an elaborately painted spoon; the intellectual treat being supplied by the presidents of the two classes. It is a good windup for the year, bringing all parties once more into public gaze and gives the younger class a symbol, at first, perhaps, despised but which on their graduation is one of the most prized rewards.

Many of the audience had just listened to the closing efforts of the commencement, and with the ringing sentences of the orators still in their ears, were disposed at first to be critical. The President of '87 first faced our gaze; he was somewhat hoarse from his efforts the night before in the Sophomore cremation exercises, but otherwise he was much as usual. He referred to the culture which '87 had endeavored to instil into their juniors and pointed out the Freshmen's happy looks and bright clean faces as an overwhelming evidence of his statements. He was followed in response by the president of '88 who received with undisguised emotion the pretty wooden plaything.

The spoon in itself is quite plain, a little unique but still pleasing, It is of cherry, stained brown with the letters very nicely cut in and colored. In Porter & Coates' window, it attracted much attention. Who will be the happy man to be its final possessor, we cannot say, but " be that as it may," the spoon will be worthy of the most careful keeping.

THE ALUMNI PRIZE ORATION.

WE are glad to give to our readers the Oration of W. S. Hilles, to whom at length, the judges have awarded the prize; although the contest was somewhat sharp, we think that the general sentiment of the college was in favor of Mr. Hilles and that the decision of the judges has given, to the college men, very good satisfaction. Being an admirer of Edgar A. Poe, the orator threw himself into the delivery of his oration which is subjoined to this note.

Poe as a Poet.

Among the many men that America has treated unjustly, there is none whom she has harmed so much, or from whom she has witheld so long the praise that is justly his due, as from that rare and gifted genius Edgar Allan Poe.

Unappreciated when alive and slandered when dead, he has been entirely misunderstood, and therefore underrated, by the mass of the American people. It has only been within the last few years, that the biography of the poet—written by a man whom it would be well for America if she could blot forever from her roll of literary names—has been proved to be maliciously false, and the true story of his sad life been told. The man who wept for hours above the grave of one who had been a mother to his orphaned boyhood,—the man who loved a woman as Poe loved his wife, and the man who could pray for others when he believed that he was irrevocably lost, is far from being the brutal, heartless wretch that Griswold would have us believe him.

The story of Poe's struggles to support himself by his literary work, and the utter failure in which these resulted, is well known. He was one of those few men to whom the world seems never to have given a chance. Whatever he undertook, misfortune ever laid her heavy hand upon him, not only to prevent any furthur advance, but to hurl him back beaten and disheartened to a lower level than he had ever occupied before. He is therefore, like the more fortunate Keats and Drake, to be judged more by what he might have done, than by what he really accomplished.

Poe is a dreamer, and sometimes so absorbed in his dreams that real life remains shadowy and distant. He gives no pretenses.

"From a wild, wierd clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of space—out of time."

His is that imagination, "which" as Shakespeare says, "bodies forth the forms of things unknown.

He is par-excellence the poet of remorse, and dream and morbid phantasy. In all his philosophy of life he is always "stopped by the door of a tomb," and his drama is always

"the *tragedy*, Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm!

And yet in all noble thoughts, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous, generous and self-denying deeds he recognizes the elements of poetical emotion—the emotion of the beautiful; and in his poetry he imparts a lofty ideal of love as a passion above all others edifying, because there lay in him, deeper than that fatal, temperamental tendency which marred his existence, an imperious thirst for purity, harmony and reverence, such as at times sufficient to transfigure his meagre life and touch it with lines of romance, making even his prose work, in its most elevated moments, a protest against the morbidity and feverish extravagance of besetting words.

No other poet but Dante has left such a noble monument to the woman he loved as has Poe for his "Lost Lenore," for his "Annabel Lee," whom he "loved with a love that was more than love,"—for his "Lost Ulalumé."

This affection for his wife was the one restraining influence that kept him true to his better nature, and it was not until after her death that he yielded to that overpowering passion for drink, against which he had struggled so long, but which finally drove him to insanity. He tells us that it "was not in the pursuit of pleasure that he imperiled life and reputation and reason, but it was in the endeavor to escape from torturing memories—memories of wrong and injustice and imputed dishonor, from a sense of unsupportable loneliness, and a dread of some strange impending doom." Other children of genius have erred far worse than Poe ever did, in so much as their direlections have injured others, but with them the world has dealt leniently, accepting their genius as a compensation.

Let us forget then this infirmity of Poe's "lonesome latter years," and judge him by what he has left as an undying legacy to mankind; in that we shall find nothing but that which is pure and good,—nothing but that which fulfilled his idea of the beautiful.

The creation of rythmical beauty was Poe's one aim, and in many of his poems it is the all-in-all; and in the whole scope of English literature we find no more harmonious combinations of mere words. To him "Moore, singing his own songs by the roadside, was, in the most legitimate manner, perfecting them as poems." Tennyson he regarded as the greatest poet that has ever lived, and Byron and Coleridge were his acknowledged masters. Judging them by his own standard the following lines are without an equal in American literature;—

The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the ripening trees,
Were seen no more: the very rose's odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down,
What wild heart histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep,—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

Poe was one of those poets who have experienced and depicted the tumults of the mind;—who have felt and sung the pain of

unsatisfied desires—the sorrow that "things depart which never may return."

"A voice from out his Future cries,
"On! on"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) his spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!"

He, unlike Longfellow and Whittier, was unable to retire within himself, thence to contemplate the fever and excitement of life from some higher, more permanent region. He never can entirely free himself from the memories of his bitter past, and he gazes into the future with hope benumbed, and sometimes utterly lost. In that great poem which represents the contest between Hope and Despair, the sable bird with its refrain of "Nevermore,"

"still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas"

when the poem closes.

This feature of Poe's poetry, so antagonistic to the bend of the healthy American mind, his unsparing criticisms of Longfellow and other literary men, and his animosity to the scholars at Brooke Farm, and the whole transcendental movement of New England have made him many enemies. But this is no excuse for Americans, that it was a foreigner who was the first to vindicate the character of the poet from the abuse to which it had been subjected. This is no excuse, that for more than a quarter of a century the grave of Edgar Allan Poe remained without a stone to mark the spot, and that when the Poe Memorial Society endeavored to raise funds for a suitable monument, it was found impossible to reach the required sum, until Philadelphia's great philanthropist, George William Childs stepped forward to make up the deficiency.

Upon his tomb truly no more fitting epitaph could be written than his own sad lines,

"An unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never,—nevermore.'"

A CHANGE.

AT this time of change and parting, we regret that we have to record a change that affects our home, while we are students at Haverford. Circumstances which are beyond the control of any of us have lead those in charge to make a change in the matron in charge of Barclay Hall, and as students of the College and inmates of Barclay, we feel that it is not only our duty, but our privilege to attest our entire satisfaction with our present matron and our sorrow that we shall not have her with us next year.

A committee, appointed for the purpose have drawn up the following resolutions and a copy has been handed to Mrs. Rowland, our matron:

"*Whereas*, Mrs. A. M. Rowland is about to sever her connections with this college, after two years of faithful service, and—*Whereas*, We, the students of Haverford College feel sincere grief at her separation from us:

Resolved, that we severally and as a body extend our warmest thanks to her for the kindness she has shown to us all during her stay here, and—

Resolved, that as a tangible token of our respect and esteem for her, and of our admiration for her character, these resolution be drawn up and a copy presented to her.

Drawn up on this twenty-third day of June, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and eighty-five; and signed by the Committee of the whole college.

SIGNATURES: { ENOS. L. DOAN, T. WADE BETTS, E. D. WADSWORTH, W. H. FUTRELL.

We wish Mrs. Rowland success in whatever position she may occupy and bid her good speed as she leaves us.

LITERARY.

CATALOGUES of new publications show very few scientific and technical works for July. Hot weather at best is a poor time for scientific study and so publishers have ceased issuing such books during the summer. But the fiction column is rather overcrowded, while biography and travel is also quite full. We do not aim under this head to give moral lectures but simply to tell you the most important publications in all departments. Still the growing sale of a lot of fortieth class novels shows a tendency we would gladly aid in averting. Most of these books contain nothing that is really vicious but what is equally bad, they contain no good. Time spent in their perusal is worse than wasted. If you must read fiction there are enough first-class novels to keep you a lifetime and yet be some benefit. With Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer and nearly hundreds of others, why read inferior authors. You say you have not the taste for them. You will never acquire that taste by reading novels that are neither well written nor true to life, or if they are it is such a life as no one desires to attain.

"*Kentucky*" of the Commonwealth Series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is written by N. S. Shaler, Professor of Palæontology at Harvard. As "Pretty words with pretty music makes a pretty song" so a pleasant subject under a pleasant author makes a very pleasant volume. The author is a Kentuckian himself and thoroughly sympathizes with all those who boast themselves to be "half horse and half alligator."

Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, are the publishers of General Grant's Autobiography. It will be in two volumes. The first is already in the printer's hands and the second is almost completed. A very clever piece of theft was perpetrated, by a reporter of the Commercial Advertiser, by which specimen pages of the book were published in all the daily papers in New York. No man has received so much honor from his country as our beloved hero and more than likely before this paper reaches you the old warrior will be mourned by fifty millions of people.

"Nimrod in the North" a very interesting book on hunting in the northern icefields is coming from Cassell & Co., and is written by Lieut. Schwatka.

G. P. Putnam & Sons announce a book of interest to us all in "New York and the Conscription of 1863." We are just far enough removed from the late rebellion to be eager for books and histories on the subject.

Those who have so much admired the holiday books of Roberts Bros., will be pleased to learn that the "Sermon on the Mount" is to be illustrated by the best artists and published in a form similar to the former holiday books. It will appear sometime in the fall.

The publishing house of J. R. Osgood & Co., whose failure we noticed in our last issue, will again be known as Ticknor & Co., Mr. Osgood we understand will hereafter be under the employ of Harper Bros.

The Autobiography of John Ruskin is attracting a great deal of comment in literary circles. Its title is "Præterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts, Perhaps Worthy of Memory, in my Past Life." As an art critic Ruskin has no superior and he is moreover a very voluminous writer.

Americans and particularly those engaged in literary work may well be proud of the author of Bigelow Papers, who has so lately returned to his native land crowned with such honors as no minister ever attained before at the court of St. James. Repeatedly we have heard what lesser dignitaries thought of him; this is what the Queen said: "No Ambassador, or Minister during my reign has created so much interest in England as Mr. Lowell no other has won so much regard."

LOCALS.

Professor (in conversational German).
"Der Schlüssel steckt in der Thüre."
Smart Senior (translating literally). "The ass kicks."

A Junior in describing an equatorial telescope say that one of the axes of the telescope is parallel to the north pole of the earth.

Where Oh! Where is Wentworth?

The Alumni Prize was awarded to W. S. Hilles of the class of '85.

Horace E. Smith sailed for Europe on the 24th of June.

Charles W. Bailey '85 gave a reception to the class of '85 a short time before commencement.

Charles E. Cox of '80 leaves the principalship of Friends' Academy at Le Grand, Iowa, to take up work in California.

'82, I. M. Cox has just been elected to the chair of Greek in Wilmington College. He will summer at Conway Springs, Kansas, this summer.

'82, we have received from I. M. Cox, the following to be inserted in our columns: "Each member of the class of '82 is requested to send in, *at once*, a report of himself, to their corresponding secretary, I. M. Cox, Conway Springs, Kansas."

John Blanchard '83, has won credit for his Alma Mater and himself by winning the first prize for the best written examination paper at the Law School of the University.

The ice cream man discovered on the cricket grounds at 11 P. M., on Cremation Night, was the right man, but not in the right place.

On the evening of the 17th of last month Alexander H. Scott '86, entertained the members of his class right royally at his beautiful country residence at Paoli. Before reaching Mr. Scott's home the class enjoyed a fine ride from Upton to Paoli in the cool of the day. To the Messrs. Morris, '86, the class owe their thanks for the pleasant ride to and from Paoli, and to Mr. Scott for fine entertainment while at his home.

We would take this means of acknowledging an invitation sent us by D. William Edwards, '84, to be present at his marriage to Fannie Style, on June 24th, at Friends Meeting House, on Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

Enos L. Doan, '85, takes the professorship of Science and Geography, at Friends' School at Wilmington, Delaware, next year.

"Bucks" were as plentiful as the seventeen year locusts.

Chas. Haines and Henry Cope each offered a cricket bat as a prize to any one who should "stay in" at bat, in the University Match, for one hour or over. Samuel Bettle and W. T. Reeve of '85 were the recipients of the prizes, having well won them. G. C. Patterson '88 also received a cap for "staying in" and carrying his bat, in the same match.

Wentworth we have seen thy end. Wentworth seems to have had two ends.

As a treat to ice cream is to tired cricketers, so is the summer holiday to hard students.

The cricketers will have to "take a brace" next year.

Bettle's batting average of 23 is by far the highest ever obtained at Haverford.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to welcome the *Princetonian* once more to our table.

The *Brunonian* for May comes to us in a new cover. Much taste has been displayed in the selection.

We wish to state for the benefit of our *Exchanges*, that the name of the college about to be established near us is spelled *Bryn Mawr*, not *Bryn Manor* or *Bryne Maior*, under which titles we have seen it noticed.

The *Adelphian*, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is a bright and able paper in many respects, and the illustrations do it much credit, but the Literary Department is strikingly deficient in quantity and the quality could be much improved.

The *Earlhamite* for May contains much that is interesting. The contributions are good, especally the one entitled "*The Imagination*," which is very well written and deserves a careful reading.

The *Alabama University Monthly* contains in the last number an able essay on *Art*, which deserves much praise.

The following from the *Illini* is so expressive of our sentiments and so applicable to certain venerable "casts" in our own library that we quote it in full. "We always had a great love for antiquity. In fact we believe it is a kind of inborn sentiment in our nature. But we don't believe we are nearly so easily imposed upon as Mark Twain's aunt. No sir, a thing must have the real, genuine stamp of antiquity, before we are willing to bow down and worship at its shrine. When, therefore, the busts in the library are proudly pointed out as venerable relics of past ages, we say positively we don't believe it. No, not if there is half an inch of dust covering the surface. We have a great

respect for those busts. Indeed, they have been intimately connected with our daily life for some time; and we sincerely hope some philanthropic spirit, who is not an antiquarian, will make an endowment sufficient to provide for their thorough cleaning and retouching. If not, we would advise their removal to the museum, where they may receive the tender care of the curator."

The *Indiana Student*, for April, comes to us in many respects better than former numbers, the "contest speech" is very good, as is also the review of Thorean's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack;" and with the other articles we can find no fault, except, the opening poem (?). Now, college poetry (?) is generally of such a standard that, unless *very funny*, it is utterly unbearable, and should by no means appear in print. We do not wish to be understood, as being opposed to the cultivation of genius, on the other hand we most fully approve of anything tending toward its development. But if any feel that they are particularly gifted with poetical talents, let them pursue their labors in the secret of their own closets, until they are capable of producing something readable. In order that our readers may fully realize the great depth of thought often embodied in these college effusions, we quote the following from a *most exquisitely beautiful poem*, entitled "*Beautiful Ohio*," in the *College Olio* for May:—

> "Thou art fed by the gems
> From the trees, from their stems,
> They shiver and quiver,
> When they fall at thy call,
> Floating free, unto thee,
> And with thee, to the sea,
> Ceaslessly and grandly,
> Far and free to the sea."

Such *poetry* is not of earth! No wonder men of such *towering genius* fail to receive their well deserved fame. They can not be appreciated, (ah, sad the thought,) until mankind rises above its present level and ceases to admire such senseless scribblers as Shakespear, Milton or Tennyson.

The last number of the *University Magazine* treats us to a very interesting article describing some late experiments, tending to prove the doctrine of thought transference. We are very glad to learn that this subject is beginning to attract that attention from scientists which it has so long deserved. The experiments mentioned in this essay, if they were performed by impartial persons, go far toward establishing the truth of the existence of some peculiar medium of communication between mind and mind.

The *Georgetown College Journal* for April is on our table. Prominent among its contents are the "Notes from Battle-field and Prison," which gain additional interest from being written by a Confederate soldier. They not only give us a glimpse of the spirit in which our deceived brothers fought, but also pictures of their camp life, and descriptions of the hardships of battle. One department, prominent in most college journals, that devoted to Locals, is conspicuously absent. While we by no means approve of the great amount of space which some papers devote to their locals, yet a well conducted local column, in our opinion, gives much life and spirit to a paper. The general tone of the paper is good; but the doctrine of man's inherent knowledge of right and wrong we most emphatically deny. The exchange column is well filled.

We very much fear that our plain little Exchange, the *Thielensian* is not appreciated as it should be on account of the style of composition which prevades the whole paper. The average student can not climb, at will, to the flowery heights in which the favored Thielensians spend their time. For instance, when we read that in one short year, "Hoary Time, in his unpitying flight, has kissed the dimpled babe, and all its prattling has become hushed in the silence of the tomb; he touched the trembling limbs of age, and they have become quiet and motionless forever; he breathed upon the tiny flower and the towering tree, and they withered away;" we feel very envious of our soaring brother, and wonder why we too can not get such a strong pair of wings. Now these feelings are anything but pleasant, and besides, many a poor student in trying to imitate this aerial style, shares the sad fate of Icarus, with this exception, that his place of landing is not quite so yielding; therefore, for the good of humanity, we politely say to the Thielensians, "*Please forbear*! if you will but condescend to lower (?) the standard of your compositions to that of the average college paper, these sad accidents will be avoided, and your circle of admirers will greatly widen."

We have received a copy of the June number of the *University Herald, Syracuse, N. Y.* Although it has deserted our sanctum for several months, we are glad to welcome it once more.

The fighting editor of the *College Rambler* has arisen in the fulness of his wrath to chastise us for a little friendly criticism on one or two articles which appeared recently in that valuable journal; however, we have not changed our mind concerning them. Cool yourself, brother we meant no harm to you or your paper. When your experience becomes more extended in the field of journalism, you will doubtless discover the folly of slashing right and left, in anger at every friendly suggestion. We are not on the

war-path. Our intentions were evidently misunderstood. We acknowledge ourselves responsible for typographical errors, from which no paper is entirely free; but, before going so far in your criticism of others, would it not be as well to correct in your own sheets such little slips in grammar, as, "to longer bear."

A sample copy of the *High School Record* has arrived for our inspection. It is published by the students of the High School, Woonsocket, R. I., and does much credit to the institution. We wish the enterprising little paper all possible success.

We are indebted to Prof. Beatty, formerly of Stevens Institute, for the pleasure of looking over the *Bolt* for 1885. It is published yearly, by four of the Greek letter societies of the Institute. The present number is handsomely bound and profusely illustrated with neatly executed engravings, phototypes, etc. Its contents consists of histories of the different classes, with lists of the members of each class, together with the different chapters of each fraternity and the designs of their badges. Every design of ornamental type is used to heighten the effect, and altogether it forms a very artistic and creditable *bolt* for the year.

"Hard luck," Lehigh, about that cover of yours! Better be careful next time what kind of editors you put on the board. It does seem though very much as if this new cover, so hastily gotten up, is an improvement on the former one, elegant and becoming as that was.

CRICKET.

University of Pennsylvania vs. Haverford.

June 6th.

It is with great regret that we must record a defeat for Haverford's first eleven in the Inter-Collegiate Cup match with the University. The game was played at the Nicetown Cricket Grounds, and resulted in a victory for the University, by 30 runs. Haverford losing the toss, was sent to the field, Hilles and Patterson opening on a good run-making wicket against the batsmen, J. A. Scott, and J. Clark. In Patterson's first over, Clark was captured in the slips; telegraph,—9, 1, 1½, Stoever took the place of the retiring batsman, and immediately began scoring. When this gentleman had put together 14 runs, he made a "pop-up" to cover-point, which most unluckily slipped through the fingers of the fielder, thus leaving him at the wicket until run out with 61 runs to his credit. W. T. Reeve having taken the ball in place of Hilles, removed by his fourth delivery the bails from Mr. Scott's stumps, much to the satisfaction of the Collegians. Noble then came to the bat, making a stand until the total had reached 95, when he fell victim to the same partnership as had disposed of J. Clark. S. Welsh, 3rd, b. Wright, and C. Coates, c. Garrett, b. Bettle, added only 3 runs to the total. L. Wister then assumed the defense, to carry his bat for 24. Stoever having been run out shortly before, Rutter handled the willow at the other wicket, until taken by a splendid high left-handed catch by Patterson at Mid On. The last three wickets fell for 21 runs, leaving the total at 176.

Haverford then sent Reeve and Crosman to test the deliveries of Coates and J. Clark. Both batsmen were soon set, and began scoring vigorously, playing the best of cricket. Crosman's cutting was particularly effective; but he was run out to the great vexation of his fellows, the "tin plates" showing, 38-1-25. Bettle, however, began following his hard and accurate hitting immediately. The total was pulled up to 68 before Reeve was taken at the wicket from Cowperthwaite's bowling. Baily then appeared, but was bowled by the same trundler, not having added to the score, and Price succeeding retired with like result. Patterson next assumed the defense, and began an excellent innings. Bettle then cut a ball from J. Clark to Stoever at point which was neatly accepted, and our best batsman retired with 45 runs after his name, this score including 8 four-hits. Patterson still playing beautifully instituted a short stand with Capt. Hilles, who made 10 runs; and then saw Sharp, Wright, Hacker and Garrett one by one disposed of with the addition of 15 notches between them. The innings closed for 146 runs, thus leaving the College 30 runs behind their opponents.

This match might have been won by Haverford. The batting and bowling of both teams was very good, and about even; it was the fielding of the Collegians that handed over the match to the University men.

The score is as follows:—

UNIVERSITY.

J. A. Scott, b. W. F. Reeve	[illegible]
J. Clark, c. Garrett, b. Patterson	1
D. P. Stoever, run out	[illegible]
W. W. Noble, c. Garrett, b. Patterson	[illegible]
S. Welsh., 3d. b. Wright	[illegible]
C. Coates, c. Garrett, b. Bettle	1
L. W. Wister, not out	[illegible]
R. L. Rutter, c. Patterson, b. Bettle	14
W. G. Thomson, b. Wright	[illegible]
C. Cowperthwaite, b. Hilles	[illegible]
W. L. Landreth, b. Hilles	[illegible]
Byes 4, Leg Byes 3, Wides 4, no Balls 1	12
Total,	17[illegible]

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets	Runs
Hilles	71	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Patterson	[illegible]	4		4
Reeve	1	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
C. Bailey	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
W. Wright	[illegible]		2	[illegible]
S. Bettle	24	1	[illegible]	14

Wides, Hilles 2, Wright 1, Bettle 1, no Balls, Hilles 1

HAVERFORD.

W. Reeve, c. Scott, b. Cowperthwaite	2
C. Crossman, run out	23
S. Bettle, c. Stoever, b. Clark	43
C. Baily, b. Cowperthwaite	0
W. Price, c. Clark, b. Cowperthwaite	0
G. Patterson, not out	1
J. Sharp, b. Noble	0
W. Hilles, c. Scott, b. Coates	10
W. Wright, b. Coates	4
W. F. Hacker, c. Clark, b. Cowperthwaite	1
A. C. Garrett, c. Wister, b. Noble	5
Leg Byes 3, Wide 1, no Balls 4	8
Total,	149

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.
Coates	73	4	2	31
J. Clark	60	3	1	21
C. Cowperthwaite	84	5	4	7
I. Wister	15	0	0	12
W. Noble	72	4	2	14
S. Welsh	24	2	0	9
D. F. Stoever	30	0	0	21

Old Haverfordians vs. Haverford, June 17.

HAVERFORD.

Blair, c. Huston, b. Shipley	3
W. Reeve, c. Mason, b. Shipley	35
Bettle, c. Colton, b. Shipley	10
C. Baily, c. Huston, b. Shipley	29
Sharp, c. Mason, b. Shipley	1
Wright, c. s. and b. Shipley	0
Hilles, b. Comfort	20
McFarland, run out	3
Garrett, c. Crosman, b. W. Baily	24
Hacker, c. Comfort, b. W. Baily	10
P. H. Morris, not out	5
Extras	8
Total,	157

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.
E. Comfort	174	7	1	61
Shipley	165	5	6	60
W. Baily	56	0	2	29

OLD HAVERFORDIANS.

Huston, b. Hilles	0
Shipley, b. Wright	0
Mason, c. Wright, b. Hilles	1
Comfort, b. Hilles	3
F. Baily, c. Reeve, b. Hilles	0
A. J. Baily, retired	10
W. Baily, b. Hilles	4
C. Crosman, b. Hilles	3
W. Price, not out	3
Extras	4
Total,	28

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.
Hilles	56	5	6	12
W. Wright	54	1	1	12

Harvard University vs. Haverford.

A pleasant little game was played on the home grounds against Harvard on the 22d of June. Haverford went to the bat first, and in spite of an extremely bumpy wicket, brought the total to 147. Harvard in the first innings with only 9 men made 65, and "following on," in the second trial, 48 runs. Haverford thus won by an innings and 34 runs. The feature of the game was a treat to ice cream and cake by President Chase.

The following is the score:

HAVERFORD.

Reeve, b. W. Smith	3
Hilles, b. H. Clark	9
Bettle, c. Evans, b. Smith	32
Baily, c. Evans, b. Smith	3
Patterson, c. Clark, b. Smith	13
Price, b. Smith	2
Sharp, c. sub. b. Joy	5
Wright, c. Joy, b. Smith	10
Hacker, b. Smith	23
Garrett, not out	27
Blair, b. H. Clark	6
Byes 3, Leg Byes 3, Wides 2	8
Total,	147

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets	Runs.
W. Smith	144	4	7	69
H. Clark	71	1	2	40
Joy	60	4	1	20
H. Taylor	12	0	0	10

Smith 1 Wide.

HARVARD.

FIRST INNINGS		SECOND INNING.	
T. H. Chase, b. Patterson	13	c. Reeve, b. Wright	19
M. Clyde, c. Wright, b. Hilles	4	b. Sharp	1
H. P. McKean, c. Garrett, b. Patterson	3	b. Hilles	11
P. N. Evans, c. Reeves, b. Hilles	6	c. Garrett, b. Patterson	4
H. Clark, c. and b. Patterson	3	c. Reeve, b. Hilles	0
W. Smith, b. Hilles	0	c. Bettle, b. Patterson	2
H. Taylor, b. Hilles	1	b. Hilles	4
A. P. Gardner, not out	4	c. Wright, b. Patterson	6
C. R. Joy, st. Price, b. Patterson	11	Bye 1	1
Byes 10, Leg Byes 1	17	Total,	48
Total,	65		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.					SECOND INNINGS.				
	B.	M.	W.	R.		B.	M.	W.	R.
Hilles	72	4	4	33	Patterson	66	1	3	22
Patterson	63	4	4	15	Hilles	48	2	3	23
					Wright	24	3	1	2
					Sharp	7	1	1	0

Germantown vs. Haverford. (2d Elevens.)

The 2d eleven was defeated by the Germantown 2d eleven by 131 runs. For the latter team, Valdes 15, R. D. Brown 81, J. Longstreth 25; and L. Lee 22, made the double figures; the total was 182. For Haverford, McFarland made 14, and Stokes 10; the total was 51. The day was rainy, and the wicket extremely wet, particularly during the last of the game when Haverford was batting.

Young America vs. Haverford. (2d Elevens.)

June 13th

At the Stenton grounds the College 2d eleven defeated the Young American 2d eleven by 14 runs. For Haverford, Stokes made 14, Garrett 68 and not out, P. H. Morris 10, and I. Morris 11. The total was 135. For the Young America, A. J. D. Dixon made 12, W. N. Johnson 24, I. T. Starr 19, J. C. Patterson 23, and C. R. Palmer 20. The total was 121.

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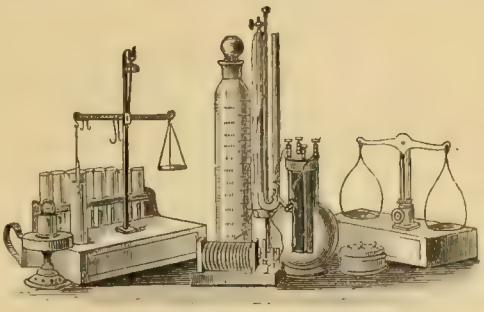

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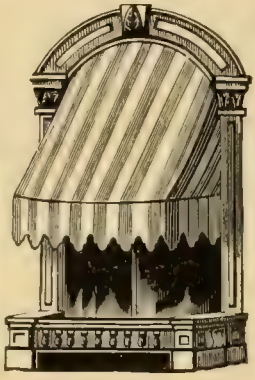

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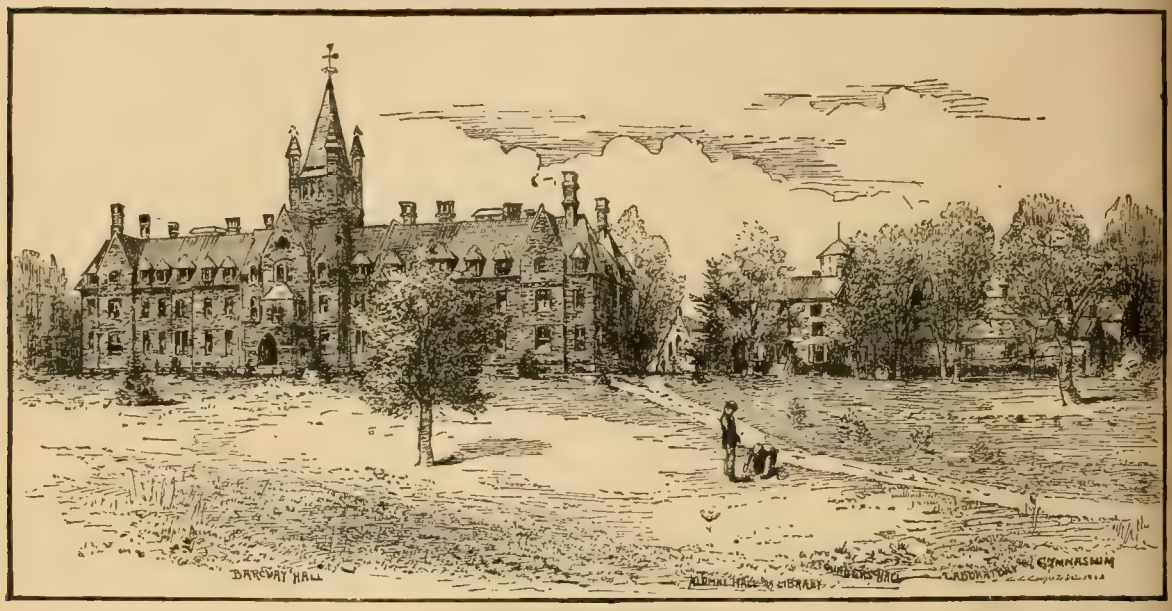

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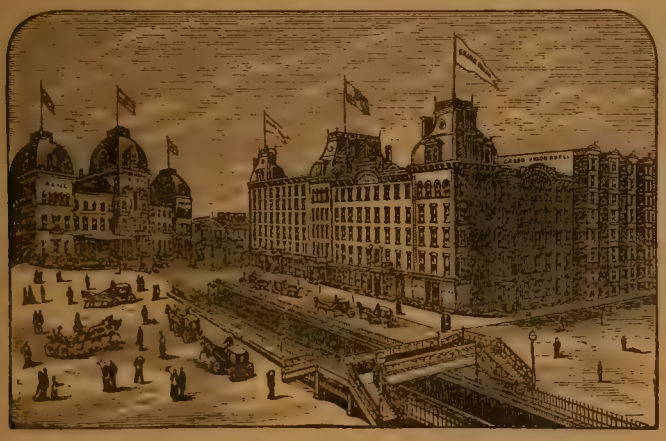

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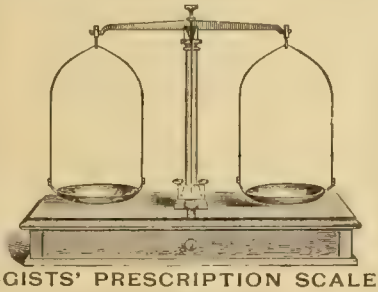

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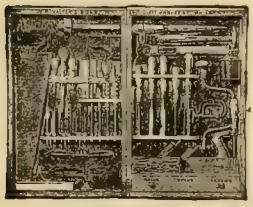

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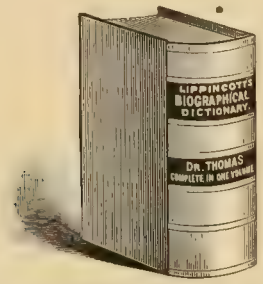

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The Haverfordian.

VOL. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., October, 1885. No. 1

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through mails at second class rates.

AS the sounds of the katydid and the hoot-owl are ringing in our ears, through the stillness of the night, and all the air is laden with the message of the approach of nature's sleeping time, thoughts of our waiting readers press upon our minds and rudely brush aside the idea of rest and reflection, until our duty to them is fulfilled.

"The Summer is ended, the harvest is past," and here we are again in our editorial room. How pleasant it is to be again amongst our old friends, to hear and return their kindly greetings, and feel that fellowship which daily intercourse should ever engender.

Some faces there are which we miss, whose owners are no longer to be of our number, and yet the good reports, which we hear from them, encourage us to press onward in our upward journey, striving ever to excel in all we undertake.

Change is marked upon all things, and some of our professors have left us, to study in the older institutions of Europe, in order to perfect themselves more thoroughly for the instruction of those who are to follow us in this home of culture and learning.

In the place of those who are abroad we have able men who feel the responsibility of the trust reposed in them; men who, with the co-operation of us who are students here, can make this year one of great profit and value to each one of us. In the absence of Professor Thomas, the chair of History and Literature has passed into the hands of Professor Davenport, who has heretofore made the study of Latin and Greek, in the first two years of the college course, so easy and agreable to us all. Already it has been found that in History we shall find no abatement of interest under his care.

Professor Gifford, having returned from a two year's tarry in Europe, has in charge the German classes, and the Latin and Greek of the lower classes.

We also have added to our Faculty, Professor Van Dael, who teaches the French language in its purity, and the success of his work, thus far, may be judged from the fluency with which many of our students cast bits of French at their fellow-students. With a Freshman class of thirty-one, the largest that ever entered Haverford and the other classes holding their own, with the increase of good feeling amongst the students, the entire abolition of hazing, and many other improvements of the same character, we may hope even to surpass the success of the past in our intellectual pursuits, and at the same time not be neglectful of our sports.

While we would impress on every student the importance of *first* attending to the studies that lie before us at the present, we would also earnestly urge every able bodied fellow, who possibly can, to come out on the foot-ball field, and do his best to uphold the name and honor of our college in the games of the present season.

Every man must do his level best, for there will be some hardly contested games and we do not wish to see Haverford fall behind her present position in the line; but rather let us bear her more to the front in the line of sister colleges in this direction.

Let us remember that we are *living* our lives while here at college, *as truly as we ever* shall be doing, and that overwhelming evidence exists to show us that the habits and traits acquired while we are at college are those which remain with us, as long as life lasts.

Let us, as men, face this question and with brave, manly, and happy hearts strive ever, not for pleasure gained by indulging inclinations which, to say the least, are doubtful in their direction; but to reach the true standard of manliness and education.

Let the men who are to go out from Haverford not only be equal to those of former times, high as their character has been; but let them even excel, in all good points, those who have gone before.

This is no more than a just requirement of us who have the benefit of all the added example of our predecessors and also all the advancements which have been made in our time, in every branch of learning; for each new facility for learning, each addition to the stores of knowledge, but adds to the responsibility and duty of those who come after, and who have the benefit of these advances.

AGAIN have the students of Haverford College assembled for the continuance of their studies, and again does their paper call attention to the numerous improvements which have been made during the Summer vacation. Although we have been remarkably free from sickness in the past, a great deal of care has been expended in assuring our future welfare, by a new and complete drainage system extending to both Halls, Founder's and Barclay.

As was proposed by the HAVERFORDIAN several months since, Barclay Hall has been fitted with two fire escapes, so that now third floor students need feel no apprehension of being cut off from all means of exit by the stairways burning away.

Then again, the upper hall of the same building has been armed with a high wainscoting of yellow pine, thus protecting the walls from the furious attack of amateur bowlers, who occasionally feel it incumbent upon themselves to practice there in rainy weather.

A great many of the rooms have been papered and the interior of the building now begins to present the appearance suggested by the exterior, that is, of being a cheerful and agreeable residence.

The defacement of walls from badly driven nails, so noticeable in most dormitories, will henceforth be unknown, for in some of the apartments are fixed mouldings from which to hang pictures, while arrangements have been made for an experienced hand to drive all necessary nails in those unprovided with this improvement.

But this is not all. The workshop has been the scene of progress and the signs of the times indicate that no more will the student hear the voice of the professor on a cold morning, saying "no work, no work to-day; thermometer below freezing." A larger boiler has been put in, and the room will be heated by steam radiators. The small engine which was found so inadequate to perform the work required of it, has been replaced by a large and powerful one, capable of running all the machinery in the shop; and the future promises to bring

with it the conviction that the experiment of having a course of Engineering, that would embrace both practical and theoretical work, is no failure in either of its departments.

In closing we would say, to those in charge, that we, as a body, appreciate these improvements and the regard, for our well-being and that of the college, which prompted them; and that every little act of the college authorities toward increasing our comfort or prosperity, finds its counterpart in the students in an ever increasing desire to keep and maintain the rules and regulations necessary to its successful working.

WE now enter a new year for College Sports; one in which they must be conducted by a new set of players, who, with incipient experience, assume that responsibility, naturally with some lack of confidence. But we must remember that confidence is one most essential requisite for success; and really there is little cause for distrust, since the junior players of last year, then gained the necessary skill and experience to fit them for taking the lead this year; and there is no reason to suppose that we are less competent than the good players just graduated were, at our stage of development.

In other words, we are better than we think; and all that is necessary to bring the customary success, on both Cricket and Foot-ball Fields, is faithful practice, in order to preserve our present efficiency and ensure natural further progress. We are sorry that so few good players come in with the Freshman class; but do not wish, in the least, to discourage some who give great signs of promise. We would advise them to secure practice creases as soon as possible; for though the Scrub Matches are necessary to give practice in fielding, and in the general conduct of a match, and also to produce the assurance in facing strange bowling, when surrounded by fielders, which is absolutely essential; yet many will not get a sufficient number of balls to train the eye and hand, and secure a good "style." This then, requires practice in a net and on a private crease. We hope that the elevens will be diligent in their gymnasium work during the winter. But our efforts must now be turned mainly in the direction of foot-ball. Every student who is strong and quick, who weighs 150 pounds, but most especially who is ready to leap on an opponent and dash him to the ground, with utter disregard for his feelings; and also who is willing to be himself treated in the same manner, may make an excellent player and is greatly needed on the college team. Such a one should appear on the practice field, withou fail, every afternoon when the season has commenced. The game played according to Rugby rules, may be strange to some new arrivals, and the principles must accordingly be learned; it is sufficient to say that Rugby Foot-ball is the most dashing game, and one necessitating the most vigor and spirit of any with which we are acquainted. Much is said of the danger attendant on the game and of the injuries so often received, but if each player is careful not to play with absolute brutality, we believe it is also a game, the most productive of self-reliance, and decision of character, and of a strong will.

WHILE talking over college matters the other evening, among other things, mention was made of THE HAVERFORDIAN and the question was asked, "Do you ever receive articles from students who are not on the editorial staff?"

To our regret, we were obliged to answer that, so long as we had been connected with the paper, *all* the work on the paper had been done by its editors and not one article, from students, had been offered for publication in that time.

Here the thought struck us, perhaps, if the students understood that they are at liberty to write for our college paper, some few, at least, might avail themselves of the opportunity, and thus give added spice and variety to our college organ.

If there are questions of interest concerning the college, our paper, as our official organ, is the proper ground for the discussion of those topics; and no one will be more glad to welcome any proper discussion in its columns, than the editors.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is that which goes out to the public as a representative of our college, and while we shall be glad to receive from our college-mates any article of interest or literary merit, it may at times be our duty to use our judgement as to the propriety of publishing some of the articles that may be handed to us, and what has just been said is meant in nowise to restrict this right of the staff.

Correspondence from graduates of the college, also, is sometimes very interesting in other college papers; so much so that there is a department set aside for the Alumni, and this is made of value to the college and to the paper.

If the Alumni of Haverford wish it, and will take hold of it heartily, we feel sure that every one of us will be glad to devote some of the space in our columns, even if something else must be crowded.

We make these suggestions merely because it seems to us that there is a growing idea amongst us that the paper is exclusively for the pens of the editors, and that no one else has a right to use its pages; an idea, than which, nothing is more false.

THE OPENING EXERCISES AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

HAVERFORD'S "twin star" began its twinkling on the 23rd of September, with the greatest possible brilliancy. To the credit of science let it be said, that the date of its appearance, had been most accurately calculated by astronomers, and even those not initiated in the heavenly science have kept an eager outlook for it. It will not be our duty to state how many of our students went in on one ticket, or how the "HAVERFORDIAN Editors" were the cynosure of all eyes in the distinguished gathering, but merely to give a slight account of the affair, a little more personal than the daily papers made it. If our readers wish a more lengthy description or a verbatim report of the speeches, they must get the city papers, for we are too proud to copy and not talented enough to attempt stenography.

When we arrived, the place was well filled, even to the platform for the speakers, which contained among others, the faculty of the college, partly men, partly women; six presidents of colleges, also Prof. Pliny E. Chase, Wayne McVeagh, Geo. W. Childs, Senator Sutton and James Russell Lowell. There were fully a thousand in the audience, and Taylor Hall was, in consequence, very crowded. Philip C. Garrett, of the Board of Trustees, opened the services by reading a few verses from the Scriptures and Dr. Thomas, whom we have often heard at Haverford, offered prayer. Mr. Garrett said that it was with deep regret that he announced the absence of Francis T. King, president of the Board, who was to open the exercises with an address. Letters of regret from various college presidents, who were not able to be on hand, were referred to, from the Commissioner of Education, the Governor, and a long and pleasant eulogy on Dr. Taylor was read from J. Bevin Braithwaite of London.

Then President Rhoads explained and defended the various studies which would be pursued in the routine, touching upon the study of Greek and Latin; he asserted the rights of women to the highest scholastic training possible, and showed in outline the policy of the college. He paid especial attention to the matter of health and hygiene, which are both carefully considered by the officers. He was followed by D. C. Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins, who advanced his educational views, interspersed with many witty remarks.

Woman's learning first reached the nun through the iron-grate, but to-day, every window is open to the sun. Bryn Mawr College, he said, was no female hall, no annex, no disciple of co-education; it was not the vine clinging to the oak; it sought no alliance, but stood hopefully, firmly, by itself. He explained the "Group" System of Education, which allows a student to elect her own studies to a great extent; a system of which he is the leading exponent, but which is by no means new, and differs from the ordinary elective method more in degree than kind.

President Chase followed, his opening remarks on Dr. Taylor's funeral being particularly striking and appropriate. He ardently defended the classics, as did also President Gilman. He referred, in conclusion, to Bryn Mawr being the twin star of Haverford and drew a remarkably felicitous comparison. Mr. Lowell was then persuaded to give an off-hand address which he did in a most witty and yet instructive manner. He referred in his remarks to a visit which he paid to Haverford College in 1845, and described how he remembered an old hot-house, (which is partly left in the ruined arch behind the Alumni Hall.) He said "Drab, I believe, from the generous treatment I received, to be the warmest color, and if this were not a Quaker College, I would not have come here." He spoke glowingly of the simplicity and worth of the Quakers, as he insisted he should call them, and told humorously of having attended a Quaker meeting, where "everyone sat silent and looked wise, and those who had nothing to say, made a profound secret of it." He had been opposed to small colleges, but a visit to Williams' some years ago reconciled him. He had been charged with saying some hard things about his countrymen when abroad, but he believed it was for the good of the man and of the country to be shown their faults. He wished to remind President Chase of one thing; as the Professor had referred to those lines of Keats' on reading Homer, where the poet felt like some watcher o the skies, discovering a new planet, or Cortez finding an ocean, as a testimony to the pleasures of classic study, he wished to say that Keats did not say them on being introduced to Homer, but to Chapman's translation of that poet.

This closed the exercises, after which the inner man was refreshed in the Gymnasium to an immoderate degree; where temporarily the apparatus gave way to the belongings of a dining-room.

That the students at Bryn Mawr mean to do something is very evident; they look like strong willed, independent girls, ready for all sorts of hard study. They have no "teachers" or "recitations," but "professors" and "lectures;" that must be a difference somewhat from their past, and if they should outstrip us in the race for learning, or take deeper draughts at the "Pierian Spring," we need not seem too much ashamed.

The grounds are too familiar to all to need description, besides there was an illustrated article on the subject, in a Spring number of the "HAVERFORDIAN." All that is necessery to state would be that they looked as handsome as could be and the buildings were much admired. The rooms looked most home-like and handsome.

As this is a college founded for the higher advancement of women, and as there were women certainly able to do such a thing, why was there not an address from a lady? It would have been very entertaining to have heard from such a speaker, in fact it gave the appearance that the men were monopolizing everything. Still the women have an indefinite period, we suppose, in which to state their convictions and ideas, and perhaps after all actions will speak louder than words.

THROUGH "THE NECK" ON A BICYCLE.

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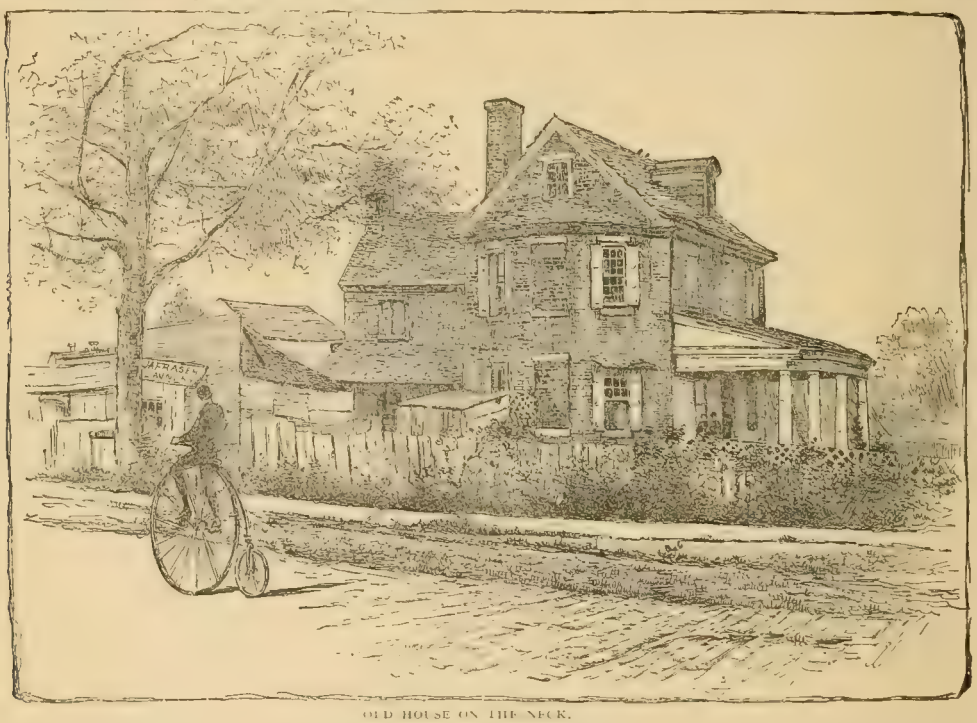
SOMEWHERE south of Philadelphia, cut off on the north by the town, upon a point of land where the Schuylkill meets the Delaware, lies the mysterious region called "The Neck,"—safe from intrusion, while plays and pictures have made the "Squatter town" of New York famous. The inhabitants of this spot have been as successful in their privacy as a lodge of masons, and those outsiders familiar with its scenes have held their peace as if in sympathy with the design of nature. Even its name has deepened the mystery, for, while the words of "Squatter town" suggest something, "The Neck" gives no clue. Certain gray-haired gentlemen, it is true, have been wont to refer to some such spot as the scene of their boyish exploits; but from their descriptions the locality has seemed as vague as their own half-forgotten memories.

Hitherto, we had limited our wheeling to districts where the attractions were not only known but almost numbered; so we were all the more anxious to presevere in this almost unprecedented opportunity to discover something new, and especially after the refusal on our part of an interpreter from a neighboring club.

On the appointed day no one was absent —not even that honorary member, the street Arab, with his never varying remark of "Sa-ay, Mister, won't yer ring yer bell?"



OLD HOUSE ON THE NECK.

The sun was not fairly up, and the air was delightful in its freshness. This was fortunate, especially for the club's recorder, who periodically sent short numerical accounts of the club's run, to the cycling papers; for, as he exultingly exclaimed, cold is not only an aid to comfort but also to romance; no novelist caring for effect will ever summon heat to his aid when he exposes his hero or heroine to the elements; for how much more poetical it is to be frozen to death than to die by a sunstroke!

Broad street, the outside boundary of the city, in Penn's imagination, was our rendezvous. Broad street is a favorite butt with humorists, especially such exponents of wit as chance to be born and bred in Gotham, and with the playful exaggeration of their kind, they have noted all the rural attractions in its midst. Through these we pushed and soon the imposing "Public Buildings" appeared in the distance as a huge bird box, with their irregularities toned down and harmonized by the kindly aid of the perspective. Prime street, where the old Washington depot stands, is said to be the degeneration of Love Lane,—suggestive of tender memories, even to one who now hears the name for the first time, though to-day the steam-cars make dismal the vicinity.

Magazine-readers will perhaps remember an article a short time ago, descriptive of the Ridgway Library, opposite the old depot. The lightest reading on the shelves ranges from choice traditions in the Burmese tongue to classical dictionaries of most appalling bulk. Such books as are frivolous enough for the modern world to read have been placed elsewhere. This is due wholly to the miserable location. People can go farther to a circus or to catch a train, but their libraries must be within reach. A few citizens opposed its erection here, but without avail, as there was no law against allowing a man to waste his money, even in this way.

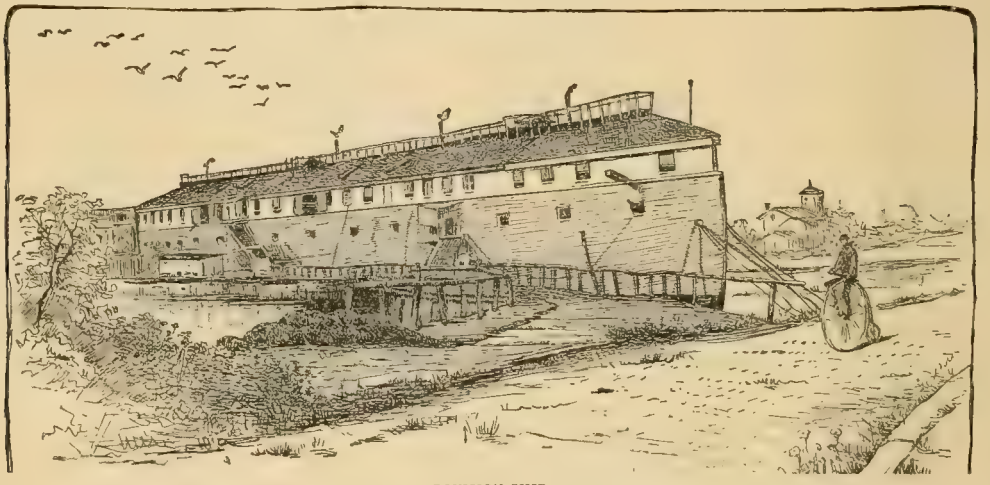
The mention of the circus calls to mind a plot of ground just below here,—a plain, unassuming piece of real estate, used principally as a repository for the debris of the neighborhood. But this ground, for some occult reason, is considered a most desirable situation for that exclusive American entertainment, the circus; and as such, it is a legal battle-field for all the greatest shows on earth.

But the first object on "The Neck" proper, and another phase of strangeness, lies down the hot, squalid Passyunk road; it is the once notorious Lebanon Cemetery. There always existed a tendency in the human mind to place its burial-grounds in the most barren spots available; and this is no exception, for a more inappropriate place can scarcely be imagined. This field, coupled with its past records of body snatching, is but another proof of the necessity for crematories and cremations. Even as we rested against the stone wall outside and moralized on grave-yards in general, and this one in particular, a hearse, with a long black line of hacks, wound its sinuous way down the road. This is a favorite colored burying-ground, and Irish drivers from their perches looked down with lofty contempt on the dark-skinned friends of the deceased. The group of wheelmen attracted more attention than seemed befitting, for many were the black visages that grinned on them from the carriage windows. This was more noticeable towards the rear of the procession, a phenomenon common to a certain class of funerals where, usually, the grief is not too deep to spoil the enjoyment of the ride.

A half mile south of the Lebanon Cemetery is the Point Breeze Driving Park. It is approached by a vista of trees, of quite prepossessing appearance, and has acquired a semi-professional air in keeping with the memory of its past. The "Park" was the offspring of a desire for a city race-course and has been the scene of various notable sporting events. Of late they have consisted principally of performances against time, in which that venerable adversary of all was considerably worsted. It is still the stamping-ground of many well-known sporting characters who air their fancy stock here and compare reminiscenses in a most convivial style. Wheelmen generally recognized them by the pleasant habit they have acquired of dashing up closely behind the bicycles and skimming lightly by, for

these drivers struggle in vain to conceal their contempt for the wheel.

To the south lies League Island, known as the government naval station, and Penrose Ferry, now represented by a bridge; to the west is the stream once sung by Tom Moore, which rolls on under its quaint Dutch name of Schuylkill; to the east are the Lava beds, certainly named from a surprising suggestion of fancy, for the geologist who finds traces here of any such material is an expert indeed. Moreover, the breezes blowing from the locality are not at all suggestive of fragrance, for they seem to indicate the presence of substances more subject to decay than is the case with this volcanic material. Explorers rarely penetrate far into a country before they begin the study of its inhabitants, investigating their religion, interviewing their prominent men, and performing all the other inquisitive duties which fall to the lot of travelers.



PROVISION SHIP.

"The Captain," the club's artist, had searched far and wide for a unique object for his pencil, but hitherto unsuccessfully. His title of "Captain" was not official, being merely a gentle sarcasm on his desire for command; but nevertheless his artistic instict was unfailing, and under his guidance we soon fell into the lair of the typical "Necker."

A peculiar straw hat, shaped like a fireman's; short blue blouse, pantaloons of an indiscribable brown and bare black feet were the features which caught the "Captain's" eye. They are never costumed, quite the same, yet this is the general impression imparted, and the figures would not look out of place in one of those soft mellow landscapes of Breton or Normandy. The Necker is always about forty-five years of age; this being a curious phenomenon the only plausible explanation of which is that the bronzed complexion and general dress conceal age and youth impartially, and compromise with Time to produce the effect. There is a lurking suspicion of weariness and keenness about him without which it would be impossible to conceive him. But while he is picturesque and melancholy in the distance, on approach the charm is broken. He is intensely unpoetical, so much so indeed that there is a grim sarcasm in even mentioning the fact; and he is shockingly ungrammatical, in his speech, lingering on his words with that flat, nasal twang, which Philadelphians love so well, as though they hurt him; and well they might, for he breaks not only every ordinary rule of snytax unfortunate enough to come in his way, but he wanders around

unnecessarily, demolishing great numbers of unoffending laws.

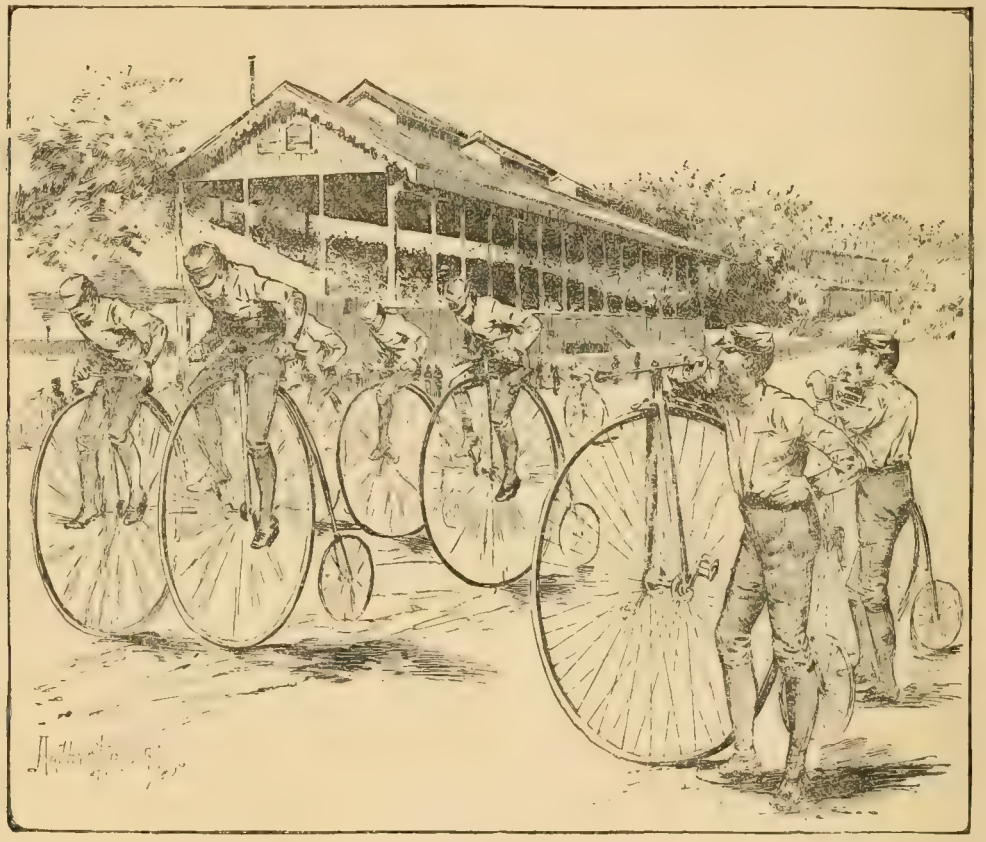
There is the record of a conversation held with one, vouched for by the Professor—an erratic genius who had won his degree from his scientific lectures on the bicycle, which he is ever ready to deliver to chance rural assemblages. Being a steady wheelman and a regular subscriber to Outing, his statements can be relied upon. Having dismounted to repair a trifling accident he stood near an open field in which a man was hoeing. Slowly raising his head and leaning on his hoe, the man nodded towards the bicycle, as he asked, "What du them air velossypeeds cost?" Now to stir the innermost soul of a wheelman and make his blood boil, it is only necessary to call the object of his devotion a velocipede. So straightening up with as much of freezing dignity as was available, the wheelman replied that a good *bicycle* would cost anywhere under a hundred and fifty dollars. But the gentle hint was lost, and looking back from the distance after passing on, the old man still seemed lost in meditation, leaning on the handle of his hoe.

A low, rambling building, close to the road side, following the ironclad plan of some native architect and presenting a somewhat weather-beaten coat of whitewash, forms the average house. Reinforced to the side or rear by lower, more rambling sheds, and almost surrounded by a ditch of green, stagnant water, it rests on its little island, deserted through the day by all signs of life, except perhaps a hungry dog or a few wandering chickens. It is a problem for doctors, and a bold challenge to sanitary engineers, to explain how the people stand the unhealthy malarial poison which must ooze up from these ditches, penetrating the lower Neck; for the spot is dropsical with them, one might say. But not only do they stand it, but to all appearances they thrive upon it too.

Nature, in sympathy with the surroundings, has not been unmindful of her usual eccentricities, and some of her effects were curious in the extreme. Near League Island the low, monotonous green sedge, with its wandering creeks, produces a flatness which apparently stretches away for miles, while the water at Penrose Ferry, floating the old fishy barges covered with their house-like cabins, suggests somewhat the appearance of a recent flood.

Scarcely had we ridden upon Penrose Ferry Bridge before two decripit old fellows hurridly hobbled to the two ends of the structure, each one closing a gate. A little tug toiling up the Schuylkill was the only moving object in sight, and there was no apparent cause for this proceeding unless they took us for some new style of animal which they intended to cage. Suddenly a man appeared from somewhere below, and a little engine in the middle began to puff and snort. We collapsed in wonder, and waited to see the next move of the two antique apparitions. But they sauntered leisurely back in marked contrast to their previously hurried manner, and, gazing beyond them, we saw the end of the bridge extending into space. We were turning around out of the way of the little propeller. The engineer belonged to the intelligent type of mechanics, and from him we endeavored to learn something of the neighborhood. He told us that West Philadelphia lay somewhere over in the distance, accompanying the information with an indefinate wave of his hand. But beyond this bit of geographical information he told us nothing of general interest. But the Professor was far more successful. Following a little by-path to the eastward, in vain hope of reaching the Delaware with a few of his followers, he soon brought up before an extraordinary obstruction. Directly in front was a long, round mound, most resembling in shape a hugh ocean

billow, while on its side, shovel in hand, sat a man, evidently resting, though from what was not apparent. In his stationary position on the regular heap of earth was a suggestion of the story of the little boy of the school readers, similarly situated, who stopped the trickling stream in the Dutch dykes. The road extended as far as this point, and, without the slightest apparent reason, stopped. A house stood beside it,



ON THE TRACK.

while a horse grazed sadly under the ghost of a tree in the vicinity. After a few preliminary conversational manoeuvers the object on the hill explained that the mound kept the tides in the marshes from overflowing his grounds, and, growing loquacious, he further informed us that the "old woman with the kids was away for the day, visiting relatives down Jarsey. I'm sorry," he said, "for children, ye know, is so fond of sech things." There was an onconscious slur in this statement, but he looked so hospitable and withal so happy, that the club had not the heart to reprove him. But when he got away from domestic topics he soon proved to be a philosopher in the truest sense. He was so firmly convinced of the merits of the wheel, after drinking in the Professor's facts and statistics, and felt so friendly towards us all, that he almost volunteered to mount the machine if only to show his confidence in its performances. This was a surprising faith, for the world looks with pity upon the horrors of the bicycle, as illustrated in the struggles of a beginner.

But do not imagine that the inhabitants are all philosophers or types of genial classes, for recollections of crabbed old women who refused the courtesy of a cup

of cold water to the thirsty traveller, with other discouragements usually foreign to the cycler's experience, are still treasured in memory.

A sentry paces constantly before the entrance to League Island; but, notwithstanding his martial appearance, he made no attempt to stop us, and we rode across the bridge without interruption. Sailors in white duck pantaloons and blouses, surmounted with the typical blue cap, were working in the foreground, while upon a walk overlooking the spot a few officers were idling in the shade, reminding one, for want of a better simile, of a scene from Pinafore. The little fellows on the receiving-ship, apprentices as they are called, were much excited over the prospect of having their pictures taken by the club's photographer. This was accomplished upon the deck of a monitor, after which a little man was picked out as a representative and made happy in the promise of being photographed alone. He borrowed a ring —large and brassy—from a companion, and it was almost an impossibility to persuade him that a cane would be no improvement to his appearance. He leaned against a post, swelled with importance, the envy of his comrades, his ringed finger conspicuously in view, and awaited the signal of the photographer.

This naval station, which is only used to repair the government's ships, divides the honors at the south, on the city's maps, with the coal docks on the Delaware and the grain elevators on the Schuylkill. These elevators, standing out into the water, make one dizzy when gazing up to their windows, a hundred feet above the stream, and the beholder shudders at the bare thought of being perched upon one of their steep, precipitous roofs.

Above here, away up the winding banks of the Schuylkill, are the enormous oil tanks which supply the neighboring refineries. Near these refineries are the Point Breeze gas-works, the tall columns of the receiver towering up like an ancient ruin, producing conflicting doubts in the mind of a distant observer. Signs, ungrammatical, unspellable and illiterate to the last degree, are scattered over the region, descriptive of the various articles that are purchasable commodities. If we are permitted to judge by their prevalency the frequent occurrence of the sign "Pies and caiks for sail" offers proof of the universal popularity of these wares. We even saw a sign to this effect on a disused barge floating beyond all possible reach from the shore. But business is sometimes combined in direct opposition to the dictates of a sensitive taste. For example, quietly reposing side by side on a farm-house wall, we read, "Milk for sale," and "Dead animals removed."

Seventy-five or a hundred years ago the Neck was more than a mysterious section filled with stagnant ditches and scanty houses, peculiar as they may be. It extended over nearly all the present southern half of the city, and included some famous country-seats, still remembered for their hospitality. The Quaker population was too strong then for most of the theatrical attractions, and dancing was still sinful; but in its garden parties, dinners and the like, the quiet, provincial town, excelled its sisters, Boston and New York. Washington Irving also has left pleasant memories of Philadelphia, though of a somewhat later period. How pleasant a revival of these times would be, every one must decide for himself, but a club member desires to place on record his doubts concerning its advisability, based upon his own personal experience, after walking through town in uniform, but unaccompanied by a machine. He thinks that it would surprise, even grieve the old patriots to appear in their old-time garments, especially the knickerbockers. This unfortunate article of attire was the chief attraction; the female population, who presided over candy and pea-nut stands on the corners, being noticeably loud in their contempt.

But there are three short stories which, fortunately for us, preserve many echoes of this romantic period, written by a Philadelphia physician, Dr. Weir Mitchell. "Hephzibah Guinness," "Thee and You," and "A Draft on the Bank of Spain," have caught the quiet air of the Friends with their ideas, forms and language; the only thing that can be criticised perhaps being the constant reference to the unhappiness of Quaker life. But there runs beneath them all an undercurrent of passion so necessary in a novel, and the lights and shades, the scarlet trimmings of the worldy

and the drab of the Quakers, are joined most artistically. In the "Draft on the Bank of Spain" there is an unusually happy description of the Neck as two young lovers found it fifty years ago, and which is yet so poetical and appropriate that it will bear quotation now. The young husband of the story relates his experience as follows:—

"We were great walkers in those days, and as we walked, and the houses and poor suberbs were left behind, and we gained the open roads which run wildly crooked across the Neck, it was pleasant to feel that we had escaped from the tyranny of right angles. It was the first time we had gone south of the city, and we found there, as you may find to-day, the only landscape near us which has in it something quite its own and which is not elsewhere to be seen near to any great city in all our broad country.

"Wide, level, grassy meadows, bounded by two noble rivers, kept back by miles of dikes; formal little canals which replace the fences and leave an open view of lowing cattle; long lines of willows, shock-headed, sturdy fellows; and here and there a low-walled cottage with gleaming milk-cans on the whitewashed garden palings, while far away in the distance tall snowy sails of hidden hulks of ships and schooners move slowly to and fro upon the unseen rivers.

"Charming we found it, with a lowland beauty all its own, lacking but a windmill here and there to make it perfect of its kind.

"Along its heaped-up roads, we wandered all that summer afternoon until the level sun gleamed yellow on the long wayside ditches with their armies of cat-tails and splatterdocks and tiny duck-weeds; and at last the frogs came out, both big and small, and said or sung odd bits of half human language which pleased the little woman to convert into absurd pieces of advice to doleful young folks such as we. She would have me pause and listen to one solemn old fellow who said, I am sure, 'Good luck! Good luck!' and to another sturdy brown-backed preacher who bade us 'Keep up! Keep up!' with a grim solemness of purpose most comforting to hear."

New York's Squatter Town is rapidly losing its individuality; even now it exists almost alone in the memory of its inhabitants. The elevated railroads have been its downfall. Hard-pressed by street-cutting surveyors and building contractors, it is disappearing gradually, although its influence unconsciously remains. Its shanties, rocks and goats, the ideas and general strangeness of its inhabitants, will still form for some time a favorite theme for illustration, and burlesque theatrical representation. But the Philadelphia Neck needs no such aid, for it will probably never change. It is not suited for residences, and while business lines its river-banks it will never penetrate the interior. There are no salient points of individuality that might be used even in the lightest of operas, far-seeing Nature having carefully rounded them all off.

The heterogeneous settlements which gather on the outskirts of every large city are always unique and interesting; varying from thrifty hucksters, and small farmers who supply the market, to squatters merely eking out a hand-to-mouth existence. But on one point they all vary from the Neck, for time and improvements may one day wipe them out. But fifty years hence, this district, with its peculiar inhabitants, will be the same unknown inaccessible region that it is at the present time.

Jay Howe Adams.

ERRATA.

THE following errors made in the hurry of the last of the college year need correction:

In the *Carmen Haverfordeianum*, the word Gratiis was by mistake spelled Gratüs, and in In Memoriam, on page 148, the same error was made in the word Ventiis, and also in the same poem in the first line of the second verse, it should read "such in manners" instead of "each in manner."

In the notice of the marriage of D. William Edwards, '84 should be replaced by '83, and the bride's name should be Fannie Lytle.

In the article on E. B. Browing, in introducing the description of Byron, the writer said, "She gives us a life in these lines."

LITERARY.

SINCE our last issue, the most important stir in the literary world has been made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, in exposing the depths of sin and filthiness of that city. The best men on both sides of the Atlantic are in a quandary whether to endorse the proceeding or not. Spurgeon the greatest living preacher, is loud in his praises of the work. The American Press as a rule decry it. It is not likely that any definite conclusion will ever be reached. Whether vice should be handled without gloves and openly attacked, or whether by persuasion and education, and other equally good methods, we should teach the people better will not perhaps be decided this side immortality. The world's metropolis may be a little purer, but how about the world at large? Is it necessary to expose a crime to the whole world in order to check it? There are a few, and we are persuaded a great number good, true, pure men and women. Must they be made acquainted with the vile rottenness of London, which is not in their power to suppress in the least?

Our great American showman says: "The best advertisement he wants for his show is the anger of some popular newspaper. And so it appears to us, that while Mr. Stead's aim *may* have been the very best, he has over shot the mark.

S. C. Griggs, Chicago, who publish the works of Wm. Matthews, L. L. D., have just sent out "Monday Chats," by C. A. Sainte Beuve, with introductory essays on his life and writings by the translator, William Matthews. The book is uniform with "Getting On in the World," by the same author, which has had such a wide circulation.

"Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and America, from the Days of Garrick to the Present Time," is the title of a book to be published early in 1886. Among its contributors are Henry Irving, who writes of Edmund Keane, Lawrence Barrett, of Edwin Forrest, and Edwin Booth, of his father Junius Brutus Booth. It is edited and in a great part written by Lawrence Hutton and Blander Matthews.

In the American Men of Letters series, it has fallen to the lot of our most popular living poet Lowell, to write of America's greatest novelist. Hardly necessary to say we mean Nathaniel Hawthorne, but for fear of misunderstanding, we put the full name. The book is already on our shelves.

Four more volumes of the American Commonwealth Series are ready for sale, viz: "Kansas," by Leverett W. Spring, "Michigan," by T. M. Cooley, "California," by Josiah Royce, and "Tennessee," by James Phelan. This series is a vast addition to any library, and we are not saying too much when we predict it to be the future history of the United States, to which one will turn with the most confidence.

Harper Bros. publish "City Ballads," by Will Carleton, whose poetry is to America what Burns' love songs are to Scotland.

Life and Letters of Louis Agassiz, by Eliza C. Agassiz, is just out from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two volumes.

The New York Tribune gives a graphic description of how Lew. Wallace, late minister to Turkey, found "Ben Hur," published by a well known firm in London, with the title changed and a new preface furnished, which the original had not, and some other changes. It rightly calls this mean business Piracy.

To partly offset this, the Duchess brings a counter complaint against a New York house, who has published without authority her last novel, "O Tender Dolores," which by the way is exceedingly wishywashy stuff, and called it "Dick's Sweetheart." The two countries ought to have some international rules in regard to publications.

LOCALS.

"Certainly."

Salve '89.

"Where is the glee-club?"

Only four students are now in college who were here at the beginning of '82—'83.

The "tossing" was conspicuous this year, by its not being performed.

Junior to a friend. "Are you going to the opening of Bryn Mawr College?"

Friend. "No, I guess I can't go."

Junior. "Why there is a collation at 5 P. M."

Friend. "Well! I'd like to hear it, but really I cant go."

A vast vein of native brass has been found on the third floor of Barclay Hall. Doubting scientists may assure themselves of the truth of this statement by a single inspection.

Now doth the funny editor,
Grind out line after line;
And fill the Local Column
With gags on eighty-nine.

'88 boasts of having enrolled the *Pope* in its Classical Section.

Prof. to Senior in history class. "Mr.——what do you think of the plan of the early English, of calling in the Danes to help drive out William the Conquerer."

Mr.——"I think it was a *Dan*gerous policy, sir."

Although the following verses may be considered of no account, by some of our wicked critics, we cheerfully give them the requisite space, as showing forth in a remarkable degree, the budding genius of our Senior poet. The author has as yet forgotten to affix a fitting title to this most valuable production.

He raveth, and stormeth and waxeth mad,
He calleth us liars, he maketh us sad!
His breast doth heave, his eyes do flash,
With words of contempt he doth us slash!
He changeth our seats, our little groups;
If we speak, down on us he swoops!
He "spots" our winks, our becks, our nods,
By Jove! he maketh us swear by all the gods!
He calls us an ignorant, stupid class,
And all this in Mediæval cometh to pass.

Professor in German, to inattentive Soph.—"Please decline the indefinite article."

I. S. suddenley remembering he is in a class room: "Of what verb, Professor?"

Class collapses.

A concise Soph. defines conscience as that "irrepressible, immediate, intuitive faculty of the mind."

"Hap" may very properly be called a "bully" boy.

We believe in this our day, that it would not be difficult to pick out one *of our nobility*, (*Baron* in some respects, but yet noble, you know,) who like the philosopher of old, being in a ship, and seeing his companions siezing bits of spar, etc., as the vessel was about to go under, in imitation of his fellows, grasped the anchor for safety.

Within the walls of old Barclay, a method for freshening the briny deep has lately been discovered, to wit: by fastening a mill-stone about the neck of a certain lambkin from pastures green, and well,—making a sort of solution by just submerging the combined solids.

The other day as the Countess was hurriedly rounding the S. W. corner of Founder's, he suddenly collided with a Freshman. As the youths stood with downcast eyes, each holding his aching head, we chanced to catch the following conversation. The Freshman broke the profound silence, by exclaiming, "Great Scott! how that made my head ring!" "That's because it's hollow," haughtily growled the Countess. "Why, did'nt yours ring?" timidly asked the Freshman. "You Fresh fool, no!" grumbled the indignant countess. "That's because it's cracked," the Fresh individual replied, as he started on; and he don't exactly understand yet why the Sophs. called on him that night.

Facetious Waiter (handing back the empty potato dish to the Sophs.) "The potatoes are ausgespeil."

PERSONALS.

'84, John H. Allen is teaching near his home at Union Springs, N. Y., and has met with great success in his work.

'84, Frank White is in business in Baltimore, Md.

'84, Charles R. Jacobs is head teacher at Oakgrove Seminary, Vassalborough, Maine.

'84, George Vaux, Jr., is studying law in Philadelphia.

'84, A. P. Smith gave us a pleasant little visit last month.

'85, J. J. Blair spent a part of the summer teaching in a normal school. We understand that he delivered a course of twenty lectures on History.

'85, Isaac Sutton is teaching in the Haverford College Grammar School.

'85, M. T. Wilson is teaching in Tennessee.

'85, Rufus Jones is a "professor" at Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'85, Enos L. Doan is teaching in Wilmington, Del.

'85, E. H. White occupies the position of Prefect in the House of Refuge, Philadelphia.

'85, A. W. Jones is teaching school in West Gardiner, Maine.

'85, A. T. Murray is pursuing a post-graduate course in the Johns Hopkins University.

'85, William and Augustus Reeve are playing tennis, Augustus, especially, having attained a remarkable proficiency in the art.

'85, J. L. Markley is with us studying for a degree of Master of Arts.

'87, Goddard is back again.

'87, H. Yarnall has gone into business.

'87, Martin has gone to Kansas.

'87, F. A. Herendeen has deserted our college and glee-club, and has entered Hobart, but his cherub like form has returned to us in Sacks.

'88, E. Brooks, Jr., while here on a visit this fall, informed us that he was to enter the class of '90 at Yale, after taking a year's rest.

'88, H. D. Howels is attending business college in Philadelphia.

'88, Shang alias Evans '87 has not yet returned from Europe.

President Chase has kindly furnished us the following interesting item:

"In the printed Rank List at Harvard University, for the year 1884–5, the names of the following Haverfordians appear as having attained seventy per cent. and upward of the maximum mark in various studies: C. E. Gause, T. H. Chase, L. L. Smith, A. P. Smith, C. C. Carmalt."

EXCHANGES.

We are most happy to welcome to our sanctum, all our Exchanges, old and new. The effects of an interval of wholesome recreation are plainly imprinted on the pages of every sheet lying upon our table, and it is, indeed, a pleasure to read the various articles, on whatever subject, fresh from the vivifying influences of mountain and seashore. One thing only mars the general harmony. In several of our larger colleges, most notably Princeton, outbreaks of hazing have occured, severe enough to cause the suspension of the hazers in more than one instance. By no means would we give credit for one moment, to the exaggerated reports current in the daily papers, and tending much to prejudice the public against our most influential seats of learning. But that actions sufficient to give to these exaggerations a coloring of truth, should have occured, is certainly, to say the least, ground sufficient for serious thoughtfulness on the part of college students in general; for no matter what action the faculty of a college may take, that action can avail but little, so long as popular opinion among students still gives its sanction to these outrageous proceedings.

Prominent among our September visitors, is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, a college journal worthy of the name. Its pages are not all given up to reports of the latest base ball and cricket matches, nor does the page allotted to "Locals," consist of poor jokes gotten up at the expense of unfortunate Freshmen.

On the other hand, the literary contributions are, almost without exception of a creditable character, and exhibit a spirit of earnest striving for literary excellence. The following little poem, which appeared in the last number for September, will serve as an example of the class of literary work *Notre Dame* produces.

LOVE'S TUTELAGE.

Dimmed by the distance and the hazy sky,
On ocean's farthest verge a vessel lay;
Long had I watched it on its chosen way,
Till now, scarce seen it faded on the eye.
Buried in thought and truest sympathy,
Communed I with the souls it did convey,
And kind affections and hope's cheering ray,
Sent o'er the waters with compassion's sigh.
How little thought the solitary crew,
'Mid the lone ocean, of a friendly care,
Of one whose heart still held them in its view,
And breathed for them a supplicating prayer!
Nor knoweth man what love his steps attend,
What unseen being is his guardian friend.

P. D.

Two prose articles in the same number are worthy of attention: *Lost in Rome*, by C. W. Stoddard, and a short history and description of Notre Dame University, by a visitor.

Bright, earnest, energetic, *The Journalist*, in the sample copy of August 29th, almost outdid its usual merit. The short biographical sketch of J. Armoy Knox of Texas Siftings fame, is especially interesting to the many friends of that lively publication. *The Journalist* should have a place in the sanctum of every college paper.

The Undergraduate of last June contains an article entitled *A Tendency in Colleges*, which is very good in its way. But why the explanation that it was not copied? Have the editors been in the habit of copying without giving due credit? or do they think the ability displayed in the composition is of too high a standard for undergraduates?

In *The University* for September 26th, is an essay concerning elective studies in colleges, which is well worth the reading. The view of the author appears to be, that the example set by Harvard in this matter, and followed by numerous other colleges, will tend, if carried out to its logical result, to undermine all such broad and comprehensive educations, as were produced by the old method. He says: "It is our conviction, that the principle of election, applied on the broad scale, and from the early starting point that we have now for some years been alloting to it in this country, has an unfavorable bearing on our educational problem, in its most vital elements. We believe that we have already carried the principle farther than the safety of our educational future will bear, and that, if one would promote the interests of true national spirit among us, or place our educational establishment upon a footing of equality with that of Europe, we must take no further steps in the direction in which we have been going, and in which, if the country, in that contagion of imitation for which it has such a fatal facility, follows the lead now set by Harvard, we are in danger of passing to such a fatal extreme."

Surprise, pure genuine surprise seizes us as we glance over the pages of *The College Transcript*. The editorials promise much, the Local and Exchange departments are ably conducted, but, with two exceptions, ("Partianism Pro. and Con." and "Two Funerals,") where could the articles of a literary nature have been found. The author of "Cycles" in the depth of his wisdom, after citing the state of civilization of Egypt, India, China, Syria, &c., sums up in this style: "These are but few of the many facts that prove that the earth has already been the seat of several civilizations far more advanced than our own." We never knew before what true civilization meant, but thanks to our profound philosopher, he has made it plain that the only living representatives of the highest culture are to be found in Papua or the interior of Africa. The other articles, treated in as masterly a way as the preceding, are on such practical subjects as "Rudderless," "Facing Time," "Method," and "Advice to a Freshman."

We read in one of our Exchanges, that a Mr. Bartlett, of Wyoming Co., N. Y., "has the reputation of doing more than half the legal business of Wyoming Co." Either Wyoming Co. must be very sparsely populated, or else it would be a capital place for county constables and amateur detectives to practice in.

We are sorry to record the following from *The Bryn Mawr News*. "The Sailor Bard" is the same hermit in whose welfare some of our students took such an interest last year, and of whom some account was published in THE HAVERFORDIAN last June.

"George Wilson has become famous throughout the Eastern portion of this State, as a poetical genius, and although not enjoying as much of this world's possessions as he might have obtained, had his inclinations been loftier, yet he has maintained a position which has made him many sympathizing friends, who are always willing to assist him. His hermit life in his declining years, is leading him into habits which, if continued, will cause his friends to forsake him, and sacrifice the sympathy of a benevolent community, which deserves better consideration than has been of late displayed by "the Sailor Bard." His unprovoked assaults on prominent citizens in this neighborhood had better cease at once, or his career will be cut short. We prefer to see him famous, not infamous, hence these words of warning and caution."

Since noting the above, the editors have learned that George Wilson has been placed, by the assistance of some influential friends, in the Home for Aged Men at Philadelphia, where he can spend the remainder of that dangerous dotage, into which he appears to be so rapidly sinking.

THE HAVERFORDIAN offers congratulations to *The University Herald*, on the very attractive appearance of the commencement number. The new design for the cover is neat and tasteful, reflecting much credit on the designer, Prof. Wells. The tinted paper and new type, alike contribute to give to the inside an attractive appearance, only equaled by that of the cover. We wish the *Herald* all possible success in its new form.

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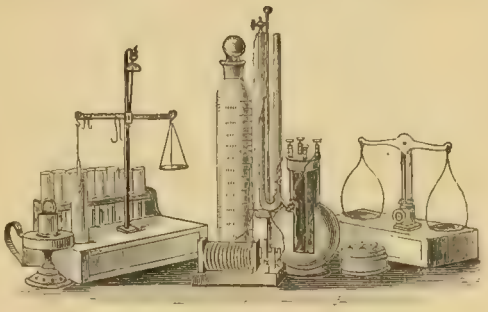

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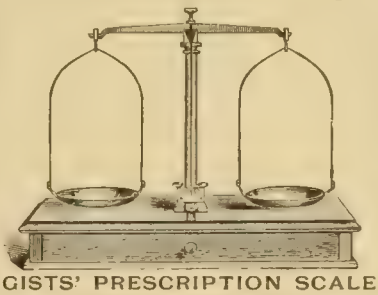

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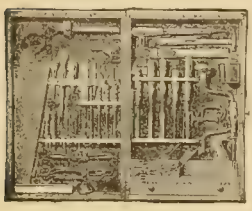

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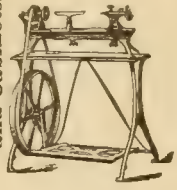

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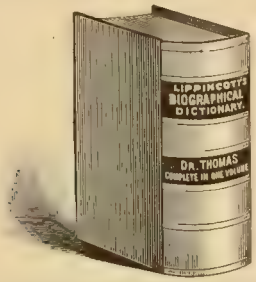

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IT is not our wish or intention to encourage any class feeling in the college or to create any unpleasantness between individual students, but we feel that a more dignified behavior on many occasions would be far more befitting many of the upper classmen. No one perhaps is incapable of enjoying a good joke, but for Seniors and Juniors to indulge in childish horse play, or to deride each other for the delectation of new students, or to combine with newer men for boarding school tricks, is, to say the least not commendable. On the football field and in the society, a just equality between all students should be observed at all times, and no student should be made the recipient of insulting remarks or blows, simply because he is a Freshman. Still a certain politeness is due to older students, for they occupy the position as it were, of old settlers, and it is not pleasant at all times to have younger men usurp all the rights and privileges, which in every other college come only from several years acquaintance with the campus.

Let us all cultivate manliness in every form and not think it big to do or say things which any school boy of ten could equal, without much serious effort. But enough, let us take the lesson to heart; may the older classmen cultivate more dignity and let the new students remember that even in a Freshman or a Sophomore common politeness is a very requisite thing, but at present a very scarce commodity.

VERY frequently when a speaker addresses a body of boys or young men he chooses ambition as his topic. He shows the possibilities that lie before them; he paints the future, oh so brilliantly; he adduces from history examples of great deeds achieved and lofty eminences attained. So far so good. Let every one have a high ambition. But our orator nearly always neglects the amount of patient toil it took to attain those heights to which he points. The introduction of real downright hard work always jars in an oration; a harsh chord is struck and the poetry is lost.

So our boy gets the idea that he is one of the very few destined to make some great mark in the world, and when a small duty comes up he slights it as being beneath him, and so he goes on slighting the little things until he ultimately goes to wreck on the rock of a Great Future.

The distinguished English divine who spoke to us so kindly not long ago spoke

in the same line and his remarks set us to thinking. How many are ruined by too much ambition? We have in mind several instances of men who expected too much. Pardon one. A man was a successful farmer, respected and honored by all who knew him; a man who filled his niche in the world and filled it well. But he was ambitious to engage in politics, and by the aid of his friends succeeded in gaining a lucrative office. He was out of his niche. And while still as honest as when behind his plow, somehow things went wrong; misfortune here, mistake there; and at last disgusted with it all he went back to the old farm an older and a wiser man.

But you say, perhaps, we shall all be a set of mopes by following your advice. Not in the least. We do not mean to discourage any one, but only to remind each one that between you and those stars at which you are aiming, there is a good long distance, and before you reach them a great many little, insignificant things, apparently, have to be done. Do them. When the sensitive plate is exposed in the camera, it isn't the brilliant red ray that produces the picture, nor the beautiful violet, nor any of the colored rays, but the unseen, colorless, actinic ray. And so, while your life may not be renowned, like the chemical ray, you may be doing a great work in a quiet way.

Ambition is nothing compared to doing your own work well. And may be by always doing the next thing, you may unexpectedly find that you have attained unto great things by doing the small.

AL KORAN.

THE word Koran derived from the verb karaa, to read, signifies in the Arabic tongue that which ought to be read. By this name the Mohammedans denote not only the entire book or volume of the Koran, but also any particular chapter or section of it. The word Al is the Arabic definite article and is some times written as a syllable of the Alkoran, the Koran. Besides this appellation the Koran is called by several other names common to books of scripture.

The Koran is divided into one hundred and fourteen larger portions of very unequal length which we call chapters, but the Arabians Sowar, in the singular Sûra, a word rarely used on any other occasion and signifying a row, order or regular series; as a rank of soldiers in an army.

Every chapter is subdivided into smaller portions, of very unequal length also, customarily called verses; but the Arabic word is Byât, the same with the Hebrew Ototh, and signifies signs or wonders; such as are the secrets of God, his attributes, works, judgments and ordinances, delivered in those verses; many of which have their particular titles also, imposed in the same manner as those of the chapters.

Besides this regular division of chapter and verse, the Mohammedans have divided their Koran into sixty equal portions, each subdivided into four equal parts. These divisions are for the use of the readers of the Koran in the Royal Temples, or in the adjoining chapels where the Emperors and great men are interred. There are thirty of these readers belonging to every chapel, and each reads his section every day, so that thus once a day the whole Koran is read over. Next after the title, at the head of every chapter except one, the following solemn form is prefixed, "In the name of the most merciful God," which form they constantly place at the head of all their books and writings, as a peculiar mark of their religion, it being considered a kind of impiety to omit it.

The Koran is written with the utmost elegance and purity of style and is confessedly the standard of the Arabic language. It is thought to be inimitable by any human pen, therefore a permanent miracle, greater than that of raising the dead,

and alone sufficient to convince the world of its divine origin. It is concise and adorned with bold figures after the Eastern taste, and in many places where the attributes of God are described, magnificent and almost sublime.

The general design of the Koran was to unite the professors of the three different religions in the populous country of Arabia, the far greater number being idolators, and the rest Jews and Christians mostly of an erronious belief, in the knowledge and worship of one eternal, invisible God, by whose power all things were made; who is the Supreme Governor, Judge, and absolute Lord of the creation? and to bring them all to the obedience of Mohammed, who as the prophet and ambassador of God, was to establish God's religion on earth by force of arms, and to be the acknowledged chief pontiff in spiritual matters, as well as supreme prince in temporal. There being some passages in the Koran which are contradictory, the Mohammedan doctors meet the objection which may be made to it by the doctrines of abrogation; for they say that God in the Koran commanded several things which were for good reason afterwards revoked and abrogated. The Koran is held in such respect by the Mohammedans that they dare not touch it without first being washed. They swear by it, consult it on weighty occasions, carry it with them to war, write sentences of it on their banners, and will not knowingly suffer it to be in the possession of any of a different persuasion. They have had the Koran translated into the Persian tongue and also into Javan and Malayan, but out of respect to the original Arabic, these versons are generally interlineary.

The Mohammedans divide their religion into two distinct parts; faith or theory, and religion or practice; and teach that it is built on five fundamental points, one belonging to faith and the other four to practice. The first is that there is but one true God, and that Mohammed is his apostle. Under this they comprehend six branches; belief in God; in His angels; in His scriptures; in His prophets; in the resurrection and day of Judgment; and in God's absolute decree and predetermination both of good and evil. The four points relating to practice are: prayer, under which are comprehended those washings and purifications which are necessary preparations required before prayer; alms; fasting; and the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The existence of angels and their purity are absolutely required to be believed by the Koran; and he is considered to be an infidel who denies any of these things; "or hates any of them, or asserts any distinction of sexes among them." They believe they have pure and subtle bodies, created of fire; that they neither eat nor drink, nor propagate their species; that they have various forms and offices, some adoring God in different postures, others singing praises to Him, or interceding for mankind.

The Mohammedans also believe that two guardian angels attend on every man to observe and write down his actions, and that they are changed every day and thus continually succeed one another. The devil, whom they call Eblis, from his *despair*, was one of the angels who fell, according to the Koran, for refusing to pay homage to Adam at the command of God.

Beside angels and devils the Koran teaches the existence of an intermediate order of creatures, which they call Genii, created of fire, but of a "grosser fabric" than angels, since they eat and drink and propagate their species and are subject to death. Some are supposed to be good, others bad, and it is thought they are to have a future existence as in the case of man; whence Mohammed was sent for the salvation of the Genii as well as men.

As to the Scriptures, the Mohammedans are taught by the Koran that God in divers ages of the world gave revelations of his

will, in writing to several prophets, every word of which it is necessary for a good Moslem to believe. The number of these sacred books was thought to be one hundred and four. Of these, ten were given to Adam, fifty to Seth, thirty to Edur or Enoch, ten to Abraham, and the other four being the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel and the Koran, were successively delivered to Moses, David, Jesus, and Mohammed. The last having the seal of the prophets, those revelations are now closed and no more are to be expected. All these divine books, except the four last, are now lost, and their contents entirely unknown. And of those four, the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Gospel, they say, have undergone so many alterations and corruptions, that though they may possibly contain some part of the true word of God, yet no credit is to be given to those copies which are in the hands of the Jews and Christians.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

ONE hot day in the month of July, we set out on a visit to Gettysburg and its surroundings. We left Philadelphia at high noon after a very brief repast, which we could not honor by the name of a dinner. Our company was composed chiefly of weather-beaten old veterans, who were going back to fight again the battle of twenty-two years ago. For six hours we rode through three of Pennsylvania's richest counties: Chester, Lancaster, and York. We made short stops at Lancaster, Columbia, York and Hanover, the only evident result of which was the increased hilarity of some of our convivial passengers. About six o'clock we steamed into the back door of a little town, and Gettysburg was announced.

Gettysburg! the very name had echoed in our minds since our childhood, when we heard old soldiers relating the wonderful deeds of those three days; and among the first things we remember reading was the account of the battle. In the town itself we were disappointed. It is nothing but a small country town, much like its class, composed for the most part of two-storied wood and brick houses, with here and there a hotel or a bank. The town contains about four thousand inhabitants; at the time of the battle three thousand, or in the words of John Burns, three thousand people, and fifteen hundred souls, as the other fifteen hundred were "copperheads," and they had no souls. For an hour we viewed the sights of the town; the jail, which had but two inmates at that time, the court house, the churches and stores, the pretty girls, who by the way are uncommonly numerous in this little inland town, and at length returned to our hotel where Thompson our genial old schoolmate, was to meet us and take us to his home nine miles north of the town.

While we waited, looking at a copy of West's great painting of the battle, an old soldier pointed out to us his portrait in the picture. There in the picture he stood right in the front of the Union line, helping to repel that awful charge of the 3d of July; now standing at our side and describing it. It seemed marvelous. But in the midst of our conversation the happy face of Thompson appeared, and soon we were on our way northward, behind a fine span of horses. It was now dark, and looking back over the town we could see a couple of camp-fires of the Grand Army of the Republic, who were bivouacking on the old camp ground, and it didn't take a very lively imagination to see again the camp-fires of two great armies, about to meet in mortal combat. But our ride soon came to an end, and after a kind welcome by Thompson's mother and sister, we, tired as we were from our journey, entered soon into dreamland, and saw only a confused medley of the day's sights.

The next day was Sunday, and along with our host and his sister, we went to the

old Friends' Meeting near by. Here we listened for an hour to the morning songs of the birds and the chattering of the squirrels, nature's ministers, outside; but aside from these, the silence was unbroken. We noticed that frequently the young men would turn their heads toward the other side of the house, where some of Thompson's pretty cousins were sitting. This was reprehensible; so we sat in a position which required no turning. But Sundays and battles do not harmonize very well.

Monday we spent on the old battle-ground. Coming down from the north when about a mile and a half from the town, we struck the old rebel line. Turning to the West, we followed their line of battle for a couple of miles, keeping about the same distance from the town until we came to the Gettysburg Springs' Hotel, a large four-story building built as a health resort. The water of the springs is Katalysine water, and is largely used for medicinal purposes. We rashly resolved to drink a whole glass of it, and when we had finished it, at once resolved never to drink another, so long as we lived and could get any other. It may be good for medicine, but it is anything but pleasant to take. Between these springs and the town, the first day's battle was fought, July 1st, 1863. We walked over the field where the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, after a brave struggle were put to rout, and their gallant commander, General Reynolds, killed. We sat under the tree where he died. It was a magnificent oak, but seamed and scarred by the marks of the balls; if that tree could speak, what tales of woe it could relate!

Leaving this old monarch we followed the course pursued by the Union troops in their retreat, down through the town to Cemetery Hill on the south. On our way we passed the Lutheran Theological Seminary, which gives the name of Seminary Ridge to a range of hills, a mile west of the town and running in a south-westerly direction. The summit of this ridge was the rebel line of battle. Right on the outskirts of the town, stands the little old house of John Burns, the "Hero of Gettysburg." In Gettysburg itself we found few marks of the battle; save here and there a rebel shell still half buried in the walls of a few houses, as a sample of those they threatened to shower upon the town.

Looking to the south of the town we could see the tall shaft of the Soldier's Monument, and thither we directed our course. Contrary to appearance it is nearly a mile to the top of Cemetery Hill, where the monument stands, and all the way uphill. From the summit, you have a splendid view of the rich rolling country around, and of the town itself. This is the centre of the Union line. To the East is Kulp's Hill where rested the Union right wing, and to South lies Round Top Mountain the position of the left. You are standing in the focus of a semi-circle, and away across the valley is Seminary Ridge, the semi-circle itself, from all points of which the rebels concentrated such a fire upon this spot as has never been surpassed upon this continent. From here we followed a line of rude earthworks toward Kulp's Hill. Cannon are still mounted on the old position of the batteries. When we reached the hill it was noontime, and we ate our lunch on its southern slope near Spangler's Spring, the scene of tremendous fighting. On this hill we found the most evident traces of the struggle. Right up this steep slope the Louisiana Tigers charged in the face of showers of lead. The breastworks are almost as plain as twenty years ago. The rocks are spattered with lead; the bones of horses still lie around; there are trees whose tops were shot away by shells and some with numerous marks of balls in them. In one not over eight inches in diameter we counted twenty bullet marks within six feet of the ground. Strange that

a single person should escape such a fire unharmed. The scene of this charge had a strange facination for us, and reluctantly we retraced our course to Cemetery Hill.

South of the old cemetery and extending all the way to Little Round Top, we found a nice avenue right along the line of battle. This has been built by the State. Along this avenue bulletin boards show the positions of the troops. About midway along it is the scene of Pickett's charge of the third day. There are no trees or rocks so that few traces of that most terrific struggle remain. A plain piece of board inside the rough breastwork with this inscription tells in words of fire the story of the wonderful valor of the rebels and their stern repulse: "Here lie the bodies of twelve Virginia Volunteers who fell inside the Union lines, July 3d 1863." Pickett's world-renowned charge and Hancock's resistance is the scene of West's great painting now to be seen in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia. From here we proceeded to Little Round Top, a wooded granite spur with precipitous sides. Up its steep sides the Federal troops dragged a battery by hand, and up this rocky slope in the face of that battery's fire the Confederates vainly charged. The guns are still there, shotted nearly to the muzzle. Sitting on one of these an old patriot told how this part of the battle was fought. So clear was his description that we could almost see the charge, and hear again the shouts, and clashing of bayonets. Here we saw the same marks of conflict as on Kulp's Hill. Trees riddled and shot away, rocks spattered with lead, old cartridge boxes and bits of shell. One of the company found a rusty bayonet. A little to the South is Round Top proper, a veritable mountain, from the summit of which we could see away into Maryland and all over that immense battle-field; we were astonished at its size. The Union line was at least six miles long and the rebel fully ten. Ten square miles would not include it all, and every foot has its tale of valor to tell. Numerous marble and granite shafts and slabs, marking where heroes fell now dot the green pastures made all the greener by their blood.

Coming down from Round Top we crossed the valley to the Peach orchard, the scene of carnage of the second day, through Sickles' error, and then returned to the National Cemetery, the most impressive of all the sights at Gettysburg. No one can enter those gates and see those graves without some sense of the price that was paid for freedom. Thirty-five hundred and fifty patriots lie there. Their graves form concentric semi-circles with the National Monument as its center. Of these nearly nine hundred are New York Volunteers, about six hundred and fifty Pennsylvanians and nearly one thousand unknown. This seemed the saddest of all. Friends have long ago ceased to mourn for them; their deeds are forgotten; their names unknown. But the country for which they fought still exists. It was worth the sacrifice. The gate-house still contains a number of packages of articles found on the unknown bodies, and by these nearly every year some dead hero is recognized by inquiring friends, and a long anxiety ended. The monument itself is sixty feet high, and is beautiful in conception and execution; from it the ground slopes in all directions like an amphitheatre with the slope reversed. Four large cannon point from it toward the four quarters of the globe as if in defense of the gallant dead. Here Lincoln delivered that wonderful address "We cannot consecrate this ground. * * * * The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." This city of the dead tells the other side of the story of war. Through the sighing of the trees that surround it, we could hear the cries of pain and of anguish;

through those sculptored tablets, that dot the valleys and hills, we could see again the bodies of the dead as they strewed the ground after the battle, with the dismantled cannon, the broken wagons and all the ruin of a battle-field. But night had come on while we were musing on these things, and again we enjoyed the pleasant ride to Thompson's home, with our minds filled with flitting images of glory and carnage.

The next day we took a trip away to the northward towards the Blue mountains, and picnicked in "The Notch," a picturesque valley or pass in one of the outlying ranges of these mountains, through which runs a beautiful stream that winds around boulders and tumbles over masses of rock, while on either side tower the mountains. The place was a gem of beauty, and romance as well. But why describe a picnic. We had all the accompaniments; a splendid dinner, chicken and cake, pickles and what not, prepared and spread by the hands of Thompson's cousins. The music was furnished by the old saw mill that was eating its way through big pine logs near by. The day was almost as short as this description of it, and the shadows of the mountains chased us homeward. We passed the evening at a social party not far away. Nearly all the picnickers were present with some notable additions. We were struck by the want of conventionality, and the good feeling that prevailed. No lines were drawn as is usual but every one seemed to devote himself or herself to the pleasure of the company at large; so, naturally, every one was happy. With "Magic Music" the "Virginia Reel," and kindred amusements we evaded Father Time and were for a few hours oblivious of his flight. But at length we were forced to bid our hostess of the evening good night, though the stars had not yet thought of waning and chanticleer had not begun to crow.

The next morning we took leave of our kind and hospitable friends to take up again the business of life that we had for a short time dropped. But long shall we remember our visit to Gettysburg, while the old battle field, the monument, the cemetery, are no longer creations of the imagination, but are facts indelibly impressed upon our mind. And so bidding farewell to the dust of the martyred heroes as they lie in that silent encampment of the dead, we could but say in the words of Everett, spoken there, "That wheresoever throughout the civilized world, the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates the battles of Gettysburg."

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

WE have just reached home from a long swift walk: over the mountains, in an autumnal air that makes the blood surge through the veins, and clears the senses for the keenest appreciation of every object in nature, both of the beauties and also of other things which our happy spirits must infuse with beauty. It surely is the richest time of the year. The heats of summer are past, yet the morbid chills, which blight flowers and loosen leaves from their parent branches, have not arrived. A few spots of red may be seen on the mountain sides, yet the fields still glow with golden rod, and autumn's touch does not appear elsewhere. The grand old earth seems to breathe a spirit of fulness and of purposes acccomplished. However fruitless the battlings of misguided men may have been during the year preparing now to close, at least the all-mother has done her work; for the corn-fields once again offer their golded fruits; the orchards are gay with red-cheeked globes, and the nuts are ready to fall in clattering showers: deep in the forest she has cherished her children; the stalwart oaks and restless pines that have added another circle to their growth;

the flowers whose seeds she gathers for next year's beauties; and fallen monarchs have silently crumbled lower, and dead leaves have rotted deeper, to make for her a dainty nourishing loam; the birds are hunting insects with their young; the animals of the woods have acquired another year of experience in evading dangers, and the cumbrous snake—ah! man beware—has linked another shell to his warning rattle. Yes, the very air seems full of the richness of ripened fruits, of good deeds done, and of contentment.

Now let us sit down, for we are tired, and the sun is setting. Why is there more charm in the sunset seen over mountains than from the plain? It seems to be partly because we have an unobstructed view, we see the sun down to its very dipping place, with no obtruding trees as in the level country, but the clear sharp ridge of a distant mountain stands like a foundation on which the glories of the flaming clouds may rest. We do not appreciate light or color, or beauty unalloyed, but mixed with more material and less seemly things, appreciation is complete. Therefore the richness of this mountain sunset consists in contrast, the contrast of a broad view of dark unmoving material earth, with the brightness, changeful and aerial of the clouds. As a painter in representing a glimpse of his imagined heaven, would make it break in full splendor upon infernal blackness, or at least in the dark night, instead of in the sunlight, where its dazzling power would not be apparent. Perhaps the wild strength of Doré's works, which seem like painted epic poems, lies largely in this quality of contrast between brilliant heavenly lights and the blackest glooms as of a lower world. Then also, in the mountains we seem to be nearer to the clouds; for they are blacker when in shade, and more brilliant in the light, and the scattered mists toss into more fantastic shapes than we ever see them on the plain. For the diffused light which exists in the substance of the air has not sufficient scope nor depth to subdue the shades or scatter the light, and the wild mist-shapes, at a distance disappearing in that flatness characteristic of objects far away, near at hand are magnified and stand out in bold perspective.

It is a pleasant thing to sit and perfectly enjoy a natural scene,—to revel in quiet thoughts, while the elements work out before you their evening miracle-play. Few can do it, strange to say, and the faculty of truly appreciating beauties is very rare; for most will assent that this and that are beautiful, and yet they soon turn away, and perhaps sigh as if conscious that they lack of some ability; for they will not take the trouble to sit down and explain to their own minds why things before them are charming to the sense.

Now look away, across at the hills and at the sinking sun. I tell you they are very beautiful, and full of poetry and purpose. Except for a few distant tinklings of cowbells, there is perfect stillness, and yet those tinklings make the intervals more perfectly still. It is so quiet that the senses are deceived, and the landscape seems to be a great and perfect picture; and as it is far purer in coloring, and shade, and tint, far more exact and minute in the details of every sharp line of mountain and tree, of every leaf and branch, of clouds and threads of mist,—in fine, just in proportion as it is immeasurably a more perfect picture than any painted upon canvas, so much the greater is the delight of a true observer; not that he really feels as though he looked upon a picture, but that here lies the enchantment of silence, that by making nature appear a very little more artificial its beauty is brought nearer to the capacity of our minds, and we grasp it with fuller appreciation, while the ears being unassailed by sounds, the whole sense concentres in delighted sight.

And now we see the mountains all in shadow, not dark but darkening; and down a far receding glen we behold the spirit of evening enveloping every object in its mystery of beauty. A wonderful haze, most transparent and impalpable transforms the green foliage of the deepest distance to a thin unutterable blue,—a silvery blue,—or rather the haze itself is silvery and the green viewed through its medium is blue. Against this magic veil tall trees that rise above the rest, though motionless, seem to toss their shadowy arms; they are nearer to us, yet far away, and slightly purpled by the haze, which makes their forms more tall, and by its vivifying essence lends gesticulating power to their disheveled branches. Nearer and nearer each object becomes more distinct, shakes off its ghostly semblance and assumes material qualities, till directly around us every thing is real, and the dream is gone. But the eyes will wander back and gaze down through that immeasurable vista, into the evening dream-land.

And the mind also will wander. What harm in indulging strange fantastic thoughts? Here is a veritable fairy-land,—let it be peopled, if it will, with nameless beings. Perhaps it is true that we exist in only an island of realities, and down around on every side, things slope away into a sea of that which only seems. Perhaps this vista is really an avenue into the land of elves and fays down which a mortal may walk and seek to dip in the glamour which inspired mediæval souls. It would be glorious to play the fairy-hunter, and knight-errant again. But it cannot be,—a street boy can tell you that this is a practical age,—and we know that if we were to stroll down the ravine, the dream-land would recede before us, and we should ever see, far away, the haze and the ghostly trees, beckoning us onward. Like all charmed things, rude contact dispels them, and our happiest dreams we never reach. Happy, happier, happiest:—we may make the present happy,—the unalterable past is happier,—but the fickle future is the happiest, yet it never comes. Why may we never be entirely happy? I will tell you.

There is a something inherent in us that makes anything which is not present, which is hard to attain, endlessly brighter and more desirable than that which is our own. This peculiarity is vulgarly called discontentment, and it amounts to that in most of us; but rightly directed it is the best of our peculiarities. When directed to the future it is really hope, the main-stay and main-spring of action, that is, the hope for better things. When directed to the past it is often honest pride in all that is good in the past, and a prop to support us in hard times,—for what is more re-creating and invigorating than a talk over old times with a good friend. But this strange characteristic of ours, when mis-governed, becomes passionate desire, avarice, ambition,—ring-leading evils; and we dare say that if half of us should turn the discontentment and uneasiness which each may ever feel into right channels, the world would be well on toward perfection. But now just suppose that we are foolish, and let curiosity get the better of us, and suppose that we start out to reach this fairy-land that we have been looking at, down in yonder haze-haunted ravine, which deepens away before us. We arrive at the shadowy trees,—they are no longer shadowy:—why, this is no fairy-land, we say; but looking up we see the haze and the shadowy trees on further. So on we press, determined to reach them. We arrive,—they are gone,—why do we stop? They are further, further. They must be too far away to reach. Ah, but they are very beautiful; if we reach them, think of the joys,—think of the beauties and of the many wonders. Come, we will start again, we must reach them:—hurry, run, on, on;—wait, see here is a pretty flower;

pick it, there is another kind, bring it too,—there are some berries ;—but come, we must hurry on, our fairy-land is waiting for us, and there are far brighter flowers and sweeter fruits there. On, on,—the mists and ghostly trees are just over the next rise ;—see that little bird, it is a rare kind, it teaches us some lesson ;—but never mind; on, faster, on, we must hurry on. Here is the top of the rise.—Oh ! disappointment ! our fairy-land is still further ; don't you see it down through the steep gorge ?—run, faster, faster. Oh ! I am so out of breath, but we must not stop, come, hurry, run, run, on, on. Ah ! I have stumbled,—another lesson,—we must go slower ;—I am hurt, and we are both very tired. Here is another hill to climb; up, up. I am exhausted, stop a moment, rest awhile. Oh ! for some breath, oh ! for a little water. But look at that stone, it is a valuable mineral, and here are more ; we will keep some of them to examine with the flowers. But come, quick, get up,—on, on, hurry fast ; ah, this terrible hill,—up, up, up. If the fairy-land was not just on the other side, I should fall dead right here,—we have run several miles, mostly down hill, to be sure, but even then fatiguing. At last the top,—but the trees obstruct our view. We are utterly exhausted, and throw ourselves on the ground; not another step can we take. Oh ! oh ! why did we undertake this ? it is very foolish. But here are more flowers ; pick them too, and add them to our pile ; it is a pile to be sure,—many varieties of plants and several minerals. But what is the matter with those birds with their anxious cries ; come, we are a little rested, we will find why they are so excited. Why look, there is a snake in their nest trying to eat the young. That's right, knock him down, kill him with a stick, and put the little birds who have fallen, back in the nest. Look at that butterfly ; quick, chase it, catch it ; there it goes, further, run ; ah ! now you have it,—another prize ; we shall have a naturalist's collection when we get through. But we have left our road, and may get lost in the forest. Still, here is a little path ; it is pretty well beaten and we will follow it. Why, we have forgotten all about our fairy-land. Well, that was a silly thing to attempt ; think of it,—find a fairy-land! So we stroll on, and as the night falls, arrive at a house, where the kind people care for us.

Ah ! my good reader, that foolish chase is like my life and yours. The retreating fairy-land is the deluding hope for better things which every man has. It is the gift of heaven, but we call it uneasiness, and discontentment. It is entirely essential to our existence ; for we are very weak,—we get out of breath at every hill,—we cannot keep in the race without some driving power. This is thepower, and, though in itself empty and useless, it serves to sustain our hearts, and to give us the opportunity, by hurrying us onward, to pluck the flowers and find the minerals, that are of real use to our lives, that are the substance of our existence. We would not start, or we would sit and idle by the way were it not for this driving power, were it not for the fairy-land of the future beckoning us onward. We would never find the parent birds in distress, we would not kill the snake and restore the young, the oppressor would have worked his will if our driving power had not brought us by that way. And when the night is falling and we are weary, our good deed has led us to a little path ; we walk on it, and in our old age recognize the folly of the deluding hopes of our life,—we see that the fairy-land could not have existed; but we remember that had it not been for the haze and the ghostly trees we would not have obtained the flowers and the stones, nor the lessons from our stumbling and from the little birds ; we feel that these goods have been given without our will, when we

knew not of them, and so when the night has fallen,—weary, contented, we reach a bright home and rest. Yes, my friend, our lives should be like that wild race. But if in hunting the fairy-land we had in blindness rushed on and on, over hill and dale without once stopping to admire or gather a flower, or to look in sympathy on bird or insect, leaving behind the cries of the helpless birds in distress, not a single substantial treasure in our grasp,—to sink on the interminable pathway or to be lost in the glimmering forest; then we have a true type of the life in which the faculty of discontentment is misgoverned. We know that the hunt is likely to fail, but ambition is burning within,—we think of what awaits us at the top of our imagined desires, and we race onward,—heedless of true benefits by the wayside, of all opportunities of doing good,—blind, crazed, desperate,—till we sink, not to rise again, and no purpose accomplished, good or evil,—empty-handed, dying.

Well, well! our thoughts have led us far away; but thoughts are good things, whether spoken out fearlessly to some staunch friend, or arrayed in our own minds, battling one with another, until reason and conscience have made the good thoughts conquer. And yet, is this communing with one's own mind the best thing, pleasant as it is? If the right always conquers, then should we not tell out our thoughts that they may benefit others? Should we not fight out the battles again, that others may rejoice in the victory? It is a hard thing to speak or write the treasures that we have secretly rejoiced in, to give to the criticism of others our pet thoughts, that they may be picked at and pulled to pieces. But never mind that; if they are good, they can stand all that can be done to them.

And all this time we have been sitting with the evening landscape spread out before us, and we have only considered the mysterious ravine.

Look in what glory the sun has dressed the sober clouds, flocking to his departure! true glories, inestimable glories! Shall we call their color golden? That would shame its wonder. Back,—very far away lies a level motionless bank of glittering cloud. It seems like a back-ground of very distant craggy rocks heated to furnace heat,—or a towering wave of melted gold rolling a level crest. The sun is the centre point, and these burning mountains seem behind it, and as they stretch away on either side they turn to orange, then to red, and then a bloody brown, and die in leaden hues. And nearer, in startling brilliance, float across, as actors across a stage backed with marvellous scenes, light vapory clouds heated to the most intense whiteness,—glistening heavenly as the plumes of angels. They arch above, encircling the jewelled centre-piece, and their changeful fleeting nearness, throws it back, back, infinitely far, and yet sternly material,—certain as the joys of heaven, and the black mountains of death must be crossed to reach them. High over our heads float flocks of rosy clouds, rejoicing to approach so near the fount of light, and yet unworthy to receive the anointing of gold; and back in the east, the lonely mists are lurid. Now the kingly sun has sunk,—and yet so royal in its brightness is his retinue that we can hardly tell when he is gone. The eastern clouds are turned to lead, the rose has died from those above, the glistening mists have put on an ashen hue, and the rippled laughter of the distant jewels has sobered away:—everything seems silent in sorrow; the burning of the golden waves dies, as white-hot iron taken from the forge, cools down and slowly dies to murky red. But a breeze has sprung up, and the dull-cloaked clouds begin to move away like guests, after some brilliant entertainment, hurrying home through the darkness, turning reluctantly from the infatuating dance, throwing off

their ball dresses, and returning to hard realities. Soon the sky is clear, and only a warm glow lights the west, and melts through shades of richest, most mellow red and wizard green, into the crystal depths of the night sky. In the east, another light emanates from the horizon,—cold, pale, hazy,—that seems to rest in the substance of the air. It is the promise of a splendid moon.

But oh! most great and glorious, over the sunset hills, burns the incomparible, the wonderful Evening Star.

THE ALUMNI MEETING.

On the 9th of last month was held the twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Haverford Alumni Association. In honor of the event there were no recitations in the afternoon, much to our sorrow, but we made the best of it. Some of the Alumni played an interesting game of cricket with the College eleven, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

At the business meeting in the afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President.—Howard Comfort, 1870.

Vice-Presidents.—W. G. Tyler, 1858; John H. Congdon, 1869; Henry Wood, 1869.

Secretary.—E. P. Allinson, 1874.

Treasurer.—B. H. Lowry, 1873.

Orator.—Alden Sampson, 1873. Alternate: Randolph Winslow, 1871.

Executive Committee.—Edw. Bettle, Jr., 1861; Charles Roberts, 1864; Jos. Parrish, 1865; N. B. Crenshaw, 1867; Allen C. Thomas, 1865; M. C. Morris, 1885.

The Alumni, from graduates of the '40's down to the newly fledged of a few months standing, seemed to enjoy living over their College days once more, and we undergraduates are always very glad to see them at any time, and can assure them a hearty welcome.

The annual supper was unusually fine and well served; while for the first time ladies graced the festivities. The Senior Class and the Cricket eleven were also guests, and all seemed to do justice to the viands.

At the public meeting at 7.30 P. M., Francis G. Allinson, Ph. D, of Baltimore, delivered the address, which was on "Secondary Education." After briefly showing the evils of our own school systems, he mainly devoted himself to a description of the German "Gymnasia" and "Real Schools," and the plan of study pursued there. A modified form of the group system is there in vogue, and he advocated the adoption of this, in some degree, in our intermediate and high-schools. The address was illustrated by charts and diagrams of the German system of studies.

After the address remarks were made on kindred subjects by Dr. Shorey of Bryn Mawr College, and Prof. Gifford of Haverford. The latter speaker advocated strongly the employment of more *continuous* time for the study of modern languages. Prof P. E. Chase, who is a Professor in both these Colleges, was called for by John B. Garrett, a manager of both, for as he felicitously said, in Prof. Chase, there was a conjunction of those "twin-stars," that President Chase alluded to on the 23d. Dr. Sturzinger of Bryn Mawr College was called on, but declined to speak. So ended these very interesting exercises, and the Alumni dispersed till similar occasions should renew these pleasures, and reunite the scattered friends.

CANE RUSH.

Just after the last morning classes, on the 7th of last month, the cry ran through the college that the Freshies were out on the front campus holding a cane, and it seemed that the only element that was wanting to complete their happiness was the presence of the '88 classmen.

The Freshmen were not allowed to waste much time in suspense, for as soon as the Sophomores were aware of it they began hastily to prepare themselves, as they were wholly taken by surprise. In a few minutes having collected all their men, the Sophomores came sweeping down on the mass of Freshmen, in whose midst six of their sturdiest fellows held the cane.

In a moment all was commotion, for twenty-five minutes the two classes were in a closer relation to each other than they are likely ever to be again.

Seniors and Juniors vied with each other in making the day hideous with cries of '88 and '89, while the two lower classes struggled with might and main for the possession of the stick.

To gain a true idea of the advantages and disadvantages under which the classes labored, it is necessary to know that the Freshmen numbered 31, and the Sophomores 24, and that neither class had seen a cane rush, although one was acquainted with college ways and one was not. When time was called it was found that there were six men on the cane, four of whom were Sophomores and two were Freshmen. The rush was decided a draw, and was well striven by both sides.

CANON FARRAR'S VISIT.

AFTER the lecture delivered by Dr. Farrar, in Philadelphia, there was considerable questioning whether we should be favored with a visit by this eminent divine, who was well-known to all us by his writings. After interrogating some of our faculty, we found that an effort to that end was being made, and to our great pleasure we learned, on the morning of the 8th of October, that we were to listen to a few words from one whom we already felt was our friend. After looking over our grounds and buildings, Archdeacon Farrar came into the chapel room, and, after a few introductory remarks by President Chase, began by saying that, when he was invited to visit us he had no idea that he would "be met by that insidious request to make a few remarks, a custom, which although common here in America, is entirely unknown in England." "But you Americans seem to expect that all persons whether small or great are gushing fountains of spontaneous eloquence. Therefore, as your president has said, you must not expect a set speech, but I will endeavor to give you the shavings, as it were of the uppermost surface of my mind."

After these pleasant introductory remarks, the speaker then spoke of the responsibilities of young men, and especially American young men, as trustees of posterity. Every one, he said should feel the full force of the words "I can, I ought, I will," and by thus doing, and by living for some definite purpose, every young man could reach heights which might at present seem unattainable.

Of the many purposes for which men live, one which many put first he should rate perhaps as the lowest, namely; the ambition for wealth and personal honor, which, although great blessings was not by any means to be made the chief aim of our lives.

As examples of this first ambition of individual honor and wealth, and the possibility that lies before each young man who says "I will" the speaker gave Disræli, who, when a clerk, said that he would one day be prime minister of England; and Sir Robert Peel, who, being told when a boy that nothing was impossible, resolved to become, and did become prime minister of England.

Secondly, he mentioned ambition for one's country; which he considered much above the first, giving, as an example of this, Baron Von Stein, of Germany; who did so much toward raising his nation out of ruin and despair, by building gymnasiums and doing all in his power to better the masses.

And lastly, the ambition for humanity was dwelt upon as the greatest and noblest of all. In exemplification of the power of will in this line and the importance of doing our nearest duty he mentioned, Wilberforce, the Yorkshire school boy, whose letter did so much for the abolition of slavery, and Clarkson, an undergraduate at Oxford, who, after having delivered an oration in favor of the abolition of slavery, while returning from London in his

chaise, stopped, and after considering the matter decided that if what he had said was true, it was worth striving for, and then and there turned back to London and began that great work, the accomplishment of which has relieved the world of so much misery. The speaker said that to accomplish anything we must first do our duty to ourselves; we must "be men;" we must "look to all the little things;" and quoted the English saying: "if you rumple the jerkin you rumple the lining. "It is necessary," he said, "sometimes to cut against the grain of our prejudices." In a very forcible manner the great possibilities and equally great responsibilities that rests upon each one of us, as American citizens of the future, was placed before us, and he must have been dead, indeed, who was in no measure quickened by listening to Archdeacon Farrar's address.

LOCALS.

Chestnuts!

You are a rowdy class!

Daniel thinks that the Haverford men like chicken.

A Voice.

A voice that's thin and cracked and high,
A voice that says "You've got to die!"
And then is loud in its complaint,
That echoes through our arches quaint—
"Come!" can't you let a fellow be?
You're much too mean and fresh, I see!"
A voice that strongly calls to mind,
The shrieking of a gust of wind
About old Barclay's classic spire,
For now doth cease its accents dire,
Only to come afresh and higher.

Was it intended for a pun when the Professor said to the student with a cat in his arms, k-s-sat! leave the room? If it was it was a "dog-goned" good one.

Scientific student: "What was *Capua* goddess of? Goddess of wine?" "Classical man: "*Capua?* Goddess? What do you mean?" Scientific Student: "Why it says here that Capua enervated the forces of Hannibal."

The Alumni foot-ball team played a game against Haverford on the 24th of last month; score, 8 to 0 in favor of Haverford.

A certain member of the Freshman Physiology Class in reply to the Professor's inquiry, "How much does the stomach contain?" answered, "Four gallons." Those who are acquainted with the individual can appreciate the joke and easily see how natural was the mistake.

Professor, trying to illustrate how one can shine only in his own proper sphere, breaks forth in the following melodious couplet—unique and original to be sure, but expresssive:

A horse can't make himself a whale,
And if he tries he's sure to fail.

A man who rooms on the second floor would like to suggest through the columns of this paper that the man who rooms directly under him "cease off" singing "Larboard Watch" after eleven o'clock, P. M.

The Freshmen experienced a Bull Run at Swarthmore on the 31st ult. Score 35 to 0, in favor of Swarthmore.

"Skipes!"

"Siloquy."

A student renowned for his wonderful proficiency in scanning Latin and Greek verse recently astonished the Professor by asking, "Is there any metrical English?"

"What is a better word than difficult."

The pale-faced waiter should be on the foot-ball team; he is a dandy rusher.

Germantown Academy were beaten by Haverford '89, on the afternoon of the 4th at Haverford.

A Sophomore defines a meridian as: "An imaginary line running around the earth parallel to the equator."

He was a very unfortunate student who did not have a wedding to attend last month.

With eyes that sparkle with joy,
With teeth that glisten in glee,
The Freshman mounteth his bounding steed
With a zest most pleasing to see.
He rides at an awful rate,
Advising he mindeth not;
But over his "Livy" at break-neck gait,
Doth trot, trot trot.
And ever from out his room
As his voice in happiness rings,
Doth float as sweet as the clover bloom
This song he exultant sings;
"Trot, trot, trot,
O easy are Latin and Greek,
I can do the work of a long, long year.
In the space of a short, short week.
Oh boys that labor so hard,
All day at your desks in schools;
And hold your grammar in due regard,
You are naught but the veriest fools.
The college man is a man,
And labor he heedeth not,
For he mounteth his steed on the good old plan
And over his lessons as fast as he can,
Doth trot, trot, trot."

"Who was the "Black Douglass?" asked the Professor of the English History class. Before the student who is reciting has time to reply, a man on the back seat yells out: Fred Douglass!

A Soph who has evidently experienced the severe trial of waiting at the *emporium* of a tonsorial artist, recently recited his scripture in this manner: "Blessed is the man that endureth unto the end for he shall be *shaved*."

Haverford '88 met the Swarthmore Sophs in a game of foot-ball on the 31st of last month, and defeated them by a score of 16 to 12. The match took place on the home grounds, and was well contested by both sides.

"Have you ever read Don Juan?" asked one Sophomore of another. "No, I never defile myself by reading Shakespeare," replied heother.

PERSONALS.

'85, William T. Hussey is in business with his father at his home in North Berwik, Maine.

'85, Elias H. White made us a pleasant visit on the 27th of last month.

'85, Messrs. Doan, Reeve, Hilles and Bettle, were at Haverford on the 24th ult., and played on the Alumni foot-ball team against the college.

'84, A. C. Craig visited Haverford on the 24th of last month and participated in the match.

'87, Arthur M. Hussey is a student at the University of Michigan.

'86, Wilfred W. White has returned from Indiana, where he went to attend the wedding of his sister.

'82, George A. Barton, A. M., is now teacher of mathematics at Friend's School, Providence, R. I.

ATHLETICS.

Foot-Ball—Haverford vs. Lehigh University.—The day of the Lehigh match was bright. The members of the foot-ball team were in good spirits in prospect of a whole holiday, and a pleasant excursion up to the old town of Bethlehem.

When they had arrived at their destination the University students conducted them to the best hotel, and then kindly showed them about the town, to fill up the long interval before dinner time. At two o'clock they were driven over to the beautiful University grounds and up to the superb Gymnasium, where they dressed and then rode out to the foot-ball field. The Haverford Captain having won the toss chose to defend the western goal, and accordingly at 3 o'clock Lehigh taking the kick-off, started the game in the usual manner. And now, at first, things looked very dark for Haverford; for the team, now playing for the first time against "first eleven men," seemed somewhat taken

aback at the furious roughness of the first onset of their opponents. They were driven straight back, and the big Lehigh men pushed one of their players over the goal line by pure weight, and secured a touch-down. It was made far to one side, and accordingly the goal was missed. Then the slender college fellows began to awake to the necessity of hard work, and by excellent playing, first some long punts, then at the end two or three good runs, they pushed their opponents back yard after yard, until they compelled a safety touch-down; the score standing 4 to 2 in favor of Lehigh. The game now wavered for a long time, the ball, however, being kept nearer to the Lehigh goal than to the other, until only two or three minutes before the interval. Then Adams got hold of the ball and breaking through touched it down directly behind the posts, and a goal was secured in short order just as time was called; score: 8 to 4 in favor of Haverford. The second half of the game opening before very long, Hacker carried the ball through and secured a touch-down, and though far to one side Sharp kicked a difficult goal with great accuracy. Then by some good punting by Lehigh, and some poor punting by the Haverford half-backs, the game fell back near the College goal, when Hacker in attempting to make a touch in goal from a ball punted over the line lost hold of it, and it was touched down by a Lehigh man. No goal was secured from this by the University men, but it raised their score to 8 which should have remained at 4, not through any carelessness on Mr. Hacker's part, but because he did not know that it was necessary to keep possession of the ball in such a case. The game then proceeded, and gradually the University men seemed to lose spirit and to play less roughly, until Garrett ran through and made the third touch-down, from which Sharp kicked another difficult goal; then Lewis scored the fourth in like manner, and time was called just as the ball was being placed for the try at goal. The game was thus concluded in favor of Haverford by a score of 24 to 8; 3 goals, 1 touch-down and a safety.

The College team played with commendable spirit and promptness; the tackling was very good, as also most of the punting and running of the half-backs, but the latter should hold balls punted high to them much more surely, and the rush-line must learn to keep their opponents back by much better blocking if they desire to give the half-backs a fair chance.

Cricket.

The new 1st eleven appeared on their first field on the 3rd of October, in a match against a strong team of the Alumni. They made an excellent showing, and opposed steady bowling with a very creditable steady defense, winning the match by 46 runs. The ground was a little dead and balls that were well hit did not travel far, and the scores accordingly were small. The following is the score:

HAVERFORD UNDERGRADUATES.

G. S. Patterson, b J. Comfort	29
E. C. Lewis, c Mason, b. E. Comfort	3
J. Sharp, c. Shipley, b. E. Comfort	9
W. E. Hacker, b. E Comfort	5
A. C. Garrett, c. Mason, b. E. Comfort	0
H. W. Stokes, b. E. Comfort	3
W. S. McFarland, c. and b. E. Comfort	10
F. H. Strawbridge, run out	6
P. H. Morris, c. Crosman, b. E. Comfort	5
J. Schwartz, b. E. Comfort	2
H. Bowne, not out	8
Extras, Byes 3, Leg Byes 3, Wides 3	9
Total,	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.
E. Comfort	115	9	6	25
P. Shipley	60	3	0	16
J. Comfott	128	7	3	27
W. Reeve	24	3	0	2

Wides, Shipley 1, J. Comfort 8.

HAVERFORD ALUMNI.

W. Reeve, b. Patterson	9
C. Crosman, c. Patterson, b. Sharp	2
S. Bettle, b. Patterson	4
S. Mason, c. Hacker, b. Patterson	5
J. Comfort, b. Patterson	0
E. Comfort, c. Sharp, b. Garrett	10
P. Shipley, b. Patterson	1
W. Houston, c. Garrett, b. Patterson	0
W. Price, b. Garrett	5
G. Mellor, not out	0
D. S. Bispham, c. Bowne, b. Garrett	5
Extras, Bye 1, no Ball 1	2
Total,	43

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.
G. S. Patterson	94	5	6	18
J. Sharp	48	1	1	17
Garrett	36	1	3	7

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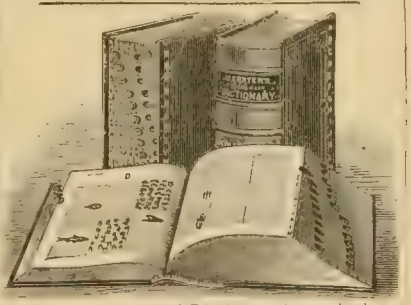

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December.

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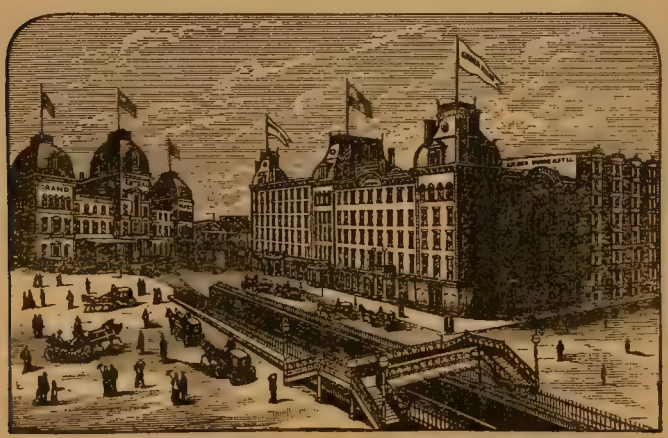

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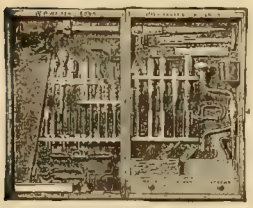

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VOL. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., December, 1885. No. 3

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Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

ABOUT the middle of last month we we received a very kind letter from Professor A. C. Thomas, who is at present studying at Cambridge, England. Enclosed in this letter we were pleased to find the interesting article entitled, "Glimpses of University Life at Old Cambridge," which we are glad to give to our readers in this issue.

It is very pleasant to know that, although Professor Thomas is pressed with work he has not lost his interest in us who have spent so many interesting hours in his class room. We are able to hold out to our readers the hope that Professor Thomas may favor us with another article from his pen, sometime during his stay in England, and we earnestly hope that we may not be disappointed.

Wishing Professor Thomas and his family good health and a full measure of enjoyment, during their sojourn, we send them greeting from old Haverford, and congratulate our readers on having a correspondent in England, and especially such an one as at present.

AN early opening of our lecture course we hope promises us a goodly number of Wednesday night treats this winter. As yet we have not learned anything concerning the course for the future, but we are glad to record the two lectures, to which we have thus far listened.

The first one was given on the fourth of last month by Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Underhill, both of New York. Their subject was one which ought to be interesting to every college student, and judging from the way in which they were received we think that some at least were interested and impressed by their earnest words. Coming, as both these ladies did, immediately from the convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union and its labors, although their bodies were weary, they gave us the advice and information which they had obtained at no small cost to themselves.

It is encouraging to know that, if the men of our country will not and do not do their share in opposing this one great evil, Intemperance, the Christian women are doing all in their power, and accomplishing much in their work. Should not we as the men of the future be ashamed to stand idly by and see our mothers and sisters do this grand work, and we have no share in it? Our colleges should be strongholds of truth

and righteousness, and not coverts in which social wrongs may hide their heads and grow strong.

The next lecture was on a subject only next in importance to and really embracing Temperance; for how can men be strong if they indulge in strong drink? Mr Blaikie, who is the author of several books on physical culture and who led Harvards' boat crew to victory in his time, gave us a very lively and instructive lecture on "Strong bodies for all." The lecturer placed before us in a very clear manner the importance of having strong healthy bodies. He recommended exercise for every part of the body, in a well equipped gymnasium if possible; but if this is not at hand use simpler means. Throughout his lecture he pointed his teachings, for such they really were, with amusing incidents. Few lecturers have handled a subject more interesting to college students, and few have interested their hearers more thoroughly than did Mr. Blaikie. As a result of this lecture it has really become perilous to walk in the dark around our grounds, as there is great danger of being run down and trampled under foot by enthusiastic scholars of Mr. Blakie. It is to be hoped that some few improvements which he suggested will be made in our gymnasium.

FOR sometime before Thanksgiving the subject of holidays during Thanksgiving week was discussed by knots of students with considerable earnestness; some contending that it would be useless to petition for more than the one day, and others claiming that there was hope, and that no harm would be done if we should fail.

Finally, about a week before the holiday, some few determined to call a college meeting on the subject. When the meeting was called and the subject laid before the students, without a dissenting voice it was voted to appoint a committee to draft a set of resolutions and hand them to the faculty on behalf of the whole college. While the matter was being attended to and after it came to the faculty surmises as to the probable fate of our resolutions were rife, and when, finally, the news spread that our request for the last three days of Thanksgiving week as holidays had been granted, our surprise was as pleasant as it was great. Although, when our Dean announced it officially, the demonstration of our appreciation was not so uproarious as at some former times, yet we are sure that the college fully appreciated the action of the faculty.

Now of course most of our students were revelling in the visions of a few days at home, of grand family re-unions and other concomitants of Thanksgiving; but what is to become of the, we were about to say, unfortunate few who were obliged to remain at the college? Ah! they were not to suffer. Their good angel had their comfort well in hand, and after some little delay made use of some of our professors to further their happiness and comfort. First of course came the Thanksgiving dinner of which our matron furnished abundance of the first quality, such as Haverford need never be ashamed of. But I am ahead of my story!

Our guardian angel after hovering around until the morning before Thanksgiving, seemed to visit Professor Newlin more clearly than the rest, perhaps because he was awake the earliest of all, and the time was growing short. At any rate it was he who proposed that an evening entertainment be given by the professors and their families, for the students who remained. The rest fell in with the idea and just before meeting-time every fellow received an invitation to spend a social evening in the parlor of Founder's Hall. You may be sure every

one was on hand, for in addition to other things there were to be some simple refreshments served, and this combined with other things was not to be resisted. At the appointed hour quite a company were gathered in the parlor, and the wit and humor flowed freely indeed. Games and various entertainments took up the time until we were decoyed into a room that after several glances we recognized as our dining room, in the midst of which stood a table very tastily arranged with good things in abundance. After partaking of these, some of the students exhibited their eloquence and wit, after which the pleasant evening was brought to a close with college songs.

The hearty thanks of all who were present are hereby tendered to Professor Newlin and Professor Sharpless, and to all who so kindly aided in affording such pleasant entertainment. As we have come together again after this short and pleasant intermission we are sure that we are all better able to go on with our winter's work, and to show our professors that we are not mere boys watching every opportunity to shirk our work; but that we *are* young *men* who appreciate privileges when given, and whose purpose it is to make the best of our opportunities.

ONE FRESHMAN AT HAVERFORD.

ISAAC WILLIAMSON had been sent to Haverford in its earlier days; and it had always been the saddest, and yet pleasantest thing of his life to realize how long ago it seemed and how strangely old he felt now, to look back to that time when even the boys seemed half mythical. And his visit to the place at its semi-centennial, was but half satisfactory, for he stood in the midst of strange surroundings, and when he had inquired for an old school mate whose familiar name he saw on the list of scholars, and found that he had been dead some seventeen years and that the young man at his side was a nephew, how saddened he felt and how little a thing life seemed, after all.

Things had not gone with Isaac Williamson since his schooldays, just as he had hoped and dreamed; life he found, was very hard in many places. Thirty years ago, when he had gone back to his father's farm from Haverford, he had had glorious dreams for his future. He had intended and determined to do so much, but he saw his father growing old, the farm was slowly going to decay, it needed some young hand at the helm. So he had taken hold with a strong heart intending someday to follow his ambition, but years drifted away, he saw no opening elsewhere for him, his own children growing up, his dreams slowly ebbing from him and a stolidness and apathy had gradually settled down upon him.

His wife Susan and he had had many anxious and prayerful consultations whether they could see their way clear to send their youngest son, Isaac, to follow in his father's footsteps. It was only by some sacrifice that the younger Isaac could be spared for four years.

In his desire to be in good time, Isaac Williamson Jr. had arrived several days before the term began, half fearing when he made himself known at the office, that no such individual was expected. He gets his room, drags his trunk to it, and sitting down on the edge of his bed, begins to ponder. How different it was from father's description, he wonders what they are doing at home, how pleasant it would be to be there now; somewhat sadly he remembers how scornfully he had spurned the idea of being homesick; he wonders if his studies will be hard, the fellows pleasant or not; when suddenly he is aroused with misty eyes, by a loud bell which he suspects is for supper. Over there, he finds several other

students whom he imagines to be Seniors or something else awe inspiring, but whom he finds afterwards to be strangers like himself. The evening, he spends somewhat discontentedly, wandering around, finally seeking an early couch, but a very wakeful one. What he feels or does, might seem very foolish in the bold sun light.

Next morning, he sees the crowd pouring in; every one seems in a delirium of delight to see his friends, no one but himself seems to be quiet with nothing to do. He goes to a recitation in Geometry, but is not called up; at twelve he is invited to attend a class meeting, to which he goes in dread, fearing it is a trick to be played on him by the fearful "hazers." One fellow who seems to know all the wiles of the tricky Sophomore takes charge and is immediately elected President. The bell for dinner having been rung some time past, he goes over to find his place taken and is compelled to seek new quarters amid the shouts of the dining room at endeavoring to seat himself at a Sophomore table. He feels a little depressed at this, but is cheered somewhat by the fellows who talk society to him and invite him to call at their rooms, which they never expect him to do. Later he takes a walk with a neighbor with whom he talked a little the night before, and they watch some bowling; after supper he ventures to bring out a base-ball for a little game of catch. The next few days, he fluctuates between doubtful happiness and decided misery, but gradually falls into the rut of that most unpleasant year of the four—The Freshman.

GLIMPSES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE AT OLD CAMBRIDGE.

THE town of Cambridge is fifty-eight miles north-west of London; it is situated on the southern edge of what is known as the fen district of England, which in many respects closely resembles Holland. "Flat, stale and unprofitable," is the prospect to the chance traveller through this part of Great Britain, though in point of fact some of the best farming land of the island is "hereaway," as the natives would say. The general characteristics are the same as that of Lincolnshire, which Tennyson so often refers to, especially in his earlier poems.

Cambridge is almost as flat as the Hague; there is hardly an elevation in it three feet high; and it is a continual wonder that the water runs in the gutters. Leaving out the Collegiate buildings and their surroundings, and two or three churches, it would be hard to find another town of 36,000 inhabitants that could surpass it in the absence of all that is picturesque or even attractive. The houses are generally low, built of a yellowish colored brick, and present a general dingy appearance. The eastern part resembles East London, and is almost exclusively the abode of working people. It is at first hard to account for so large a population, but one reason for it is, that the town has become a great railroad centre; no less than three of the largest roads in England having lines to it, in addition to a smaller railroad. I excepted the colleges and their surroundings, and it is a very great exception. In fact, on the whole, Cambridge seems more of an ideal university town than Oxford—the river is more attractive, and while perhaps Cambridge has nothing to equal Magdalen College, Oxford, Oxford on the other hand has nothing to compare in extent with the "Backs" as they are called—that is the beautiful grounds back of the college buildings on both sides of the Cam, with their magnificent elms and limes, and also with the very artistic bridges over the river, which make such an addition to the landscape. It is hard to compare the two universities fairly, both have their merits, both have their shortcomings. Most persons would probably say that Oxford was

superior, but then most persons have not seen Cambridge, for it lies out of the way of ordinary travellers, especially Americans, while Oxford is almost in the regular line of travel to or from London.

It may surprise readers of *The Haverfordian* to know that this term the admissions at Oxford were 540, while at Cambridge they were 865, of them 105 were Medical students, it is true, but deducting these it still gives Cambridge 220 more new students than Oxford. The largest number admitted at any college in Cambridge was 179 at Trinity, the smallest 6 at Downing; at Oxford the largest was at Christ Church, 57; the smallest at All Souls, 1. I have not been able to get the totals for this year, though for last year I think the number was slightly in favor of Oxford, but now Cambridge will probably be ahead. It may be stated here that Cambridge is more liberal in every way than Oxford, and is likely to increase in size still more. While on statistics it may be said that at present "the total number of residents in the University is 3289, of whom exactly 1600 are compelled to seek dwellings outside the walls of the various colleges." There are 19 colleges in Cambridge, the largest, which is as well the largest in England, is Trinity, with about 700 students, the smallest, Sidney Sussex, with 46. The names of several of these colleges and of the streets and squares strike a stranger as irreverent; and it takes some time to get used to them. For instance, the Friends' Meeting House is in Jesus Lane; a lecturer spoke of a man "leaving Jesus and going to Christ's;" and I was once told that the nearest way to Jesus was over Christ's Piece; Piece being the contraction for a piece of ground or lot that belongs to a College. These names were of course given long ago, and of course no irreverence was meant. I shall not attempt to describe the buildings of the Colleges and of the University, but confine myself to some details of life and practice that may be of interest, and are perhaps less known.

Undergraduate life at Cambridge is by no means as free as American's are apt to think; indeed in some things the students are closely looked after. The following notice from the bulletin board of St. John's College speaks for itself: "Ordered by the Masters and Senior Fellows that no person *in statu pupillari** absent himself from hall (dinner) during the continuance of the races at Newmarket."

Again: "Music allowed between hours of 1 P. M., and 8 P. M., and on Sundays till 11 P. M., but at no other time." "No smoking nor dogs allowed in the courts of the College." "Any member of the College wishing to bring a friend to dinner must give notice at the Buttery before 12 o'clock, or the person will be excluded." "Persons in *statu pupillari* must dine in Hall at least five days in the week, one of which must be Sunday. Notice must be given at the Buttery of intended absence before 10 A. M., or the meals will be charged."

The following are from the official compendium of University Regulations: "Members of the University *in statu pupillari* are required to wear their proper Academical Dress *in decent order and in the proper manner* at all University Lectures and Examinations (except when * * * expressly dispensed with) in the University Church, the Senate House and the Library, at all times on Sundays in the streets, and *every evening after dusk* in all parts of the town and the immediate neighborhood; on occasions when they call upon any University officer in his official capacity and at all other times at which the Vice Chancellor may by public notice direct the Academical Dress (cap and gown) to be worn."

"Members of the University *in statu pupillari* are required to state their names

* "All undergraduates and Bachelors of Art and Laws, are *in statu pupillari*."

and the colleges to which they belong, when asked by the Proctors, Pro-Proctors or others in authority, or by any Master of Arts or other member of the Senate."

"The penalty for breach of the rule is 6s. 8d., or if there is any circumstances which increases the gravity of the offence, 13s. 4d." Proctors and Pro-Proctors "keep order in the streets (smoking in the streets or in any public places is a breach of discipline); they may enter any University lodgings. * * * "A student not going at once to his rooms when told to so by the Proctor is liable to severe punishment." Among other things students are forbidden: To take part in gaming transactions in any way; to resort to, or take part in meetings for pigeon shooting; to drive tandem; to take part in a steeple chase; to ride in a horse race, or promote horse racing." Any "who are guilty of any of the foregoing practices render themselves liable to be punished by suspension, rustication, expulsion or otherwise."

It may be thought that those who are in lodgings escape easier, but it is not so; for students are only allowed to live in lodgings licensed by the University, and the lodging house keepers are under the most stringent regulations "to lock the outer doors and securely fasten the shutters of the ground floor, and prevent any one from entering or leaving the house between 10 P. M., and 6 A. M.," without their knowledge, and they are required to keep an accurate account of the times a student goes out or comes in between 10 P. M. and 6 A M., or without his cap and gown during the time such are required to be worn; nor can the students entertain more than three friends without permission, etc. etc.

These examples will give a fair idea of the regulations. All students are expected to be in their rooms by 10 P. M.;* up to midnight they are punished for lateness by slight fines, after midnight it is a serious offence to be outside the college enclosure, and frequent coming in after ten would be a cause for censure, and would probably be stopped.

Breakfast and lunch are furnished from the College Buttery, and these meals are served in the rooms of the students wherever they may be; I have seen a breakfast carried a mile and a half to a student's lodgings, and every day about 10 A. M., may be seen men, or men and carts going around to collect the plates and dishes that had been sent out at an earlier hour. Dinner or "Hall." as it is technically called, is served in the fine Dining Halls of the different Colleges; the hour varies, but is never earlier than 5.30 nor later than 7.30 P. M.

The Lectures rarely begin before 10 A. M., and with one or two exceptions only, are all over by 2 P. M. From 2 to 5 almost every ones goes out for exercise; boating, football and lacrosse are the favorite games. Many walk, and not a few have bicycles or tricycles, the latter being far more common in England than in America.

The great majority of the students seem to be in earnest, and, in all places that I have seen them, behave with great propriety.

There are great opportunities for study; and libraries, labratories and museums afford admirable facilities for investigation and research.

ALLEN C. THOMAS.

Cambridge, 10, 31, 1885.

* All windows on the ground floor which open on the street are barred.

AN UNSETTLED QUESTION.

WE Americans are altogether too practical and realistic. "Common sense" is the unerring arbiter, to whose judgment nearly all the affairs of life are referred; and the utility of almost everything, even of a college course is determined by the actual

amount of hard cash it will bring to a man. For these reasons everything that we do not understand, that is contrary to the evidence of our senses, that is out of the track of established belief, we at once decide to be impossible and foolish. Such has been the fate of all supernatural appearances, all spiritualism in its many forms, and in its day, mesmerism also.

The object then of this article is not to attempt any logical proof of such matters as a whole, but to show something of their peculiar phenomena, which are as yet unexplained, and vindicate, as much as is possible in combating a popular prejudice, their importance, and, as far as yet known, their genuine character. The world at large knows but little about these affairs, and what it does know is merely, that many *soi-disant* mediums have been exposed, and their methods shown to be trickery. With such knowledge and an instinctive feeling against it, they conclude that all such affairs are cheats and humbugs, and, if confronted with successful exhibitions, and if indisputable instances are adduced, they fall back on the standard argument, that others of the same sort are cheats, therefore these must be also. But is this a fair and reasonable method of meeting a difficulty? Should this be the way to refute arguments that are so well supported by credible and abundant evidence? Let us examine the affair then impartially, and see if we are justified in our condemnation of all these strange occurences that are happening on all sides of us, even in this practical nineteenth century.

It is curious how, throughout all history, from the time of the first kings of Israel in uninterrupted succession to the present day, spirits and their appearance in various forms have been believed in by all classes of society, and that too, until within the past century, almost implicitly and without a doubt as to their reality. Of course now in many ways we are wiser than our ancestors, and are, more skeptical of everything that is immaterial, yet in matters of judgment and practical wisdom we scarcely excel them. This is the age of toleration too, so let us give the matter a fair hearing, and not condemn without much thought, what our fathers never doubted.

The American Society for Psychical Research has been investigating such matters carefully during the past year, but the English Society being older has already gained some very important results, and proved facts that bear on these affairs.

In treating first of supernatural appearances we must altogether reject ordinary ghost-stories, for they may be explained by imagination, exaggeration, or by physical causes, but there are narratives of a respectable and solemn nature which cannot be thus thrown aside, *e. g.*, the appearance of a deceased person nearly at the moment of death to some friend or relative. Such apparitions have been diversely explained, but the Bishop of Carlisle's explanation offers probably the clearest and most reasonable theory, which briefly is as follows: The ordinary process of sight is first the effect on the retina, then the brain effect, and finally the knowledge in the mind. Allowing for the moment that the mind may be directly affected, why should it not cause a movement of the visual machinery, or give at least the impression that such a movement has taken place? For example, the pulling of a bell-rope causes the bell to ring, and hearing it we conclude that the rope has been pulled; but, if the bell were rung by some one close at hand, we would, though wrongly, still form the same conclusion. Let us now suppose that the spirit of a man when just relieved of this earthly tenement may communicate with the spirit of a man yet living. There is nothing unreasonable in the hypothesis, and, if phenomena seem to justify it, we cannot well set it aside. In this case the conditions

are the same as in the ringing of the bell without the pull at the rope. That is the communication of one spirit with another may *seem* to be given through the ordinary channel of the senses. The communication being in a direct and inexplicable way given to the mind, we, being subject to the laws of sense, can surely only receive the message by seeming to see or hear the message, and its giver. There are instances where wife and children, expecting a loved one home, seem to actually see him return, and then he vanishes. Here, similarly as above, the mind affected by the hope of return, works upon the brain, and produces the impression of actual sight.

Now the Psychical Society has been by a series of careful experiments inquiring into the communication that may exist between minds. For example, it has been found that guesses made by a blindfolded person as to the color of various cards, numbers, &c., designated by the possessor, even if no special will-power is exercised by the latter, are much oftener correct when their possessor knows the right answer. Likewise by varied methods, with simple exercise of the will, pains felt, and their location, names, varieties of tastes, etc., were transferred from one to another merely by holding the hand. The former set of experiments were tried by inexperienced persons all over the country, and the latter by rather more skilled operators. Simple figures too, shown to the operator, were reproduced by the subject often with surprising nearness to the right shape, occasionally with complete exactness.

This thought-transferrence being fully proved, why may we not go a step further, and sustain the only doubtful point in the Bishop of Carlisle's theory, namely, that one mind *can* really communicate with another? For, if it can do so in a large room, why may it not do so at the distance of two or twenty miles; for what is space to thought, and the action of the mind, which can pass to the farthest fixed star known, in an instant of time? The ordinary manifestations of mesmerism are, it is well known, accomplished through great power and concentration of will, and this thought-transferrence also takes place in the room much better, when thee xperimenter possesses great concentration of thought upon the object in view. So at a great crisis like death, if the person thinks strongly of a friend, wishes to see and speak with him, even wills to do so, exercising perhaps a species of mermerism, his concentration of mind may be so great that the thought, usually able to pass only for a short distance, may then be transferred for a few or many miles.

This subject of mesmerism is too familiar to us all, and its claims are too well-established, its reality and genuineness too universally believed, to deserve much place here. It is very gratifying to every lover of the truth, that this science or power, at first so much despised and widely decried as a system of tricks and jugglery, should be thus proved to be a living truth. In the common "willing" game, where a mixed company, and particularly two chosen "operators," will a blindfolded person to perform some simple act which has been privately agreed upon, a sort of amateur mesmerism is practiced. This often only partially succeeds, or even entirely fails, because those who will do not have the great concentration of will or animal magnetism, which are possessed only by nature, or in the former case by long practice. To assist their feeble efforts too, the "willed" person needs to be as receptive as possible of any impulses he may receive.

"Slate writing" is another branch of psychic phenomena that in its higher forms, as shown by Slade at least, as yet is unexplained. The method he pursues was thus related to us by a friend, who with three others had a

private séance with him. The person desiring asks any question, of as strange and private a nature as desired, of a deceased friend, writing on one of two ordinary slates, unseen by any one, places the slates together, always at a distance from the medium, in full view on the table, when the slate pencil between them is heard to write, and, on opening them afterwards, a minutely particular and correct answer is found. In this particular case, a secret seal-ring was gratituously drawn on the slate, which was an heirloom of the "spirit," and for some reason shown to but very few besides the interrogator. This gentleman gave such a private séance before the University of Pennsylvania's Committee to investigate Spiritualism, and they could discover no deception. Prof. Leidy gave a very abstruse scientific question, which was correctly answered to the minutest details.

It is very true that there have been many impostors, the more numerous because of the wonderfnl nature of the processes, but this by no means proves all the wonders of Spiritualists and the like to be false. There are and have been impostors for nearly every reality and truth that has existed, and in the Christian church alone there have been countless deceivers and hypocrites. The charlatans and quacks in the practice of medicine outnumber the genuine and skilled practitioners. So long as unexposed or unexplained occurrences are met with throughout the world, which properly come under the head of psychical phenomena, we cannot consistently say such affairs are delusions and mistakes.

We feel much hesitation in touching on the subject of Spiritualism, so great is the popular prejudice against it, but it is a subject, we feel, that is generally condemned without a hearing. When we see many learned and scholarly men, members of the Royal Society, of the French Academy, and jurists at home like Judge Edmonds, converts to its beliefs and doctrines, there must be something more than trickery to attract and convince men of such high ability and sound judgment. Of course we as Christians cannot believe in the fundamental principles and best known claims of Spiritualism, for they are inconsistent with our beliefs in the perfect, uninterrupted happiness, or unceasing misery, of the departed. For the condemned it would be a pleasure and a great relief to see their families or friends once more, while for the blessed to roam about at the summons of every medium would be anything but a blissful existence. Almost equally wrong would it be to say that the whole matter is a fraud, until it is known to be such. We have conversed with a friend of unquestionable veracity,who, said he, had met and kissed his deceased sister at a séance, and had some conversation with her. In every respect, tone, features, etc., the spirit was identical with his sister as he last saw her, and at the time he and others present were influeuced by no other emotion than the natural joy of seeing their friends once more. Skeptics present were met by deceased friends, who had lived far from the medium and the rest of the company. There was manifestly no opportunity for one or two persons to act the different parts required, as twenty odd spirits were materialized, all of whom were plainly recognized, and who conversed with their friends. It would need a more consummate actor than this world has ever seen to act not only the tones, but also to represent the faces, of over twenty persons.

Does all this sound like trickery? But what is it, if it is neither truth nor trickery? Ah, that is just what no outsider yet knows. The "spirits" always seem to resent any rude prying into their secrets, and people, who were unduly inquisitive have been severely punished. Mesmerism may largely enter into it, we know not, we have only impartially to investigate and wait until the

veil shall be lifted which hides the mysteries of the quasi spirit world. In the slate-writing séance described above, all, including Mr. Slade, joined hands in a circle about the slate while it was being written on, and a kind of electric influence, somewhat like what one feels when holding the handles of a galvanic battery, seemed to go through the company. If this was not a contrivance or trick to create a sensation and inspire awe, as is quite possible, it may show that electricity or magnetism have something to do with it, how much cannot be said, and how either could extend to the answering of the question it is difficult to see. There may be unknown forces or unknown agencies at work here which we have yet to discover, as Franklin did that great force which is doing so much for us now, and promises to be the prime mover in all our industries and inventions.

It is very difficult for us in all these matters of Psychic truth to comprehend and fathom with our physical and human faculties the workings and methods of operation of the mind and soul. With the onward march of all science and knowledge we yearly learn more and more about such affairs, and the thought and research of the deepest thinkers and most learned minds has now during the last few years more than ever before been brought to bear upon these very important subjects. This is a matter that is worthy of great genius, and needs keeness and acumen as few others do, and it will only become a clear and open book when the world awakes to its reality and wondrous nature. The time was when biology was classed with mesmerism and the like as equally occult arts, and as fostered by the Evil One; and, as the former has reached its proper place in public estimation, and the latter to some degree its place, so we hope that all branches of Spiritual truth, unless proven to be frauds, may soon be understood partially at least, and given a position to which their peculiar and extramundane nature entitles them. Let us then, with our minds free from the bias of prejudice which in so many matters so sways our opinions and beliefs, give all matters of mind and soul their own lofty place, and hope that with the inquiry and research that, they are now receiving at home and abroad, this last stronghold of mystery may be overthrown.

OUR Y. M. C. A. AND ITS NEW ROOM.

IN the fall of the college year 1879–80 some of the students at Haverford met together to consider the propriety of organizing a Young Men's Christian Association in their midst, the object of which should be to promote and foster Christian intercourse and interest among the students. "After careful consideration of the subject," as the minutes report it, various committees were appointed to bring about the organization of such an association, and at their next meeting the Constitution and By-laws were adopted and the officers elected.

Beginning with twenty-eight members they went bravely to work holding their meetings regularly and listening to addresses by Dr. Thomas, of Baltimore; Dr. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia; Dr. James E. Rhodes, Professor Pliny E. Chase, and some others; as well as doing work outside of the college, such as keeping up a Bible School at Coopertown. It is interesting to notice in the minutes of the meetings how the work was carried on and to wonder as to some of the results, for other results are known to all of us. Having the Bible and prayer meeting under its charge, the association seems to have held the even tenor of its way, never making any great stir, but always exerting some little influence for good. From the condition of affairs in regard to religious matters in our college, two or three years ago we may safely say that

no unusual effort was put forth by the members to make the Christian influence felt, or if such an effort had been put forth there was so much lack of judgment in it that but little good fruit resulted therefrom. However this may be, it is a certainty that the association *has* exerted a strong influence for good, and that quite a number of students have left Haverford better prepared to fight the battles of life, stronger and more faithful Christians from the good that they have received under its auspices. After the delegates returned from the various conventions of the Young Men's Christian Associations of our State there was considerable talk, last year, of trying to put up a building or obtain a room for our association; but there seemed to be no way to do so and no heart or courage to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves. However an interest was aroused in the matter, and on returning to college this year several of the members, feeling the importance to every student of starting out in life as Christian young men, and that the possession of a room, which we could call our own, would aid us greatly in our work amongst our fellow students, brought the matter strongly before the association; after considerable discussion and examination, finding that a building for the association alone was for the present impracticable a committee was appointed to raise funds and, also, one to obtain a room and oversee the work of fixing it up.

On applying to the managers for the privilege of putting up a building on the grounds, before we had given up the idea of a building, we found that we had their support in our work. Turning them to the project of a room, with Professor Sharpless' aid and advice the room under the parlor, in Founder's, and of the same size, was chosen. Having the privilege of fixing this room to suit our purposes the committees immediately went to work to obtain an estimate of the cost of the work and the necessary funds. The friends of the college responded generously, and finally our room was finished, and on the evening of the 2d of December our first meeting was held in this place, which we can now call the Young Men's Christian Association room.

After opening the meeting with Bible reading and prayer, the committee on the room made the final report and gave the room into the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association. This was followed by singing, and Mr. Gordon, of the Philadelphia Association, gave a very interesting address on the need of personal work for our Master, and of being in earnest in the matter of our spiritual welfare and that of our fellow students. Dr. James E. Rhodes then spoke to us in a manner which ought to have aroused us all to the need of being faithful to our duty as Christians. Some of the statistics which he presented were at once startling and encouraging. For instance, the statement of a prominent Japanese, not a Christian, that in twenty years Japan would be a Christian country, that is, that Christianity would be the prevailing religion there, and that if in China it made as rapid advance in the future as it had done in the recent past, that country too would soon be enrolled amongst the Christian lands. His words of encouragement and cheer have sunk deep into the hearts of some who were present. Following Dr. Rhodes, Professor Pliny Chase urged on us the importance of Bible study and of recognizing in others the same truths for which we labor, even if they do not exactly conform to our mode of thought or expression. Every man he said is a macrocosm and has in himself all the elements of the microcosm. The room was then opened to all in the college to be used for such purposes as any young man of Christian character would feel free to use it, considering that it is altogether under Christian influence.

With such a pleasant room to study our Bible lessons in we ought not to neglect them. The association desires every fellow in college to feel free to come into the room and use the papers, books, and whatever may be there.

LITERATURE.

[All publications for review must be received by the 20th of the month preceding the issue. All books received will be duly noticed.]

A VERY few minutes investigation will convince the observer how great strides the publishers of to-day have made in the line of illustrations. Pick up an old volume of Harper's or Scribner's and notice the difference between it and the present issues. The cuts of fifteen years ago were poorly conceived and more poorly executed. Now even the simplest illustrations are real works of art. How such magazines so finely illustrated can be sold for such small sums, must at first puzzle the investigator. We do not intend to answer or explain it; but with the facilities which they have, and their immense circulation, these journals are not losing money, you may depend on that. Even the daily papers are aware how much easier it is to impress the mind with a fact, by making a picture of it.

While speaking of magazines we are reminded that Lippincott's is to be issued after January 1st, on the first of the month instead of the 15th of the previous month as heretofore. The editor by this arrangement has secured the right to publish articles by well-known English and Continental authors simultaneously with their appearance in Europe. The list of American talent is also improved. So we may expect a brighter day for Lippincott's. We are loath to say there is plenty of room for this improvement, and while it always has been a welcome and readable visitor it does not begin to rank in literary merit with Harper's. There is no reason why it should not. Philadelphia is a good centre for such a magazine and we believe it would be well supported. Let us have it.

The first two volumes of the life of *William Lloyd Garrison*, by his children is before us. It is a valuable addition to any library. The story is told in an honest, straightforward manner, and being, as it is, really a history of some of the most stirring events in our history, it is exceedingly interesting reading. These two volumes tell the story of his life up to the year 1840. At this rate there will be at least four or five volumes yet to be issued. The great length of the work seems to be rather an objection to it. Published by *The Century Co.*

"*Why we Believe the Bible*" is the title of a little volume, sixty cents, issued by D. Appleton & Co. It is written by Rev. J. P. T. Ingraham. It gives in the clearest, simplest language the reasons for our belief and so fills a space long vacant. Very few Christians in ordinary life can give the first reason why they believe in the truth of the Scriptures. There is nothing particularly new in the book, but it is so clear and direct that any one can grasp the meaning. Its dedication indicates its purpose: "To the Jews from whom the Bible came, to the Gentile to whom it came, and to all who would like to confirm their faith in the Bible and have not leisure for large volumes, this book is respectfully inscribed."

The *Teacher's Institute* and *Practical Teacher* have united, and the combined paper is published by E. L. Kellogg & Co. Col. Parker, of Quincy fame, is to continue his series of lessons begun in the *Practical Teacher*. This new paper is just what every real, live, active teacher must have. We have been helped over some rough places ourselves by these papers before their union, and we wish them full measure of success. Take it.

General Beauregard has consented to write four articles for the *North American Review*, to be entitled: "The Shiloh Campaign;" "The Defense of Charleston;" "The Drury Bluff's Campaign," and "The Defence of Petersburg." The first appears in January, and beginning with that issue the Review like the Century and Lippincott's will be issued on the first of each month.

In our last issue we had barely time to mention "Life and Letters of Louis Agassiz," by Eliza Carey Agassiz. There isn't a dry page in the two volumes. We cannot say too much in praise of the work. Everything this "High

Priest of Science" has said and done is of such immense value to us as Americans and students, that it is with the deepest interest we read the account of his active life, and his earnest, friendly letters to the world's great scientists. You cannot help being impressed with the naturalness of the man. Nothing pompous or assumed, but simply a *man*. The last few pages are perhaps the most interesting, as bearing upon the development theory. He says of heredity, "The whole subject of inheritance is exceedingly intricate, working often in a seemingly capricious way. Qualities, both good and bad, are dropped as well as acquired, and the process ends sometimes in the degredation of the type and the survival of the unfit rather than the fittest. The most trifling and fantastic tricks of inheritance are quoted in support of the transmutation theory; but little is said of the sudden apparition of powerful original qualities, which almost always rise like pure creations and are gone with their day and generation. The noblest gifts are exceptional, and are rarely inherited; this very fact seems to me an evidence of something more and higher than mere evolution and transmission concerned in the problem of life. No doubt, on the whole, Nature protects her best; but it would not be difficult to bring together an array of facts as striking as those produced by the evolutionists in favor of their theory, to show that sexual selection is by no means always favorable to the elimination of the chaff and the preservation of the wheat." Then in conclusion speaking of types he says: "How these types were first introduced, how the species which have successively represented them have replaced one another,—these are the vital questions to which no answer has been given. We are as far from any satisfactory solution of this problem as if development theories had never been discussed."

LOCALS.

Laboratory—"What's this?"

Professor— * * * * ——.

We have done excellently in football, may we make as good a showing in cricket.

Wanted.—A comprehensive manual of information about the Laboratory, with a Directory of the position of every chemical found there, to hand to our inquiring friends.

The foot-ball team of Haverford College that has been so steadily successful this season, is composed of the following gentlemen: Rushers, Underhill, Morris, Bowne, Wood, Hilles, Lewis, Orbison, and Adams; Half-backs, Garrett and Sharp; Back, Hacker.

Even Jupiter sometimes nods, but when the Y. M. C. A. Committe go into town and send out a three-legged table, laboring under the impression that it has four, we exclaim in alarm, *O, tempora, O, mores!* "Plain case," says Mac, "saw one of 'em double."

Now doth the full-fledged Sophomore search dilligently in the attic of his paternal mansion in order to draw therefrom the remains of some ancestral "stove-pipe." And when he findeth the much coveted article, gayly he disporteth himself therewith upon the campus. Yea verily, and his heart swelleth with pride at the thought of his newly gained freedom.

Compensation.

I.

A tadpole lay
In a ditch one day,
And sadly that tadpole sighed,
As a bullfrog gay,
On his joyous way,
Hopped off in his manly pride.
But a smile came over the tadpole's face,
As he lay 'mid the rushes dim,
And he said: "Old chap, you've got dandy legs,
But you've got no tail to swim."

II.

A Freshman lad
With a visage sad,
Once stood by the college door,
While with high hat glad,
(And a cane he had,)
Out strutted a Sophomore.
But a smile stole over the Freshman's face,
And he almost laughed in glee,
As he said: "You may stalk with your hat and cane,
But you can't be fresh like me."

Strange as it may appear our two *embryo Episcopal divines* have acknowledged the supremacy of the *Pope*.

One phase of the "harmonies of nature" is aptly displayed in the following little poem, found the other day in the hall. It appears, that while enjoying in some degree the conditions of their more developed brothers, all embryos still congratulate themselves on their own imperfections.

A Junior recently asked the Prof. in Engineering: "What use is there in putting a *crown* on an *arch* which already has a *keystone*.

We hope the children with the putty-ball shooters will keep off the college grounds in the future.

The Juniors, being about to take up "Poetics" as a study, no doubt the Haverfordian editors will soon be besieged by numerous aspiring authors, desiring to have their rhythmic effusions presented to the public.

The authorities should be looking up a secret society, which has been instituted, whose members have been weaving charm-spells in the vicinity of the "Twin Star." The college might also hold an indignation meeting with regard to it, on the ground that a new Glee Club has been started.

The winter time has come,
The time to loaf and "bum,"
With its snows
And its crows—
All other birds are dumb,
The slow clouds crawl,
The drizzles fall,
The students to the Lib'ry go;
At meal-bell call,
They hurry all,
And eat of hash or weighty dough.
To the gymnasium
Full many nights will come,
And try to make their muscles strong;
But cricket some will play,
Break window panes all day,
Altho Professor says that it is wrong.
But when the ice gets thick,
Out come the skate bags quick,
The shiny runners sing,
The frozen waters ring;—
The shinney barks the shin;
With many an out and in
The skillful player guides the ball;
And with a clumsy din
The clumsy rabble strike and fall.
The rumbling bob-sleds glance
And many dangers chance;
On sunny ice-way bright,
Or by the torches light.
The winter, if its clear,
Bring students jolly cheer,
But if it happens dull,
They glum,—of blueness full,
But now the rymer stops his ryme,
No doubt you think it is quite time.

The following is the list of matches played by the College and Class foot-ball teams of Haverford with other institutions, during the season of 1885:

Haverford *vs.* Lehigh, 24 to 8.
Haverford *vs.* Swarthmore, 40 to 10.
'88 Haverford *vs.* '88 Swarthmore, 16 to 12.
'88 Haverford *vs.* '88 University of Pennsylvania, 19 to 10.
'89 Haverford *vs.* '89 Swarthmore, 0 to 35.
'89 Haverford *vs.* Episcopal Academy, 58 to 0.
'89 Haverford *vs.* Rugby Academy, 20 to 0.
'89 Haverford *vs.* Germantown Academy, 20 to 0.
Inter-class matches: '88 *vs.* '89, 25 to 0; '86 *vs.* '89, 9 to 6.

"Barker" thinks that the Glee club? ought to close up before 2 A. M.

EXCHANGES.

Among the many new papers that have reached our exchange table within the last month, we notice the following:

The *Delaware College Review* is a paper likely to give the reader a high opinion of the college from which it comes. The articles and

editorials are well written. The general style of the paper is good, but would be much improved by dispensing with the unsightly "parallel bars" used to separate the different editorials.

The *Author's Review and Scrap Book*, a periodical intended to take the place of that flashy literature, so much indulged in by students of all ages, is a very readable little magazine. The October number contains quite an interesting article entitled, "A Glimpse of Mexico."

Town Topics, a journal of New York society, has been a frequent visitor of late. Although in no sense a college paper, its pages are carefully perused by our *dudes*. The different departments are well conducted, but the editor's unconquerable "I" is ever conspicuously displayed.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges *The Cadet*, a new paper from Maine State College. Ability is not wanting, either in the designing of the paper, or the quality of the literary articles. One of the latter, "The Acadians," is especially good. We wish the *Cadet* all success.

Queries is a monthly, of much value, and we do not wonder in the least when we hear that it has been admitted into 1,100 schools "as a supplementary text book." The "Queries" and "Answers" are very valuable and interesting, and the *Multum in Parvo* consists of short articles, written in an entertaining manner, and conveying much information. We were much pleased to find the following among the editorials: "It is the spirit of the age to count sin a mere peccadillo; whereas it cuts off at one stroke all hope or trust in God, all love for Him, and every pleasing thought of Him. To count it a little thing, to laugh at it, to jest about it, to find pleasure in reading or hearing representations of it, is criminal thoughtlessness in the young, and desperate wickedness in the old. The spirit of making light of sin is infectious. Those who do so, whether in the bitterness of the cynic, the impotent folly of the worn-out debauchee, the buffoonry of the clown, or the frivolity of the precocious young man, poison their own souls, and should be avoided like the pestilence."

Eclipse, an energetic little paper from Conference Seminary, N. H., shows a decided spirit to keep abreast of the times. It is neat in appearance, but the literary articles, for the most part savor much of the "school composition" style. The first article, however, "Alexander Von Humboldt" forms a notable exception.

The *Dickinsonian* presents quite an attractive appearance in its neat brown cover, but one is disappointed on turning over its pages, to find no space for contributions of a literary character. "Personals," "Locals," "Exchanges," "Fraternity Notes," "College World," "Alumni Cards;" preceded by eight full pages of editorials, all in turn meet the eye, but not the shadow of anything of a literary nature. Surely time can not be wanting for the several departments are well filled; nor inclination to write, or how came those eight pages of editorials? We are entirely at a loss to explain this seemingly intentional omission, and feel constrained to give a little brotherly advice. Although the minor departments may be more interesting to your own students, yet it is only through the essays contributed that outsiders can form any correct judgment as to the ability of the students, in the composition of literary articles, or take an interest in the welfare of the college journal.

Strangest among the new papers received during October, is the *Socialist and Workingman's Friend*. This peculiar publication holds up as shocking outrages on our civilization, our

present system of taxation, the six cent car fare of Philadelphia, and the Sunday laws. In fact the editor appears to be quite a philosopher and reformer, and no doubt will soon share the general fate of all philosophers and reformers. The great trouble is the world has not progressed far enough as yet, to see, that by laying taxatian only on the wealthy, and consequently placing the government in the hands of that class exclusively, we would be conferring an inestimable blessing on the poor, or that by abolishing the Sunday laws, we would gain a better observance of the Sabbath. It is much to be lamented that our new philosopher does not apply his own logic to his own system, and propagate these great reforms by cautiously maintaining a profound silence on the subject. Another strikingly original feature of this paper is the advertising system, so very advantageous *to advertisers*, one cent for ten five-line insertions; but at this rate it is certainly a very fortunate thing that the editor has, as he claims, "enough money to keep it going *at least a year*," for surely a magazine, so far advanced beyond the present age, cannot hope to be supported by subscriptions from the community.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Wood, '88, for the privilege of examining two copies of the *Oxford University Gazette*, and one of the *Oxford University Herald*. The former of these, "published by authority," contains nothing but lists of "degrees conferred," requirements of the admission of Bachelors to the degree of doctor, Professor's notices for Michaelmas Term, report of the University Observatory, etc. The latter covers a wider scope, from the reports of University sermons, to the proceedings of the "City Court" and patent medicine notices.

We are also seriously informed that "sample phials of 'Vino Sacro,' the Perfect wine for Holy Communion, may be obtained gratis by Churchwardens and Sacristans at the office of this paper, 90 High street, on application."

The great difference between these English University papers, and the American College paper is very striking, with the advantages clearly on the American side. In the English sheets no literary articles, excepting the reports of the sermons, are to be found; no accounts of college sports, no college editorials, in short othing to indicate the *existence* of any such thing as a student, but the "calendar" of recitations, and the list of "degrees conferred," before mentioned.

The Student for October, contains a beautifully composed article, "Wordsworth's Study of Nature." We quote the following: "Communion with sky and earth and sea, so helpful, so easy to cultivate, so delightful, is neglected pitifully even now, when poetry and science are at work to show its benefits. We cross the ocean to visit wonderful churches, and flock to hear the tones of an organ played by some master hand, while in yonder woods is a cathedral loftier and grander far than art can form or centuries can consecrate, through whose densely branching arches and solemn aisles sweeps the music of the winds and rises the incense from the pines to the blue dome above. Nothing can be simpler than the pursuit of this study. We are to open our eyes and look closely, thoughtfully, at perhaps the shape of a cloud, the light from a sunbeam, the brown of the hills, a ring of smoke, some humble flower—to Wordsworth

> 'The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

and somehow, looking at these objects, we come to think of them as animate and friendly; we begin to reflect, and the expression of our thoughts comes out in better lives and happier days, and leads us naturally to think of ourselves

and, best of all, of our relations to God. Says an eminent writer: 'It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object.' "

We have watched with much interest the close contest between the rival *Couriers* of the University of Kansas, suggestive of the old contest between the rival popes, and now offer our sincere congratulations to the victorious party that obtained the copyrights. The standard of the present *Courier* is noticeably higher than that of former years.

The following appeared in the *Earlhamite* for October: "John E. Parker and Wilfred White gave the *college* a short visit on September 13. They will attend *school* at Haverford this year." This seems a little strange. We wonder when the remarkable change occurred, which reduced Haverford to the level of a *school* while Earlham yet remains a *college*. It seems a little queer too, admitting the change, that students should leave a *college* to attend a *school*.

After a careful examination of the paper, we are free to say, that among the many good family weekly newspapers in the United States the Toledo Blade, (Nasby's paper) stands prominently forth. The publishers invite every reader of this paper to send for a free specimen copy. You will find it among the largest and best dollar papers published.

See advertisement elsewhere.

The *De Pauw Monthly* comes to us in a new cover of rather elaborate design. The general effect is good but, could be much improved by changing the color. The essays are for the most part ably written, but the address of the president should by all means have appeared in full. We also rather doubt the propriety of so eulogistic an article on a member of the present faculty as the biographical sketch of Chancellor Bowman. No doubt the article was written with the kindest of motives, but praises so highly spiced, savor greatly of irony.

It gives us much pleasure to enter the *Ogontz Mosaic*, on our list of exchanges. This bright little sheet, although making no pretensions of a literary magazine, far surpasses in real literary merit many of the periodicals from our best colleges. We shall always give it a hearty welcome.

We are much pleased with the contents of the *W. T. I.*, a new paper published by the students of the Worcester Technical Institute. However the design of the cover could be much improved.

Professor Jansen's lecture on Russia was very interesting to his hearers. Those of us who did not hear it hope to do so at some future time.

Thanks to our faculty we enjoyed a very pleasant Thanksgiving vacation of three days this year, a privilege heretofore unheard of at Haverford.

Mack and his little "three legged table" joke seem to be fast friends.

Where is our Glee club coming from?

Here's Underhill, but where are the ducks?

'81, William E. Page is teaching an Episcopal school at Newport, R. I.

'82, George L. Crossman is engaged in the electric light business in Chicago, Ills.

'88, Robert C. Wright is attending the University of New York.

'84, John H. Allen is principal of a fine school at Westernville, Oneida Co., N. Y., and not at Union Springs as stated in the October issue.

FOOT-BALL.

HAVERFORD VS. SWARTHMORE.

THE day appointed to play Swarthmore began with rain, and looked threatening throughout. However, two well-loaded omnibuses appeared before Barclay Hall, early in the afternoon, bringing the Swarthmore team and its adherents, and since the rain had stopped, the Haverfordians hurried to don their stripes and prepare for hard work. The absence of two members of the team detained the game until nearly 3 o'clock. Haverford winning the toss decided to defend the southern goal, a cross wind very slightly favoring. Swarthmore started the game in the usual manner, and the struggle began in good earnest. It was not long before the cry of "co-education" was heard; for the representatives of that principle seemed to have a knack of forcibly taking the ball from the grasp of certain Haverfordians, relaxed as it was somewhat by nervousness; and the result was that a touch-down was secured under the southern goal-posts. From some inexplicable cause, however, the try-at-goal proved a failure, and the game proceeded without much interruption. The ball was carried by degrees down to the other end of the field, where it remained until the home team had scored fourteen, including a "safety" made by two or three rushers neatly carrying a big Swarthmore man some distance down the field and over the goal-line. Time was then called, the score standing 4 to 14 in Haverford's favor, and the hot, bruised, earth-smeared men availed themselves of the ten minutes interval to rest and moisten their parched mouths with water. Goals changed, the game recommenced, and the "scarlet-and-blacks" being in good spirits drove the ball up the slight incline and were soon hanging over their opponents goal-line. The half-backs then began a series of assaults on the heavy Swarthmore line, with varied success. It seemed a good deal like standing back and charging full-speed at a post-and-rail fence; but little openings once and a while appeared, of which the battering rams availed themselves, and the score mounted quite rapidly. The touch-downs were very far to one side, and goals were not kicked from all of them. Sharp, however, kicked two beautiful goals from the field. When a new "mount-off" was made Swarthmore gained a temporary advantage, and during one of these relapses the young co-education half-back, Clothier, kicked a very pretty goal from the field. Once the ball was "downed" almost on Haverford's goal-line, and it seemed inevitable that Swarthmore should break through and score; but the half-backs of the lower side came into line and the Haverfordians were so vigilant and prompt that when the ball was passed back, it remained there. At this juncture a Haverford man played off-side so manifestly that the referee felt constrained to impose a penalty, and so very kindly gave one point to the other side instead of advancing the ball five yards, which would certainly have made a touch-down for Swarthmore. One other play deserves notice: Sharp having held a high punt, ran with the ball from the lower end of the field, through thick and thin, to about the upper twenty-five yard line, and being stopped there passed the ball to P. H. Morris, who by some excellent dodging carried it the remaining distance and was only thrown within a foot or two of Swarthmore's goal line. The game was called when the score stood 40 to 10 in Haverford's favor,—we understand, the largest figure ever made by Haverford against Swarthmore.

Our college team, in this match, played a very commendably good game. Except the inability to keep possession of the ball in the first part of the game, no serious errors were noticed. The following up of the rushers was excellent, and their tackling sure and hard. The team seemed to play much better than against Lehigh, particularly in point of blocking; but the Lehigh half-backs punted better than those of Swarthmore, and that probably made considerable difference in the results of the respective matches. What is needed is a heavier rush-line, though care must be taken not to sacrifice the agility and promptness, which we now possess, for mere avoirdupois.

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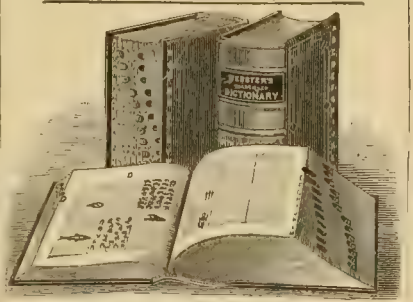

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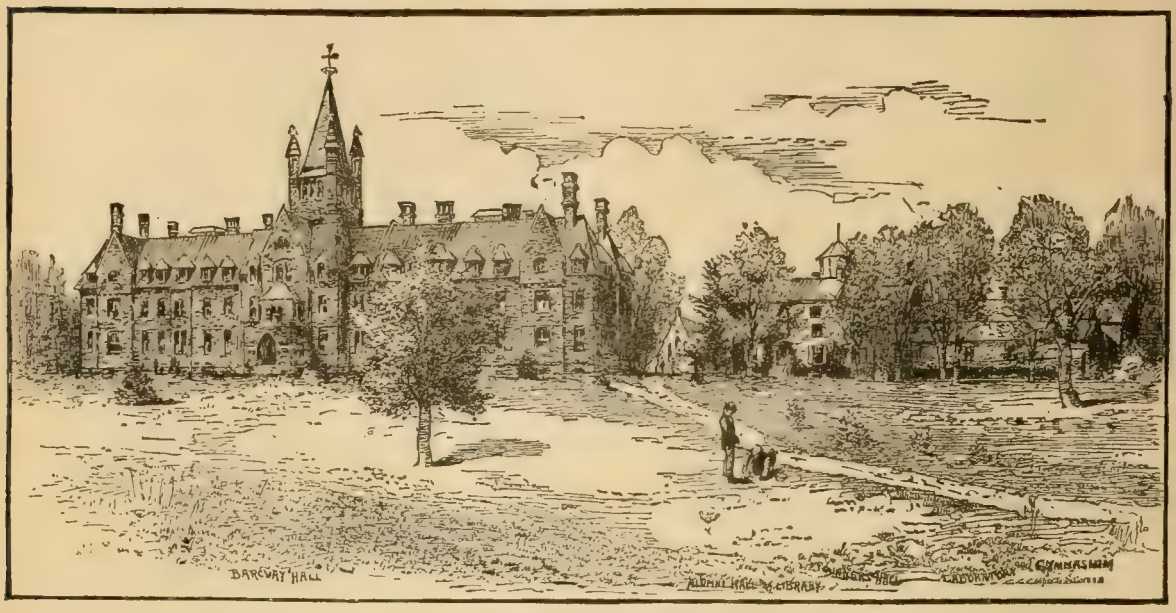

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The Haverfordian

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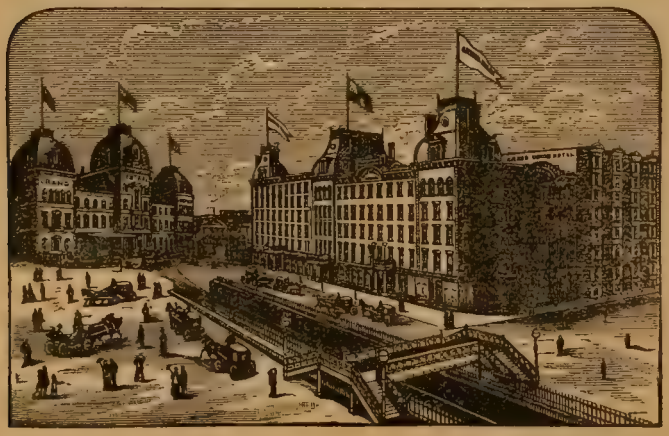

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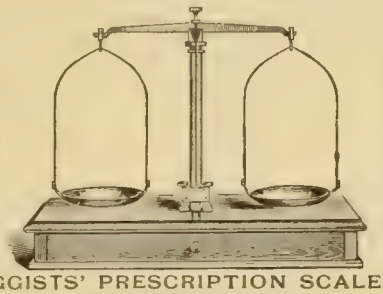

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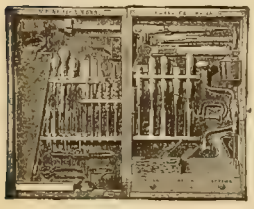

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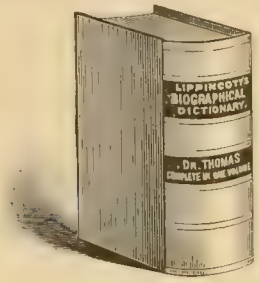

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The Haverfordian.

Vol. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., January, 1886. No. 4.

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JUST at the last moment of our writing we desire to say to our readers that we wish them a happy New Year, one full of good things for all of them, and hope that during the coming year both they and the Haverfordian may enlarge their sphere of usefulness and make such a showing as they have never done before.

We were very glad to receive an article from an Alumnus who signs himself '72. One whom the readers of our paper have heard from many times before this, if we mistake not, and from whom we shall be glad to hear again. If our alumni would take a more hearty interest in the Haverfordian, and let us know where they are and what they think, the paper could, perhaps, be made more interesting to themselves, and, perhaps, to us who are here also. We shall be glad to hear from any who feel inclined to communicate with us, and shall endeavor to give room in our paper for their communications. We do not ask this from any lack of articles for our paper, but we do desire that our old students should show their interest in the college paper.

SINCE our last number, we have been favored with three lectures, which we will notice briefly, trusting that they are an augury of a pleasant future in this direction.

The first was a series of stereopticon views from photographs taken in Europe and this country, by Geo. B. Wood, of Germantown, who explained the pictures and told anecdotes and episodes connected with them. The photographs were all original exposures, and some were indeed triumphs of photographic art. The clouds in certain pictures were especially fine, being admirably taken and faithful to nature. This feature in photographs is so unusual that it was the most striking part of the entertainment. When we consider, moreover, that some photographs were taken from the end of an express-train, and one, as we were told, in direct opposition to the laws of photography, Haverford may be proud of an Alumnus who has acquired such skill in this art. The series of views were a rare treat, such as one seldom enjoys.

President Chase's lecture was much more interesting than a biographical sketch is wont to be. The account of the personal experiences of Arthur Hugh Clough taught us many facts concerning this gifted man, about whom most of us knew so little. The selections from his poems showed his budding genius, and were very entertaining, especially the account of a scene, which never fails, in its various phases, to awaken

the interest of the young at least, and calls back pleasant memories to the older.

We were very fortunate, through the kindness of Ellis Yarnall, by whose influence we have already heard several other distinguished Englishmen, in listening to Henry Blackburn, of London, Eng., who lectured to us on the "Value of a Line." The lecture, however, was delivered in the usual English monotone, which is so trying to the nerves and patience of an American audience, who are accustomed to a *little* change in pitch and expression. Our lecturer, an eminent art-critic, was highly instructive and entertaining, and his discourse was illustrated by a number of drawings, large and small, by prominent English artists, especially by Mr. Caldecott, the illustrator of "The Mad Dog," "Three Jolly Huntsmen," etc. He emphasized the advantage of a few simple drawings, to illustrate a writer's meaning, over several pages of explanation in words, and proved this by several apt examples. We saw the varied scenery of an Italian lake which had been obscurely described in a page of words, graphically depicted in *four* lines. The speaker urged the value of drawing for reproduction, and also predicted that every author, who wished any name at all, would soon illustrate in a simple way his own book, and that this feature would be considered as important a requisite in the make-up of a book as the subject-matter. We failed to see, however, how a man of genius, who had no talent for drawing at all, could acquire sufficient skill to illustrate a book in a neat and truthful, not to say artistic, manner. We gained many new ideas from the evening's lecture, and were all much interested in the drawings that we saw and examined more closely afterwards.

The educating force of well-chosen lectures is very great, and, as in these latter days original thoughts and words seem to be "so few and far between," it is especially desirable to hear eminent and learned men in every department, for it is from them, if anywhere, that great originalities come.

WE do not wish to complain of any action which the faculty may take; or to insist on any redress of grievances, unless we are satisfied that the same are real and are such as call for redress. The universal disappointment which the two upper classes of this college felt, at the announcement of the abolition of the time usually given to prepare the Junior and Commencement parts, seems to warrant our attention in these columns.

It appears to be a step backwards. These exercises have always shown a want of careful and studious preparation. The student needs more time to devote to them instead of having the little, which he did have, taken away.

If we are rightly informed; the best colleges grant more time for this purpose than we at Haverford ever had. The capital reason given for the action of the faculty, in taking away this time, was that former classes had not employed the time so given them for the use it was intended. Some of them have not. But from our personal knowledge the Junior class of last year did employ the two half-days given them, in the preparation of their exercises for Junior Exhibition. We believe that the greater number of all classes have attended and will attend to the duties of that day or days, unless they have previously performed them.

And if, by slighting other duties, and neglecting their proper hours of exercise and recreation, they have previously performed these duties; a reasonable amount of time is due them as a compensation. We hope the faculty will carefully reconsider their action and will see fit to at least allow as much time as was given last year.

THE subject of Temperance and Prohibition has been brought before our college more vigorously this year than at any time previous for the last three years at least, and it is to be hoped that we as young men have profited by the advantage, and now appreciate more fully the importance of the question. Few if any interests are so closely interwoven with the very frame work of our nation. Our churches, our schools, our elections are influenced by the liquor interest, and all this influence coming from an evil source must be at least barren of permanently good results. Believing firmly that liquor of all kinds as a beverage is an evil; and standing ready at all times to aid the cause of temperance, it seems especially appropriate that the Haverfordian, being as it is the organ of a Friends' college, should give publicity to a set of resolutions which have been sent us with the request that we print them and notice them editorially. Although we are firm believers in Prohibition, and have little or no faith in Local Option laws, we are ready to do this little; if nothing more be accomplished than that the subject be brought again to the attention of our readers.

SNOW-FALL.

O pure and most beautiful snow,
Sent down from the regions above:
Thou art as a message of love,
To cheer us, here longing below,
Here sighing and longing below.
Our sky is but blackness and gloom;
No glimmer of hope is revealed;
The face of our God is concealed,
And life lies as lone as the tomb,
As darksome and lone as the tomb.
We grope in the dark, and we cry
"O, show us some sign of thy care!
Some token, some answer to prayer!
O drive off the clouds from our sky,
Our stormy, tempestuous sky!
We know not the strength of thy light
Would dazzle our poor mortal eyes.
In love are there clouds in our skies,
And mercies, all pure and all white,
Fall softly, so pure and so white!
They bid us look up and take hope;
They bid us to put away doubt;—
To turn in our pathway about,
And cease in the darkness to grope;
In darkness o'erwhelming to grope.

O pure and most beautiful snow,
Sent down from the regions above,
Thou art as a message of love
To cheer us, here longing below,
Here sighing and longing below.

AN ARTICLE IN WHICH THE EDITOR RAISETH THE OLD BOY.

MEN who love their Horace all know, by heart, the seventh ode of the fourth book; and every one loves his Horace who has studied it under President Chase. So that when your old Haverfordian glances at the last catalogue and meets so many names unknown or unexpected, it is inevitable that he repeat certain lines of the poet who has made melancholy a luxury:

Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ;
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

We who nearly sixteen years ago looked with awe at the names of graduates in the catalogue, simple Freshmen as we were; we who felt "the desire of a moth for a star" when we saw great King and his fellows of '69 carry off their green-ribboned diplomas,—we too are gone down where father Æneas and the rich Tullus bide, we too are dust and shadow: while your Charter-Schools and your Grammar-Schools in their swift cycles more than repair the losses of the heavens where we shone. It seems impertinent for us to speak to the fresh and ruddy life at our old college, we whose cheeks wear a Stygian hue. We are now nigh three lustres gone in graduation. What do these youngsters want with voices from the tomb? Shall we sing them of Elysian fields? They will curl the lip at old Dorian men degenerate enough not to have mowed off the asphodel and started a cricket-crease. Nay, is not the

name "Dorian" itself *pulvis et umbra?* Let us rather keep a ghostly silence, save for the chance Odysseus who may dig the trench and pour the blood and bid us unseal our lips.

Odysseus, meanwhile, does come. He is an editor of the *Haverfordian*, who brings his paper to this far nook and asks an "article." Twice we have answered with ungracious silence, the third summons we obey. But our words can be of the past alone, of those days "when the consuls wore long beards," when we called ourselves boys, and Ardmore was Athensville, when Litzenberg's was the Pillars of Hercules, the city a Fortunate Island, and even Whitehall a furtive and perilous pleasure, a place, so the sages among us said, where they put a dash of sherry in your oyster-stew, though others averred it was but some cunning spice—we have no skill to sing save of that remote time. What else could we sing? We know not your Haverford of to-day:—a new observatory, you tell us; new gate-posts "of massive granite;" cushions in the meeting-house; "four colored men" in the dining-room—O our Sabine homeliness amid these Persian trappings! Two years ago, at the Great Feast, we heard a brother cry: "Away with these signs of caterers and such un-Roman luxury (truly, this was after he had put aside the desire of meat and drink), and give me a half-hour of Jo and Amos and Shanghai!" Yes, we cling to the old ways, as the prophet Jeremias bids us. And why, pray, should not Haverford boys glorify the past, and make really classic those scenes and those days when they tasted the best that life can give? Why should not some "scholar-gypsy" haunt for us the slopes that stretch westward from the old road and the meadow; why should not Black Rocks and the brawling current of Mill Creek become for us Homeric?—"Some of the expressions (in Clough's delightful epic) come back now to my ear with the true Homeric ring," says Arnold in graceful tribute to the genius of his friend;—"*Dangerous Corrievreckan. . . . . Where roads are unknown to Loch Nevish.*" Something of this Homeric ring, as of an unsung epic, haunts the old Haverfordian's ear when the familiar names come back to him. That little stream, now, which rises north of the old railroad embankment, winds through the narrow arch, slowly fills up the skating-pond, and then slips away through the wood and meadows to the south, where they call it Pont-Reading, vex it with dams, and now and then find a cat-fish in it—is it too tiny for the muse? Then the heroes and deeds of the consulship of Planeus, how fast they are fading into the realm of myth, how well they deserve a pious singer! Where are the errant cats that haunted the skirts of the grove, and prowled, not unwary of hoarse cry and cadent brick, even to the edge of the "area?" We could sing a little Iliad of a fence which the managers once built about that grewsome brown box called the railroad station, and of the gate, beyond which no undergraduate was to set his foot. For in the dead of night, profane hands wrenched that gate from its well-oiled hinges and heaved it on a passing freight-train. Whither did the fates whirl thee, O gate? Now, fence and station and the firm rails themselves are all vanished from the spot; but the Mickies of Kilkenny still filch chestnuts from the great tree hard by, just as they did of yore; for lo, these things abide alway. We could sing, too, an Odssey of the wanderings, bibacious or amatory, of thee, great Rooty of the stately lie,—lie that not four, nor four times "four colored men" could concoct in these degenerate days! Thee too, Joseph, brother of Rooty: we mind thee too. Oxford bore thee, Oxford in pleasant Chester vales, and there some god had given thee that grace

that neither wasp, nor hornet, nor whatsoever beareth and useth a sting, could work thee woe—a grace that made thee glad in the mowing-field. Where, too, is Boll? Alas, men tell that he was lured away of Bacchus, and sought the vines of far California, deserting his kin: but all these things lie upon the knees of the gods.

You too, Haverfordians that are, will you not sing the places and the heroes of to-day? Never mind the essays on morals and history and philosophy:—the sad, bad world is full of them, they strew our path like burs; but chant us the scrapes and the pranks of your mighty ones. And then, in turn, some boy of us will emerge Orpheus-like from the Hades of graduation, dragging his Eurydice of recollection after him, and he will sing you legends of the dim past, of the days when we had "bounds" and "deductions" and (in senior year) a daily lunch of pie; of the days when Congdon batted, and Rose bowled, and King took great extras in private. Such names and such deeds will he sing you, till you shall confess that your noontide was not without a flaming east to herald your splendor, till you shall look not all in scorn upon the men who came before you, and who labored in the vineyard when the laborers were few.

'72.

SELF CULTURE.

JOHN TILLOTSON, Archbishop of Canterbury, once said: "Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure to see sets of their own planting grow and flourish; but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man." Considering this sentiment for a moment, we can but be impressed by the force and truth of what it expresses; for what can surpass a man; what is more grand than a well developed and perfect man, the last and highest of God's creations? And to think that it lies within the power of everyone of us to make one man, and to help to build up others by lending an influence to encourage all that is manly and excellent in all those around us! Does it stir to activity all that is high and noble in us?

As every boy looks out on the world, he finds a wide field presenting many advantages and opportunities for his improvement and progress. If he sit down idly speculating on these proffered opportunities, and does not sieze upon them, of what avail will they be to him? Suppose a man should come to your home, famished and emaciated, asking for your assistance, and when you placed good nourishing food before him he refused to eat, saying that he did not like this or that, that he would starve before he ate the leavings from anyone's table, would you not call him either a fool, or a madman? And yet everyone of us who comes into this world and does not strive earnestly to improve the occasions as they offer themselves, is like this man. For the all-wise Creator, has placed man upon this earth with a mind, a character and a physique which are constantly crying for exercise and development, and it is worse than folly and madness to waste the time and opportunities by which we can raise ourselves to the highest standard of manhood. No position in life is so lowly and menial that a true manhood may not be to it an ornament, making even the meanest station beautiful with the settings of nobility, truth and honesty. No way to honor and preferment lies open to a man, except through hard toil and steady application. Attention to the little things as well as to the great, makes men who are able to fill positions of trust and honor, who can do the work of the higher stations of life. A man's character is made up of the little things, the little inclinations, and not of two or three great tendencies. It is the result of years of training and discipline, or of its lack.

Time is money; time is, I was about to say everything. No, it is not quite everything, we must have energy and a will to use it also; but it is true that without time we can do nothing; but each one of us can improve that time that is ours, and thus make ourselves men whose influence for the uplifting and improvement of mankind may be felt far and wide throughout our own country and perchance in foreign lands.

One writer says: "Every man has the seminal principle of great excellence in himself; he may develop it by cultivation if he will try." "*If he will try*," "*great excellence*," "*in himself*." Do these words mean anything to you and to me? This matter of self-culture we must see to for ourselves. Like most of the important affairs of life, we can not delegate it to others to do for us. Perhaps we have tried and think that we have miserably failed, that we have made no advance. This is not the case, for the very fact of having made a trial has so far improved us and it is only by continued attempts, and with perchance many failures that we can advance. *Nil disperandum veritate duce.* Don't give up. Remember it is "if he will try," not once or twice, but continually, earnestly, persistently, and success is sure to come. It is "*every* man" that has this principle of "great excellence" and it includes the poorest as well as the finest intellect. Not always are the smartest men the most excellent men, they may be brilliant, quick and able, but after all is it not the excellence that is the highest goal to try for; and this race is open to all with a prize for each one who will make an adequate effort. One does not need to go to the far west to find a gold mine, for it is "in himself," and the gold is of lasting and eternal value. It is worth striving for, and lies at your door awaiting your labor. Is it so near us that we overlook and despise it? Remember that truly "great excellence" is better than fame or honor, for it cannot be destroyed by a breath. It will stand the fire of malice and envy, and will not be soiled or tarnished, but made brighter and more excellent. If there are great obstacles in the way, the efforts must be great, and as strength is only attained by exercise, so just in proportion as we strive, either mentally or otherwise, to improve and draw out all that there is in ourselves, in that measure we shall grow and advance in self-culture.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," and no man can do our work for us, or make men of us.

If a young man wishes to excel in anything, he must put forth efforts to acquire a knowledge of that in which he wishes to take the precedence.

Men do not become great without steady earnest perseverance, and many hard struggles; but when after years of toil, they attain that for which they have striven, what a satisfaction there is in looking back and contemplating the conquests that have been made.

Even a failure to attain our object may sometimes be of greater advantage to us than entire success would have been. For by it, we may learn our weak points, and where we need to be most watchful. To many a man, failure to attain one of the early aims of life has been but the cause of his aiming higher; and thus by watching wherein he failed before, he has made a grand success in pursuits that, before his early failure he would not have thought himself capable of following in the humblest manner. Do not be discouraged, try, try again. If in your college course you have wasted one, two, or even three years, take a new start with the new year, and give your attention to the cultivation of your better self. It will be an investment of energy that will pay in your present life and in your manhood, will pay larger dividends than the best Wall street stock.

Let no young man say: "I am not clever and quick, and therefore cannot make anything of myself." Remember, that smartness and aptitude have been the ruin of many a promising young man, simply because he depended on them alone, and did not apply himself to hard work and study. If you are slow, do not be discouraged, for steady, honest work always tells. Remember that President Garfield said that whenever he saw a boy, no matter how ragged and dirty he was, he always felt like taking off his hat to him, for he did not know what possibilities were hidden under the ragged coat of the dirtiest little street urchin. Remember how he struggled and strove to make himself what he was, and as far as in you lies follow his example.

Use your moments, for as one says: They are sands of precious gold." Cultivate your mind by *good* literature, and by reflection make the good that is in it your own. Strive earnestly to improve yourself in every way, and you will be astonished at the progress you make, and at the work that you can do. No one can measure the possibilities that lies before a young man as he starts out in life, if he will only apply himself to wisdom, and mind the small things of life as well as the great events.

Some one may ask how to commence the work of self-culture, and when it is finished. To the first question I can only say choose a worthy aim, do well and thoroughly that which lies before you at the present, and strive to gain knowledge from everything, so you may be able to say with one of Shakespeare's characters that you find

> "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks;
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

The only answer that can be given to the latter question, is that the work of self-culture ends only with life, and that as we progress it grows easier to do everything with an eye to our education and development, until it becomes a habit.

> "Let us then be up and doing
> With a heart for any fate,
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

LOCAL OPTION.

The following resolutions have been sent to us by the Chairman of the Temperance Association of Friends of Philadelphia, with the request that we should insert them as a news item which we gladly do:—

The following Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA, held Eleventh mo. 23d, 1885, and were directed to be published in daily and weekly newspapers throughout the State, viz.:

WHEREAS, The Temperance Association of Friends of Philadelphia are desirous that an Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks in the State of Pennsylvania, shall be adopted by the Legislature, and submitted to a vote of the people at the earliest practicable day, but we recognize the fact that any legislation which is greatly in advance of public sentiment is undesirable, because incapable of execution: *therefore*,

Resolved, That we advise all friends of Prohibition and Temperance in Pennsylvania to join hands in opposition to the present system of *indiscriminate license* for the sale of intoxicants, and in urging upon the Legislature at its next session, the passage of a good practical LOCAL OPTION LAW.

Resolved, That we believe the re-enactment of a Local Option Law will enable many election districts in our State to adopt Prohibition, and thereby greatly improve the social, financial and moral condition of their population. The improvement which the experience of other sections has shown to uniformly follow the enforcement of prohibitory laws—bringing about a *decrease* of crime, pauperism, and taxation, and an *increase* of wealth, domestic happiness, and prosperity of every kind—should powerfully influence other districts to follow in line, and thus advance the good of all classes of people in our noble Commonwealth.

By direction of the Committee.

THOMAS SCATTERGOOD, *Chairman.*

A. WOOLMAN, *Secretary.*

A TRIP TO MOUNT DESERT.

CONTRIBUTED.

IT was quarter of seven o'clock in the evening of the twenty-ninth of August last. We had been travelling most of the afternoon, and our train, though dignified with the name of "The Flying Yankee," could not be said to unite all the merits of a railroad accommodation, and was remarkably deficient in one,—namely that of cleanliness. We had passed through very interesting country; Bangor, with its river choked with lumber, attracting especial attention, yet it was with a sigh of relief that we caught sight of the imposing, dark blue mass, towering far away across the intervening waters of Frenchman's Bay, and, as we gazed at the mountain and realized that that was Mt. Desert, the Newport of Maine, the most unique and peculiar of American watering places, we were immediately seized with a strong desire for a nearer view, and also, which was perhaps more the case at that time, for the rest and refreshment which the island would afford.

But the "Flying Yankee" was provokingly slow. Darkness, indeed, had just begun to creep over land and sea, when we arrived at Mt. Desert Ferry and boarded the small propeller awaiting us there. The plank by which this last was done had an inclination that approached uncomfortably near that of forty-five degrees—a striking result of the difference between high and low water on this part of the coast.

The cool evening wind from the sea made every place, except the cabin, disagreeable, but, with Mt. Desert in view, it seemed a great pity to stay below, especially as the sail was short. We therefore braved a cold and kept our station on the bow most of the time.

As the light gradually faded from the sky, the great blue mass grew more and more distinct, and soon, down near the water and on the highest mountain, several bright lights sparkled like stars. These, as a gentleman informed me, were the electric lights at Bar Harbor and at the Summit House on Mt. Green. He further told me the names of the most prominent peaks which were now standing out boldly against the evening sky. The long promontory stretching to the east was the famous Schooner Head. From the west end of this rose Newport Mountain; then

came Kebo, a shoulder of Green Mountain, which is the highest ridge of the island. The western slope of the latter forms the side of a deep cleft, and on the other side of this was seen Dog Mountain. The land then ran off till it seemed to reach the level of the coast and became indistinguishable in the dusk. My informant said, however, that it extended a great way in this direction.

In spite of the boat's swift motion, the island scarcely appeared to vary in size, and, almost before we realized how close we were, the little propeller rounded a rocky headland and right before us lay the glare and bustle of Bar Harbor.

After the ascent of the plank, a feat requiring more skill, perhaps, than the descent, we found ourselves in the usual crowd of hotel carriage drivers who were loud in claiming custom for their respective houses. We favored the cause of the "Rodick" and were forthwith seated on a very comfortable buck-board—a vehicle very much used on the island as we soon found.

The street, along which we were now driven, was lined with low fruit and curiosity shops, and, but for the hotels, there was very little attractive about it. Indeed, Bar Harbor is a town of hotels; summer cottages and dwellings being far from numerous, particularly in the central portions.

We found the "Rodick" to be a very large and conspicuous building with a decidedly imposing front. There were two great wings which met at a right angle where a tower rose one story above the rest. On the lowest floor of this tower is situated the office,—a room celebrated under the name of "Rodick's Fish Pond."

It is said that here the gentlemen used to sit and smoke, unmolested by the ladies; but one evening the latter made a raid on the place, from the stairs, hesitated a moment on the landing, and finally took possession.

Whatever truth there may be in this legend, it certainly is the case that the "Fish Pond" is now the general flirting and gossiping ground of all, and, of course, is usually thronged.

As we sat in a corner contemplating the lively scene before us that Saturday night, we were forcibly impressed with the many developments of the dude, which were here presented,—developments which, by the way, seemed to increase in number the longer we stayed. Here, indeed, the dudes had found a Paradise and were as thick, and some, let me add, as insignificant looking as dead leaves in autumn.

Sunday morning dawned rather dubiously, and to make sure of at least one pleasure, we took a stroll on the sea shore not far from the wharf. Though this walk proved very entertaining to us, we will not occupy our space with a description of its beauties, but will pass on to details more interesting to the general reader.

Church time came soon and we wended our way to the little white Congregationalist church which was but a short distance from the hotel and whose modest spire was plainly visible from our window, as it stood out against the dark side of Mt. Green. The most popular church at Bar Harbor, however, was the quaint little stone Episcopal chapel next door, which was filled to overflowing that Sunday. The walls inside and out are of rough sandstone, and as a whole, it was certainly the prettiest building we saw there.

But we were content with our choice, being very much pleased with the sermon which we heard and appreciating the service much more, probably, than we would have that performed in our neighbor.

After church a suspicious looking, heavy mist, which soon turned into a rain, scattered the congregations hurriedly to their

separate hotels, and it then set in for a storm, a Mt. Desert storm, which, in this case at least, meant a pour, without cessation, for a whole day and night.

A rainy Sunday afternoon in a big, fashionable hotel, without books and with very few acquaintances, is not the pleasantest portion of time imaginable.

But rain on Monday morning when we might be climbing Green Mountain and enjoying the lovely view from the summit, —that *was* saddening. In vain we looked for rifts or lighter places in the clouds. They only came to go away again and the storm raged as hard as ever. Finally we gave up to a quiet despair and waited patiently for the weather to make up its mind to clear off.

A little after noon, however, though a fog had come up and obscured everything, the rain had about ceased, and, to seize the opportunity thus offered, we boarded a steamboat for Seal Harbor, a resort south of and about eleven miles from Bar Harbor, where we had friends visiting.

The first part of the sail was delightful. Through the thin fog we could see the the black line of cliffs with their base sharply brought out against the ever-changing foam, which, when it dashed higher than usual, broke beautifully over the rocks.

But unfortunately we found that "a thing of beauty was *not* a joy forever" in such circumstances, and it became painfully evident that we were getting in range with the roll of old ocean. And now begins a story with which all are familiar, either by hearsay or actual experience, so that it is needless to repeat it. Suffice it to say that, even while we were passing such a point of interest as Schooner Head, many on board had retired, for obvious reasons, to the quiet and darkness of the cabin.

Having arrived at the misty little wharf, we had to walk about a half-mile before we came in sight of the small hotel which was our destination.

It was situated some two hundred feet or more from the water and about fifty above its level,—a good position for a nice view of the bay, and, as we found the house possessed a very cozy little parlor, we judged it must be a charming place, when the weather was clear. Later in the afternoon we had an opportunity of proving the truth of this surmise as the fog rolled up splendidly and revealed the pretty curving beach of yellow sand, the rocky islands in the harbor, and, stretching to the north, a green valley with mountains in the distance. It was a fine sight and well worth braving the mist, rain and sail to view.

We spent the afternoon very pleasantly with our friends, and, about five o'clock, took a hack to return to Bar Harbor. This vehicle had been ordered as the weather was then rather doubtful, but, though it was inconvenient for sight-seeing, we were quite glad of the protection thus offered against the mud.

The road was of the genuine New England type,—up hill and down, with very little level, and the view at first, not anything extraordinary. But a seat beside the driver gave me ample opportunity to pass judgment on the quality of Mt. Desert air, which is a combination of the sea and mountain article that is unsurpassed.

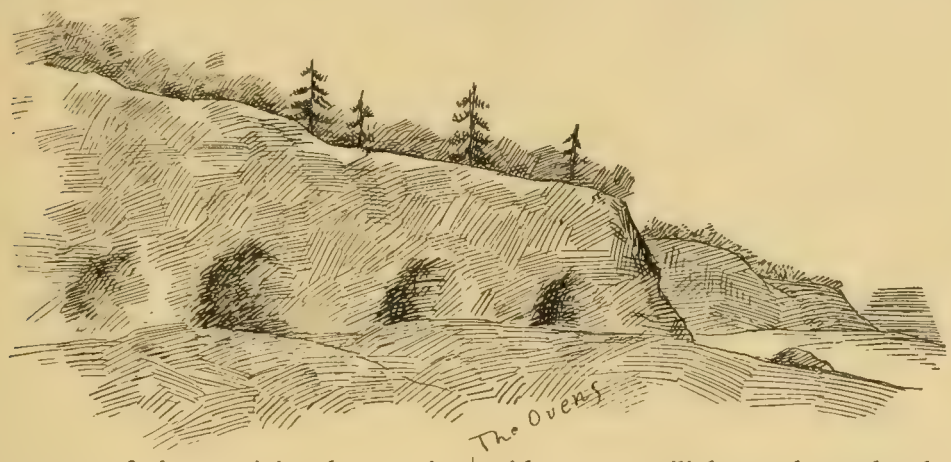
Though the outlook at first was not particularly striking, as has been said, it grew more interesting as we proceeded, and when we reached Otter Creek valley, a remarkable picture lay spread out before us.

We were going down the steepest hill I think I ever descended in a carriage. Right at its base lay a heavy bank of snow-white fog drawn out, along the course of the stream, like an immense quantity of raw cotton. To the north stretched the valley, and beyond rose Mt. Green, Kebo and Newport Mountain with their rough sides,

completing a view which we would like to have seen longer but the foot of the hill was quickly reached and we plunged into the mist, rattled over the bridge that spanned the rocky Creek and began the ascent in but little longer time than it takes to tell it.

Here some of the party were compelled to get out as the hill was a formidable one, in fact the worst one we had met. Arrived at the top we now turned from the direct road and drove south about a mile to see the Otter Cliffs, which were, we found, deservedly well praised by our friends at Seal Harbor.

A rocky path through the woods led us



to the verge of the precipice, here quite easily descended. The great cliff, as viewed from the base of its neighbor, partly obscured by the mist that still hung around us, with the heavy waves rolling in from the white cloudy wall and thundering at its very foot, presented a most imposing spectacle.

A long time we sat and gazed at the wonderful precipice and it was not until a gradual dimunition of light had warned us of the approach of evening, that we took the kindly hint of nature and retraced our steps to the carriage.

Our way now led directly from Otter Creek, and so, in a short time, we were out of the fog again though it could be seen down in the valley, shimmering between the trees like a great lake. But this was soon left behind and it became evident that we were drawing nearer to the mountains. The cleft between Kebo and Newport widened momentarily.

The ride through the notch thus apparently opening to receive us, formed perhaps the most picturesque event of that delightful afternoon. As Kebo was the further away of the two we could gain a much better idea of his rugged sides and rounded shape, while Newport rose almost abruptly from the road, so that a steep, pine clad ascent was all that could be seen of the mountain. Viewed at the hour of sunset with a gray twilight on the rocky slope of Kebo, darkening at the base and spreading its quiet over all, this gorge had a peculiar charm to me and I would gladly have delayed a few moments if it had been agreeable to the rest. But it was fast settling into deeper gloom, and I think we were all glad when we saw again the blaze of Bar Harbor and were landed once more on the steps of the "Rodick."

Between the rain and the fog we had been almost entirely defrauded of our enjoyment of the island, with the notable exception of the ride just described, and so decided that we ought to visit one more place of interest before our departure, though compelled to leave at ten o'clock the next morning, and

that that place of interest should be the "Ovens." The accomplishment of this plan necessitated a buck-board ride of ten miles before breakfast.

Though the fog had once more welcomed us to its damp folds and showed no signs of lifting, yet our ride was far from unpleasant. After leaving the central part of Bar Harbor, we passed several summer cottages that were perched in a very picturesque manner some distance from and above the road, and were reached by long flights of steps. A mile or two beyond these, after we had got entirely away from the watering place, we were shown the building that used to be the only hotel on the island. It stood in an open space in what might be called a very small village and reminded one strongly of an old Friend's meeting house, it looked so forsaken and lonely.

We found the "Ovens" just what they were represented but none the less interesting on that account. Fortunately the tide was out and though the fog still continued, it did not hinder our inspection of these curious caves, worn out by the ceaseless wear and tear of the sea. They vary much in size, some being as large as a room, others scarcely exceeding in size the old fashioned place for baking from which they were named, but all picturesque and interesting.

About the highest cliff along there was called Cathedral Rock and is particularly noticeable on account of a narrow, Gothic-roofed passage which pierces the rock from side to side, This passage is just wide enough to admit one person at a time. It is about twelve feet long and of course gives the name to the rock.

We followed the cliffs out both ways until the Ovens gave place to ordinary flat precipices and then, after gathering some curiosities, climbed the slope again and started back for Bar Harbor much pleased that, in spite of rain, fog and the shortness of time, we had been able to do something at sight seeing.

Still the fog hung around us and even after we had returned to the "Rodick," eaten breakfast and boarded the little propeller once more, everything, except the wharf, was completely invisible. Our last remembrance of Mt. Desert, instead of being lofty, wooded mountains and a bustling, fashionable city at their base, was a pier lined with a motley group of ladies whose numerous handkerchiefs fluttered a good bye to those on the boat. As we started and gained headway, these too were swallowed up in fog, and it was not until we arrived at the Ferry again, that we were entirely out of this "bane of Mt. Desert" as it has been very truly called.

Thus ended our brief sojourn on the famous island whose history has been very similar to that of other American watering places. Almost unknown twenty years ago, it suddenly became celebrated, speculators eagerly bought up land and now it vies with Newport as a summer centre of fashion. In its unique position and novel features it is certainly a most delightful place to spend a week away from the world and to be only connected with its cares by a sail of three-quarters of an hour.

A SOPHOMORE ONCE AT HAVERFORD.

THERE were a number of surmises why George Snowden had not returned to Haverford at the beginning of his Junior year. The college in general asked where "Snowden" was, and why he wasn't back, and were satisfied to hear that he had gone into "business." But a few of Snowden's chums who talked over the gay life of past times with the air of returned Enoch Ardens, had sad doubts on the subject. They feared that he had not been "encouraged" to return and being naturally a retiring youth that he had taken the hint. A still darker thought with the suspicion of something imperative in it, from the recollection of past deeds, haunted their minds.

Snowden had been a "hale fellow well met" through the two years he had been there and was in his own way a favorite with all, excepting perhaps, some of the more staid and settled scholars. But as he had been heard to refer to such students as milksops of a peculiar brand, all the younger Freshmen looked up to him with admiring gaze, not unmingled with awe. He was supposed by these same younger collegians to have all sorts of deviltry in his room and that midnight orgies were common as "collections." So when the younger Freshman thought of his own good condition and the

wide abyss which prevented him from reaching such a height of wickedness, he sighed and looked pensive.

Snowden had come to Haverford from a country village where he had been a little inclined to be "wild," i. e. to stay down town until nine or ten in the evening and talk with a group of village "sports" patronizingly on various matters, such as the village belles and their beguiling ways. He neglected his schooling and smoked occasionally a "sweet caporal," and in general enjoyed the delicious sensations supposed to be felt only by reckless gamblers. His father had determined to get him away from these associates with whom he was sowing the seeds of future idleness and give him a chance to complete his education. After some serious talks, George came to college, determined to work hard and win some laurels. He was ambitious and his habits were not bad, not demoralizing scarcely. At his school, he had been looked on as a bright scholar, notwithstanding his laziness, who could do well if he wished; at college he found other smart fellows who were disposed to pass him if possible; this discouraged him a little, still the first year went well enough. The Sophomore year began; a crowd of fellows were constantly after him to do this or that; studies didn't seem so pleasant and he began to grow careless. Lessons which could not be neglected were "ponied," recitations began to be skipped, until he was getting no good from any source. Nothing wicked, only a desire to break every existing rule or custom led him on from bad to worse. He grew more careless, he knew his father's disappointment when reports or letters were sent home and he knew he was losing advantages forever. Just before the final examination, came the *chef d'oeuvre* of his career; he was unsuccessful in it, and George Snowden like William Penn, got through college two years ahead of his class.

ERRATA.

IT is always unpleasant to find that one has made an egregious mistake and especially in such work as editing a college paper; but in justice to all we must acknowledge that we made two or three such errors in our last issue.

The names of the ladies who lectured here so agreeably were Mrs. Barnes and and Mrs. Burgess, not Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Underhill. Also in the article on our Y. M. C. A. in quoting what Professor P. E. Chase said the words microcosm and macrocosm interchanged places. We hardly think that the editors are responsible for this error as this point in the article was very carefully corrected.

LITERARY.

IN the issue of the *Critic* for December 12th, an article appeared on Sunday newspapers, that if we had the space we would like to copy entire in the HAVERFORDIAN. It was written by a "Londoner," but even with this drawback it contains too many truths to be lightly passed over. "This Londoner" secured six of the Sunday issues of as many leading papers in New York. A proof of the critic's vitality is the fact that he read them through, advertisements and all. After commenting upon each paper, to some extent, he concludes that the American Sunday newspaper is far from its ideal, and instead of furnishing good wholesome reading to a class of people who read papers on no other day it scatters abroad folios of literature which even in sinful London could only find a place in *Police News* and *Town Talk*.

It has been our fortune, or misfortune, to glance at our Philadelphia Sunday papers occasionally, and more than once have we wondered how some of them found buyers. The faults of New York papers are even magnified in Philadelphia. It is next to impossible to stamp out the Sunday newspaper. It has too great a hold. But we can regulate the tone by demanding an honest, cultivated and at the same time readable literature. Of course, the editors cater to the public taste. Let us help to make it such that Philadelphia at least will be too warm a place for them to publish anything that may not be read by our mothers and sisters without blushing.

"The Young Folks History of the Roman Empire" is the title of a book just published by Lippincott & Co., and written by William Shepard. The story of this marvellous empire is told in simple, manly English, and as its title indicates is especially adapted to young people. In the preface the Author freely acknowledges his indebtedness to Gibbon. The whole history of Rome is like a wonderful novel, only far more real and interesting; and while Mr. Shepard has designed the work for young people, it seems to us, that he has

succeeded in putting Roman history in a more readable shape than before.

It was with unmixed pleasure that a few years ago we read the travels of Henry M. Field through Europe. The chapter on Turkey and Constantinople was especially interesting. "The Greek Islands and Turkey after the War" is another volume by the same author. Mr. Field writes in a natural, easy style, and impresses you at once with his knowledge of the subject. He is always bright, good-humored and appreciative. His best chapters in this work are in regard to American missionary enterprises in the Orient. He surprises the reader with the magnitude of American influence in Greece and Turkey. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"A Bundle of Sonnets and other Poems" by Henry Hartshorne has just been issued by Porter & Coates. Gladly do we welcome such an interesting little volume. But when we consider that both the author and publishers are Alumni of Haverford, and that the chief subject of the poems is the Alma Mater of the author the book acquires new value in our eyes.

"A Handbook of Poetics" by W. H. Gummere, published by Ginn & Co., Boston, is the production of another Alumnus of Haverford. It is hardly fitting that we, as undergraduates, should comment on these two books. But any one who loves poetry, and who does not, will be interested in the chapters of the latter olume which treat of metre and rhythm.

Art has become so bound up in literature that it is hard to separate them. Almost all modern art is given to the public in some shape or form, on paper. The whole of a recent number of the *Critic* was devoted to art and artists. An art critic in a lecture here at Haverford, recently, felt called upon to censure the style of illustration in Harper's and the Century. We have just this much to say in defense of these two matchless magazines. They are grand successes as they are. The beauty of their illustrations has been the chief factor in that success. Would the critic's plan of simple illustration in black line be enough? We think not. Drawings in black and white of few lines would be a success perhaps in a paper issued daily or even weekly. But in our first class magazines we expect illustrations artistic in themselves and reproduced with the skill of the finest engraver.

LOCALS.

Professor (to classical student). "What is the derivation of the word cretaceous?"

Junior. "Don't know Professor, but I think it has something to do with sharks."

A student in Geology wants to know whether the meridians run north or south.

Professor in Geology class. "What are the characteristics of the mesozoic age?"

Student. "The characteristics of the inhabitants."

Professor. "What were they?"

Student. "Snakes and reptiles."

In answer to the inquiry of a student as to what the Douglass was, one of our Professors replied, "Douglass is an old play written by a man named Home, the same name as Hume, only it is spelled different."

First skating of the season on 12-7-85. On this date several of our fellows took a cold bath.

There was a young student from Lynn,
Whose face was more dimpled than thin;
To the faucet one day,
As the fellows all say,
He went. (But do stop, its a sin.)

The spigot he turned there's no doubt,
The water rushed forth in a spout;
With the utmost dispatch,
He applied a lit match;
And stared as the fire was put out.

A prominent member of the Athæneum recently remarked that that organization is entirely destitute of a *quorum*, as he had never seen such a *thing* at any of their meetings.

A Junior, hearing the bells of the "twin stars" ringing in unison, suggested that it was the famous "music of the spheres."

It is said that Franklin street is a good place for "chestnuts."

How exalted that Professor must have felt, who complacently exclaimed before a room full of promising students: "Everybody I see around me is beneath me."

"Esrey" evidently enjoyed his triumphal ride in the clothes basket. But when he gracefully alighted in the coal cellar, for some unexplained reason, the brightness of his beaming countenance was mysteriously darkened.

The best advice we can give to those students who practice concert laughter in the dining-room is the good-natured admonition of our Professor: "Pshaw! don't be childish."

The class in politics have just learned that in early times the *thrifty* settlers passed over the richest lands, leaving them for the poor *Whites*.

A classical Junior while in the laboratory one day tried to light the gas at the water faucet, and wondered why his matches were extinguished.

Mr. Blackburn says that you must not find fault with a man who has his hands in his hands in his pocket, for he may be sketching. We always wondered why so many men kept their hands in their pockets.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Racine has a cricket club.

A new Chapel costing $250,000, is being erected at Lehigh.

There are thirty-one colored students in this year's entering class at Yale.

The question of wearing caps and gowns is agitated at Hobart College.

The "Middle Building" at Hobart College erected in 1836, was lately burnt down.

It is rumored that James Russell Lowell will become Vice President at Harvard.

More than 18, and less than 15 hours of study per week, is prohibited at Syracuse University.

Moody has been at Dartmouth College, at Vassar, and at the town of Williamsport, where Dickinson College is located.

Two bronze vases inlaid with gold and silver have been presented to Vassar by the Japanese Government in appreciation of the education given two students.

The following question in debate was lately discussed by the ladies of Oberlin: "Resolved, That the extreme discipline of the intellect chills and destroys the affections." We should like to have heard the result of the debate.

In the Stephens' Indicator appears a foot-ball item—University of Pennsylvania vs. Haverford—68 to 10. "We are curious to know the source of this information, since no game has been played between the teams of the two institutions.

Archdeacon Farrar recently gave a lecture on Browning at the University of Toronto. He has also visited the Johns Hopkins and Syracuse Universities. It is reported that the students at the latter place gave their "college yell" when he attended chapel exercises.

The question of introducing cricket is being agitated at the University of California. We hope the game may soon obtain a strong foothold there. A correspondent of the paper of that institution says: "Why not follow the example of the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford, Harvard, St. Paul's, Columbia, and many of the higher American institutions, and practice cricket?"

EXCHANGES.

The Christmas number of *Town Topics* the popular New York Society Journal is especially bright and interesting.

It is only occasionally that a copy of *Our Magazine* reaches us from its far away home across the water, but when a stray copy does happen to arrive at our sanctum, we always find something of true worth. The November number contains a goodly supply of interesting literary matter. We quote the following: "As most surely the fullest, the grandest life is the life of increasing capability, of growing usefulness, so surely a true friend is one who helps us to live that life, to wake into vigorous being dormant powers, in short 'to do what we can.' And this is so because to attain any happiness that is worthy of the name we must live intensely, and every new power brought forth is as an avenue of life, while the deepening and strengthening of an old power is as the widening of a life channel."

The *Roanoke Collegian* for December contains a well written article describing a trip through Germany. It pains us to learn that the "poetic craze" has broken out, and is raging with such fearful fury at this Virginia college. We sincerely hope that the awful malady will speedily abate before the pages of the *Collegian* are further occupied by such perfectly measured verses as these:

"Until one morn he was found dead,
As with stern and rigid gaze,
His face was turned to the one
He'd loved and lost in early days."

Very pathetically touching no doubt, but yet most people prefer their poetry written with some attempt at meter.

"The student on the rail presents a phase of his existence, which, to judge from the scowls of his fellow travellers, not infrequently stamps him as an idiot in their estimation. This conclusion, unfortunate for the student, is only arrived at when he is travelling *en masse;* and the scowlers, it is safe to say, have never been to college, and consequently exhibit a lamentable ignorance of the feelings of youthful collegians accompanying a foot-ball team or going home for the holidays. During journeys of this character, the gossip has been led into studying the ways of the travelling collegian, and submits the following remarkable facts as the result of his researches. The train leaves the station under the impetus of a cheer, why given it is difficult to say. For a short period there is a lull necessary for the disposal of grip-sacks, sticks and coats. The collegians seem to gravitate to one end of the car, of which they take possession, and where they reign supreme. Before long one man begins a song, timidly at first, as if doubting support. This soon arrives, notwithstanding his fears; and then it is that commercial travellers, theatrical-looking personages, &c., scowl and emit suppressed oaths. Our friends are not so easily crushed as this; "What's the matter with Smith?" next startles the non-collegiate occcupants of the car. Then a "He's-all-right," that threatens the safety of the roof, causes them to fidget, abandon their newspapers and turn in their seats. Sim-

ilar queries and similar replies are made and answered on the slightest provocation, during the rest of thejourney; villages, country maidens, rustic station masters, etc., affording the opportunities of interrogation. Songs are freely interspersed by way of variety. By the time that the destination has been reached, the non-collegians have settled down into a kind of sullen despair, from which they are only relieved when their last tormentor has quitted the car.—*Gossip in Lehigh Burr.*

The *Purdue* in a recent issue takes strong exception to our "*vacant exchange column.*" Now we would not dare for a moment to insinuate that the able editor of this highly prized exchange had never taken the trouble to peruse any of our issues except that for November, (which number was unavoidably deprived of the exchange column that had been prepared for it,) and consequently we have concluded that he wishes to enjoy the pleasure of having his own paper noticed. Anything to oblige you. Certainly we shall notice your paper. The *Purdue* is a most attractive paper, both in external appearance, and also in the quality of its internal matter. The editorials are ably written on live topics of the day. The literary matter falls in no respect behind; the essays on "Printing" and "Fretfulness" we especially admire. The able exchange department is a column and a half long, and together with five full pages of locals, adds materially to the sterling worth of the paper. We shall ever heartily welcome the *Purdue* to our sanctum.

We have received a copy of the *Oak, Lily and Ivy*, a new publication from the students of Milford High School, Milford, Mass. We would suggest the propriety of keeping the paper free from such sad attempts at parody as "*A Maiden Fair to See.*"

At last the University of Pennsylvania is represented among the various college periodicals by a paper published by representatives of the whole University. Although much more ably conducted than the old *University Magazine* we cannot say that we altogether admire its general appearance.

Res Academica has increased its size, and improved in other respects, till now it numbers among the best high school journals.

No. 1, Vol. 1 of the *Washburn Argo*, published at Topeka, Kansas, by the students of Washburn College, has made its appearance in our sanctum. The issue before us contains a short history of the College, which *is* its principal literary article. The sentiments expressed in one of the editorials, "Students if we are nothing else let us be honorable," has the right ring. We wish the editors all success in their new enterprise.

We acknowledge our obligations to the *Ariel* for a copy in neat pamphlet form of the inaugural address of Cyrus Northrop, the new President of the University of Minnesota. The address is an eloquent and thoughtful lecture on the subject of the highest, truest education. He says "the ultimate object to be secured by education, so far as intellectual training is concerned, is power. But this power is not to be gained by devotion to any particular department in a university course. No student in a university, unless he is in the professional and technical schools, ought to be an embryo minister, doctor or lawyer, or an embryo politician, chemist or teacher, looking only to what will pay in his life work. The future statesman will not be injured by a knowledge of intellectual philoscphy and ethics, as well as political economy and history; and the future clergyman may well study the economic sciences and history of this world before he devotes himself exclusively to the contemplation of the next world. The university ought, doubtless, to throw some light on the future path of its scholars; but it ought, also, to keep the culture of its scholars as broad as possible to the very last moment of their student life."

We have watched for some months past, and with considerable interest, the progress of the *Hamilton College Monthly*. Emerging from its beaten track we saw it soar away into the enticing fields of illustrated journalism. Very fine illustrations, some of them full page engravings appeared in rapid succession, although the significance of some of them was exceedingly hard to guess. However we knew that change meant improvement, and looked on approvingly. Sure enough we were not disappointed, and when this slight attack was over we saw with pleasure the paper take up a steady march of improvement. We can now confidently place it among the best monthlies which come to our table from female colleges, (we have two exchanges of this description), and would only add that as a further improvement a new cover of appropriate design would "work wonders."

Although five years our senior, we feel like saying to the *Acadia Athenæum*, that a little more life would be to the great advantage of its contents. The December number is especially dry. One article only, the account of a foot-ball game, indicates the spirit of healthful pleasure and activity which should always pervade a college.

The *Trinity School Record* is a neat little paper from Tivoli-on-Hudson, N. Y. The prose articles are fairly well written, and the interest of the outside reader is increased materially by a "Letter from Abroad."

The *Hatchet* and *Berkeleyan* have been received from California.

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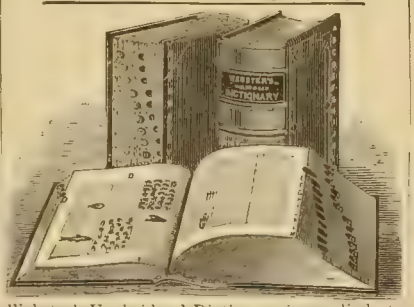

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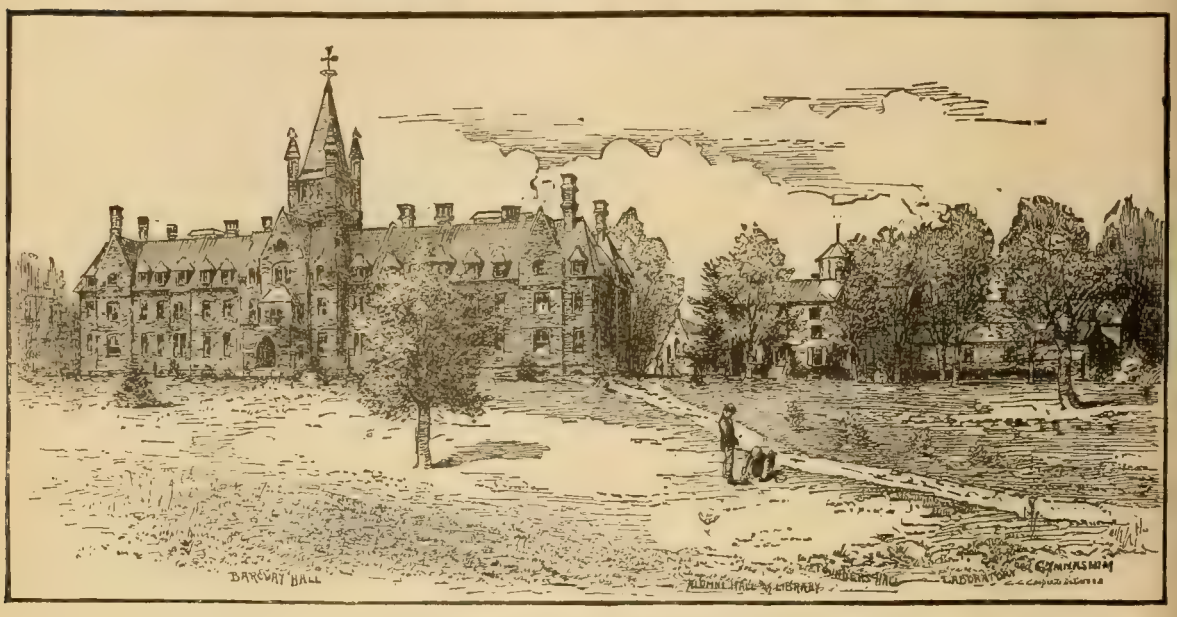

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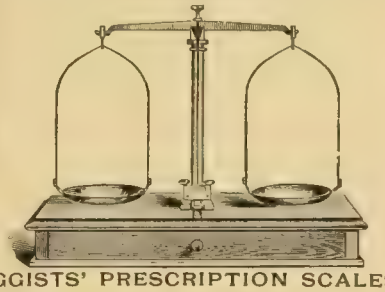

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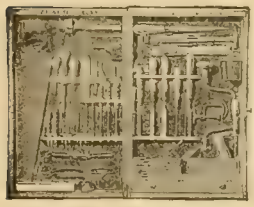

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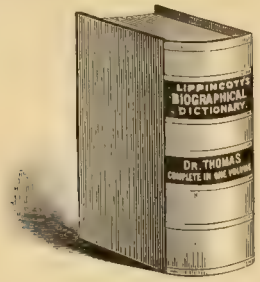

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VOL. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., February, 1886. No. 5.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O Evening Star, sweet Evening Star!
We feel thy beauty glance afar—
Through crimsoned banks of evening haze,
In softened brilliancy of gaze.

Thou art, indeed, the soul of her
Whom poet and philosopher
Alike have called the Thoughtful Hour,
And gladly yielded to her power.

O Star, thou art an emblem rare
Of thine own twilight's rest and prayer;
For, with thy pale and quiet light,
Thou lead'st us gently into night.

C. H. B.

HOW many relieved faces are seen amongst us now that the time of trial is over! As is always the case, nearly all were successful in the grand examination trials. But some have failed. Some expected to fail and have not been disappointed, while some, alas! have failed whom no one in the least expected to see fail; and to these the disappointment is keen, very keen.

But we would say to them, It is *very bad* to fail, but many a man has been *made* by a failure. And why? Just because the fact of his having come short of his lowest aim has shown him wherein he lacked, and has spurred him to greater exertions and to higher aims.

Let us, then, *one and all* take courage, aim high now, and ever continue to keep a noble aim in view.

WITH the beginning of the second half-year a new *regime* goes into force as to our meal hours. We are no longer to have dinner at noon, as heretofore, but a lunch, and dinner is to be at six o'clock. This is to be given a fair trial, and then the students may take a vote on the subject as to whether they prefer the old or new *regime*. From the present outlook, the change seems to be quite favorably received amongst the students, and it seems as though the new order would stay for a time, at least. On the whole, it seems to us to be a very good plan, for it is not so easy to study after a hearty meal, as we were compelled to do in the past, in order to get up our afternoon studies. In the evening one can spend a little in other ways than study, and then study after this rest.

Let us give it a fair trial, boys.

IT is a good thing to have a little exercise. The Faculty, appreciating this important fact, have made it compulsory for the members of the two lower classes to spend an hour each week in the gymnasium under the direction of a competent instructor. This tends to keep alive the interest in physical development among these

students, but it astonishing to see how soon, on entering the Junior year, all this enthusiasm falls off. Such a state of things ought not to be. Can we suppose for a moment that two years' exercise can suffice for four years of college life? We have been provided with a good gymnasium. There is ample time each day for every man in college to take an appropriate amount of exercise. Then, why do we not avail ourselves of our advantages?

To be sure, we may never develop ourselves into counterparts of Hercules, but, in order to attain to the highest mental culture of which we are capable, we must spend some portion of every day at physical culture. In the warmer portions of the college year we have our field sports, which are freely engaged in by all. Do we not immediately feel the result in brighter spirits and more easily mastered lessons? Do we not see its effects in the glow of health on every face? But this exercise, beneficial as it may be, is not sufficient to carry us successfully through the long, stormy period of winter. To keep up our physical strength, we must have our exercise *daily*. The facilities for obtaining it are open for us all, and if we fail to grasp the opportunities for our improvement, the responsibility is our own.

WE are sorry not to see the Cricket Eleven practicing in the Gymnasium this year, it was so faithful last year. Our Gymnasium Director, Dr. Ford, also misses the commendable regularity formerly encouraging his efforts. This state of affairs must result from laziness, and laziness creeps in only where zeal is wanting. It will be a bad day for Haverford when zeal in the good cricket cause has departed. We should compare our present state with the past, and be ashamed of the comparison. Our neglect is a tacit acknowledgment that the present team has a poorer set of powers in it than last year's team—a set of men with far less vim and determination. We know what a lack of these qualities means in cricket. It means defeat. Next spring, when the exhausted cricketer sits down with helpless arms to rest, and with legs ready to strike work after five hours of "leather hunting," he will begin to wish he had trained a little for such a task during the winter. The winter is wearing on and nothing is yet done. We do not commend the rigidly irksome routine of exercise undergone last winter. The arms and shoulders of the players were then well attended to, but, instead of clinging to the wall weights, it would be better to use the independent machines, and develop the legs and chest more, so that the "leather hunting" will not prove so demoralizing. And, although concerted exercise has a more systematic appearance, and would please Dr. Ford more; still, even if all the players exercised separately, it would be better than nothing, and should, by every and all means, be done immediately and for the remainder of the winter. We are not such good players that any accessible chance of improving ourselves can be lost, and successive defeats would prove most humiliating in the spring. Do not suppose that practice on "creases" with bat and ball will answer the purpose. Many a good player, with a faultless style, even when well set, has lost his wicket by being just tired enough to be a little careless, his eye just weary enough to wander from the ball for an instant as it comes spinning down to him; or his hand just weak enough with fatigue to fail, by only an inch, of playing an upright bat, simply because he had not enough endurance. In the same way an exhausted bowler makes runs faster than the best batsman, and in the field especially, the score may be a third greater against tired fielders than against fresh ones. Nothing is more vexatious than to see hits which might easily have failed to score go through clear to the boundary for four, simply from

the failure of muscles and wind of the fielder on the moment. If we expect to win any victories, we must have endurance; if we do not wish to suffer continued defeat, we *must* gain that endurance by continued gymnasium practice before the cricket season opens.

SHAKESPEARE.

"They have more in them than mortal knowledge."

IF not this, the works of Shakespeare contain almost the sum of human knowledge and human philosophy. No wonder that critics have pronounced them to be the works of many men. How could one small head contain it all? How could a single finite mind have such an infinite grasp? No doubt they do contain the thoughts of other men. Perhaps there is nothing new in them—nothing but what men have said and thought before. But where have we so complete and so condensed an encyclopædia? Something valuable on every subject. Every word weighs a pound-a-piece.

The master mind, whether Shakespeare or another man by the same name, whether singular or plural, has stamped *his* individuality on all his writings. There is a style peculiar and unique, the same in all his works, discernible under the boundless profusion and variety of thought and expression. You hear a line quoted, and have no idea whether it is from Macbeth or Henry the VI, but you know that it is from Shakespeare. Some of his plays—perhaps all of them—are irregular according to the laws of Aristotle and Sophocles, but their language is the language of the human heart. There are three requisites to form the poet, says Coleridge: Sensibility, Imagination, and power of Association. It is needless to say that Shakespeare possessed them all. You can see it in his earliest poems. "*Poeta naccitur non fit.*"

Many critics have watered Shakepeare's wine. But the true wine is there, and it is better and better appreciated the older it grows.

Shakespeare wrote three centuries ago. From that time onward he has been read with ever-increasing wonder and delight. Even now he is not receiving half his due. His fame must augment and be perpetuated coexistent with the English language, increasing as the English-speaking people increase in number, power, civilization and prestige. And since the English language is immortal, Shakespeare can never die.

It seems needless and superfluous to speak in praise of Shakespeare or to advise any one to read and study his works. But thousands of intelligent persons live and die without ever enjoying the treasures which are freely offered to them without money and without price. "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." The pages of Shakespeare are within easy access to almost every one, and yet the greater part choose ignorance. They deny themselves the comforts to be derived from his philosophy, the aids to imagination which his pictures give, and the broadening and refining influence which is exerted over the mind of the reader. Such reading enfranchises the mind. For that man is a slave whose mind cannot carry him beyond the narrow circles of his own range of vision. We learn the thoughts and the feelings of others, and the more we read the better we know ourselves. Shakespeare's plays are so many mirrors in which we see ourselves. And yet we hardly recognize the image, so much does the poet refine and exalt it.

It is to be lamented that the greatest poet should have the most incompetent critics. No man has been so misrepresented, and that, too, by critics who did not understand the principles upon which he wrote and the peculiarities which distinguish him from his rivals. They do not give him the credit to believe that he knew what he was writing. They consider that when he made a good

stroke it was a lucky accident, which he did not perceive, or, at least, could not appreciate. "If all that has been written upon Shakespeare by Englishmen were burned in in the want of candles, merely to enable us to read one-half of what our dramatist produced, we should be great gainers. Providence has given to England the greatest man that ever put on and off mortality, and has thrown the sop to the envy of other nations by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics." His text has evidently come down to us in a very imperfect state. In many places his sense has been perverted; in others, if not entirely obscured, represented in so blundering a manner as to afford us only a glimpse of what he meant. That his contemporaries and those who immediately followed him were not insensible to his merits, may be seen from the few lines annexed, taken from a laudatory poem, written by John Milton when a student:

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent—death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hand shall give.
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fade; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat.
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.

SOME SETTLEMENTS OF THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

DOWN at the southeastern corner of Massachusetts, where the sea runs in around the land in the most unexpectedly crooked ways, where a hardy race of seagoing settlers have lived for two hundred years, exists one of the oldest, pleasantest towns of the thirteen colonies—the city of New Bedford—on an arm of Buzzard's Bay, on a hillside facing the rising sun, recalling Tennyson's lines:

"The stately ships go on to their haven, under the hill."

This seaport town, with its past history as the famous whaling port, has grown old and wealthy for some two hundred years.

It was in 1652 that some Pilgrims of the "Mayflower" "purchased" from Massasoit and his son Wamsutta the present district, which includes New Bedford.

Extending, as New Bedford does, back so many years, it has a long, eventful history, from the days of the Plymouth colony down to the late Rebellion. With the bare record of that old colonial court at hand, it is amusing to see how much history and human nature these fragments display. The settlers of New Bedford, containing many Quakers and Baptists, had nearly as much trouble with the Puritans as with the Indians. In later years, under one of the Georges, the people obtained freedom in religious ways from Plymouth, and hence became an asylum for Friends. But the rancor displayed at first against the Friends and the laws made for their especial benefit, and the absurd charges laid at their doors, are most amusing now, when we think of the quiet demeanor of this religious body, although it must have been serious fun for the plain-spoken Friends of the period. Their mere presence stirred the Puritans to their deepest depths of indignation, of which the following order of the court is a fair example:

"If any person or persons called Quakers or other such like vagabonds shall come into any town in this government, the marshal or constable shall apprehend him or them, and, upon examination, so appearing, he shall whip them or cause them to be whipped with rods, so it exceeds not fifteen stripes, and to give him or them a pass to depart the government; and if they be found without the pass and *not acting thereunto*, they shall be punished again as formerly, and in case the constable shall be unwilling to whip them and *cannot find any one to do it*, they shall bring them to Plymouth to the under-marshal, and he shall inflict it."

Although the language and the pronouns are mixed somewhat ambiguously in this mandate, the general intent is plain enough. But giving a man *permission* to leave the settlements after being whipped like a criminal, to go into the howling wilderness, away from home and friends, to live with wild beasts and wilder Indians, and forcing him to act on it, was a privilege, to say the least, most unique—surpassing in grim humor even the decisions of mob law in some of our present frontier towns.

In 1664 Arthur Howland, who had been again and again before the court for the crime of being a "Quaker" and a determined one at that, again fell into difficulty; but it was not for any heresy of opinion that Arthur went before the tribunal, but for the following record, which proves that he had thoughts and intentions on his mind other than religious:

"Arthur Howland, for inveigling Mistress Elizabeth Prince and making motion of marriage to her, and prosecuting the same, contrary to her parents' liking and without their consent, and directly contrary to their mind and will, was sentenced to pay a fine of five pounds and to find securities for his good behavior, and in special, that he desist from the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections as aforesaid."

Arthur must have felt guilty, for he paid the fine promptly and gave bonds as required, for the crime of "disorderly and unrighteously endeavoring to obtain or retain the affections of the aforesaid Elizabeth Prince." But this little mixture of legal lore in his love affairs seems to have in no wise deterred the bold Arthur in his matrimonial schemes, for we find later records of "Mr. Arthur Howland and his wife." For the shame of all interfering parents, let us hope it was the "aforesaid Elizabeth."

Two little records, one entered immediately after the other, tell quite an amusing little tale: "Ensign John Williams complained against John Sutton for carrying away his wood." Although the jury found for the Ensign, probably because it was only to the extent of two pence that his wrath was unappeased. If the records speak the truth, he proceeded to take personal satisfaction of which the law denied him, for the following case is a complaint of John Sutton against Ensign John Williams "for the strikeing of him," and the jury found that his dignity and personal beauty had been damaged to the extent of fifteen shillings' worth. But poor John Sutton had other troubles beyond this pugilistic encounter. It seems that he had sued Mary Russell for 200 pounds damages, "for engageing herselfe to another by promise of marriage, whereas shee had engaged herselfe to the said John before."

The jury had concluded that fifteen pounds would be a sufficient balm for his blighted affections and unhappy experience with female fickleness, but John was not to rest in peace. The successful suitor of Mary, by name John Jacob, was troubled by the adverse verdict, and by his machinations, the Governor's Council declared this decision against his unhappy, though to a certain extent successful, rival, John Sutton: "We haveing seriously weighed and considered such evidence as have bine now given in concerning the case, wee conceive that had the former jury taken notice of such testimonies as we have now seen, they would have found that the said Mary might have just ground to retract from any such conditional promise or engagement as appeared to have bine made by her; and we doe judge that, the promises considered, her actinges have bine such in reference to this matter as may not reflect upon her disparagement, wee apprehending what wrong hath bine unto John Sutton herein hath bin rather occasioned by her father than by the said Mary herselfe, she having heard such things concerning the said Sutton as might justly discurrage her; and further, in consideration of the charge and trouble which

the said John Jacob hath bine att in clearing of his wife's innocency (which hee saith hee principally hath respect unto), wee doe award that the said John Sutton doe pay unto John Jacob the sum of 50 shillings some time between this and the last of May."

In the business records of New Bedford the omission of "whaling" would be like the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. The business has touched at other points—Salem, Cape Cod and New London,—but its great headquarters were at New Bedford. During the Revolution nearly every whaling ship was destroyed, and again in the war of 1812, but from that time the business increased until 1853, when it reached its height. In 1857 there were 324 whaling vessels owned in New Bedford, and though, from the discovery of petroleum, the Rebellion, the scarcity of whales and various other causes, the business suffered tremendous losses, in 1883 New Bedford still owned 93 whaling vessels.

Some of the losses of vessels have been terrific. The "Alabama" burned many vessels, and the "Shenandoah," in 1865, captured in Behring's Straits 27 whale-ships, of which 24 were burned. In 1871 22 vessels were lost by New Bedford, hopelessly crushed in the Arctic Ocean, and so on, every year adding to the calamities.

A whale-ship is a most peculiar-looking craft—according to a land-lubber's description, short and clumsy-looking, with overhanging davits or arms to support the whaling boats. The try-works are conspicuous in the middle, and the vessel's sides are so made that they can be opened to admit portions of the blubber as it is cut from the whale, which during the process is lashed firmly alongside. The general appearance in size may be summed up in the New York girl's expression on seeing one, and evidently not knowing the method of proceedure, who exclaimed, "Why, I don't see how you could put a whale in that!"

The largest whaler, who combined many wonderful traits with his great business sagacity, was George Howland, of New Bedford. His vessels by the score filled the seas, and everywhere, in everything he touched, he seems to have left his imprint. He was one of the founders of Haverford College, and she will long have occasion to remember his liberality. His sons are mostly still living. Among them is Hon. George Howland, Jr., a hearty, vigorous man, trustee, director or president of nearly every institution in New Bedford, and of a great many others all over the country.

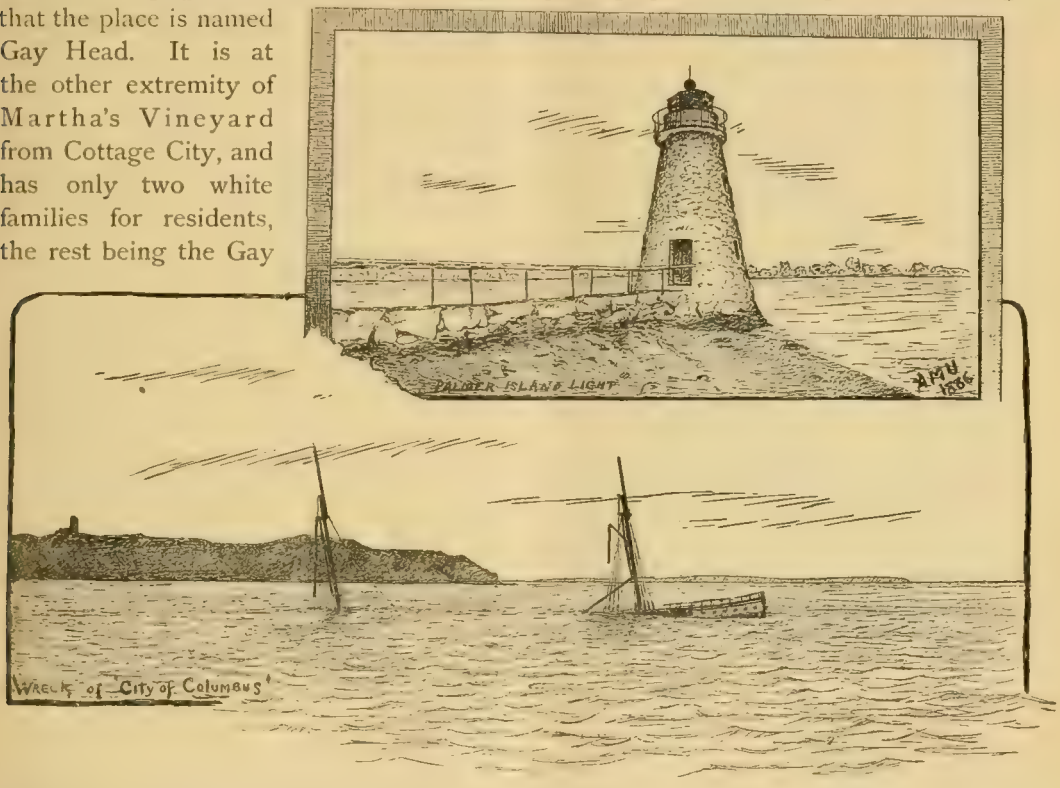
Over at Martha's Vineyard, if wheelmen are content to roll around and around the cottages and hotels on the numerous asphaltum walks, it will be found quite a paradise. It is amazing how many tricycles abound. A pedestrian must keep a constant outlook at every turn lest a three-wheeler, with generally a fair occupant, come rushing down upon him. If the pedestrian is very gallant and likewise idle, he can stand at any little grade and help the ladies in their struggles up the hills; for they are like spirit levels—the slightest elevation seems to upset them.

The bathing at Martha's Vineyard is distinctive of New England ocean bathing, so different from that on the Jersey coast. Instead of the long stretch of sandy beach between the bath-houses and the water, and the heavy breakers and the undertow, the bather steps from his bath-house, which is directly over the ocean, down into still water, for there is little or no surf. A large pavilion, with tiers, one above the other, also sets out over the briny deep, where a band wiles away the morning, to the mutual diversion and entertainment of the bathers and the people in the pavilion. A large raft is anchored here, and the expert bathers amuse and astonish their friends to the bars of perhaps a Strauss waltz.

At Gay Head is the finest light on the coast and one of the best known in the world. It is a Fresuel lens, consisting of

1003 prisms of the purest glass, so arranged as to concentrate the rays at a vast distance, showing a brighter light at twenty miles than at fifteen. It is of French manufacture, was exhibited at the World's Fair in London, and then purchased by the United States. In a single year 95,000 vessels have passed this light.

It is because of the white, red, yellow, blue, black and green stratas of clay here and the deep gullies and fantastic ridges that the place is named Gay Head. It is at the other extremity of Martha's Vineyard from Cottage City, and has only two white families for residents, the rest being the Gay



Head Indians, about 160 in number. Gay Head was made more prominent through the wrecking of the steamship "City of Columbus," on the 18th of January, 1884, on one of its sunken reefs, called the Devil's Bridge—the result of the greatest carelessness and neglect of duty. It is said that had the night been dark and stormy the disaster would not have occurred, but, as the moon was shining and everything quiet and peaceful, the steamer was practically left to itself. About one hundred people were lost. The U. S. revenue cutter "Dexter" saved the survivors, who were clinging to the rigging. The Gay Head Indians showed their humanity in coming to the rescue and caring for the victims, and, as a reward or recognition, a fund of money was raised for them.

A visitor at Martha's Vineyard, looking over the views of the vicinity at any news-stand, will generally be attracted by the photograph of a most peculiar-looking individual, evidently a woman. She has a doleful face, wild, peculiar eyes; around her head is tightly wound some black material, while sitting in her lap is a hen. If he follows up his interrogatories, the stand-owner looks puzzled, and says, doubtfully, "That? Let's see." Then, with a smile: "Why, that's Nancy Luce." It is said in such a matter-of-course way that the visitor scarcely dares to acknowledge his ignorance of her fame, but if he does, he learns but little. He gleans, if fortunate, that she is a poetess,

and, like some such gifted beings, she is crazy, but possesses a further attraction beyond most of that class in being fond of hens. Indeed, her literary fame may be said to rest on her hens. If very successful, you can get a volume of her poems; at least you can gaze on her photograph for a limited sum. The volume consists of epitaphs or obituary poetry on her dead favorites.

The following poem is touching for its pen picture of rural life and its observations of the traits of a bird until now unsung in poesy; Nancy in her style being an unconscious imitator of Walt Whitman. It is on a hen named Beauty:

"She placed her whole affections on me.
When she was alive and saw me at the east window
She would put her head through the pickets
And look at me as long as she could see my face.
She had more wit than any hen I ever knew,
Poor, sweet little dear, down in her silent grave
Turning to dust! O heart-rending!"

Then follows a description of her talents, most ingeniously worked up into rhythm, in which her superiority over her fellow-hens is most plainly shown:

"She would do 54 wonderful, cunning things,
Poor Sissy would do 39;
They would do part of them without telling,
And do the rest of them with telling."

One of the advantages of Nancy's poetry is that it requires no poet to understand it. It is adapted for the masses, which certainly is a characteristic which should make it popular.

While on the subject of poetry, it may be interesting to know that some local poet has kindly put the names of the islands of this vicinity into verse. It is most skilfully done, as they stand in the lines as they are on the map, which must have hampered the composer to a great extent:

"Cuttyhunk and Penikese,
Nashawena, Pasquenese,
Great Naushau, Nonamesset,
Uncatena and Wepecket."

Through the ingenuity of the poet the lines can be transposed in any manner and still retain their rhyme and their truthfulness, which is certainly a great point, and one that cannot be said of all poetry. One of the many accomplishments of the New Bedford young lady is to have these names at their tongue's end. Down in cold printer's ink they are not mystifying, but cleverly rattled off, they never fail to produce symptoms of profound veneration and admiration in the breast of a susceptible summer visitor.

The names, of course, are Indian, excepting, perhaps, Cuttyhunk, or Cut-a-hunk, which the writer of a guide-book of the vicinity ingeniously suggests to be reminiscent of some touching incident in whale fishery.

They form the Elizabeth Islands, named for the Virgin Queen. The names Elizabeth, Martha, Rhoda and Nancy suggested to some inventive genius that the islands and country hereabouts was owned by an old gentleman, who lavishly presented his

daughters with the possessions which now bear their names, Rhoda taking Rhode Island, Martha the Vineyard, Elizabeth her isles with the Indian names, and the last island was left for the youngest young lady, and what would be more natural than to hear that Nan-took-it?

On one of the steamboats running to Nantucket one day this last summer sat a large, portly gentleman, who, at a casual glance, might pass for a Spaniard, accompanied by his wife, who looked much like a Yankee school teacher. They attracted a great deal of attention. People came and stared at the couple with mouths wide open, until our curiosity was greatly aroused. Finally one of the party was bright enough to suggest that it might be Fred. Douglass and his white wife. Such it soon proved to be, and a stream of visitors was pouring down upon them, to converse, to stare and to listen. To one who was fortunate enough to be introduced, Douglass said, with a smile, "Please excuse me from rising, for, you know, I don't belong to the rising generation." He told how he was revisiting Nantucket, where he had made his first speech before a white audience, some forty-four years before, and which, he said, attracted the attention of the whole Union to him and made him famous.

Between New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard is the greatest throughfare for vessels in the world, with the exception of perhaps the English Channel. All vessels bound both ways in the coastwise trade use this convenient channel instead of going out to sea around Nantucket.

The wife of Nathaniel P. Willis lives in retirement in New Bedford; also Mrs. De Long, wife of the Arctic hero. Mrs. De Long is a quiet-looking lady in deep black, generally accompanied by her daughter, and attracts always much attention. Louisa M. Alcott stays during the summer at Monquitt, a great resort for New Bedford people, and artists—young ladies, pupils of the painters who spend the summer here—dot the landscape with their camp-stools, umbrellas and easels.

New Bedford probably possesses more attractions as a summer resort than nine out of ten of the watering places, being cool and shady in summer, having elegant drives along the ocean's shore and inland, a beautiful bay for sailing and boating, good bathing, islands for excursions, and all other attractions supposed to increase the summer resident's pleasure. But it would be a shame to destroy the place as it is. And the rolling green meadows of the surrounding country, running down to the water's edge, bounded by massive stone walls; the curious old wind-mills; the quaint farm-houses, with distant views of the broad blue water, with here and there a snow-white sail gleaming in the sunlight, would be sadly out of place as the surroundings of a fashionable watering resort. Here and there an arm of the sea runs far into the land; a long, low ridge runs across its current; a few white cottages are clustered under the shade of some trees, perhaps; a long, black wharf runs out; alongside lies a ship, perhaps a whaler, and gathered round are a small fleet of lesser boats. Such is the village of Ponagansett.

One night we pulled across the Bay from Fair Haven to New Bedford. The sun was just setting, and threw a glimmer of red over every object in the bay; the long expanse of tranquil blue water stretched out oceanward for miles; the huge, ocean-going vessels lay at anchor, with their rigging and black hulls reflected in the mirror of water; the lighthouses loomed up beyond; a dismantled fort stood out in romantic gloom in the distance; the town rose in the shadow back on its steep hill—all so vivid that those beautiful words of Longfellow came involuntarily:

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

* * * * * * *

"I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors, with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

JAY HOWE ADAMS.
Haverford College, Pa.

TWO WALKS AMONG THE BLUE NOSES.

THE wondrous stillness of the Acadian early morning was broken by the melodious tinkling of the bells on the patient oxen, just coming into town with their daily load of lumber from the outlying districts, four hours away. Since three they have been slowly toiling on, their masters at their sides, their yokes fastened to their horns, and so now, as usual, they sounded their gentle *reveillé*, waking us to the beauties of a clear July day. Looking from our little window, we saw the range of mountains that divides us from the Bay of Fundy beyond, crowned with a white wreath of snowy mist, and realized that "mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended." As we were later resting from the toils of carving, a duty that is one of the provincialisms of our pleasant hotel, our fellow-laborer at the opposite end, who had arrived the night before from Halifax, the place where we often *send* our friends, proposed that we take a ramble over the mountains to the Bay. Nothing loth, we assented, so in the cool of the morning we set out on our search for objects of interest.

Down old St. George's Street we went, past the ruined fort with its ancient barracks, past the old graveyard with its quaint inscriptions, to the ferry-boat, by which we were to cross the mouth of the Annapolis River to the base of the mountains. Here a curious phenomenon was noticeable. The river here ends, and the Basin which opens finally into the Bay of Fundy begins; and owing to the famous high tides of the region, which rise here about 40 feet, though nearly 60 feet at a point further north, and as the tide was just changing we saw the river flowing in its natural direction, while at the sides, where the tide had conquered the reluctant current, it was flowing steadily up-stream, thus flowing in two directions at once. Our course was therefore somewhat erratic; we first would go diagonally up-stream, then striking the down current be carried down, till reaching the up current again, we went up to our destination.

We here learned that a little south, we could find an "ice mine," so, finding there a boy to guide us, we enter the dark-green, but alas! not "primeval," forest. We press on first in an old road, and then in a narrow path, and finally by "blazed-trees" and other landmarks intelligible to our guide alone, till at last "deep in the forest shade," and thereby protected, in a little valley we found a small pit formed by loose rocks. Stepping into it our legs were chilled as on a frosty morning in January; we had stepped from summer to winter, from 82° to 32°, with 50° difference between head and feet. Peering down under the stones, we found considerable ice, which is preserved through the entire year in a climate about like that of New England, though with rather longer winters. Returning to the rocky road that led up the height, and exhausted under the broiling sun, we see trickling in and out among the stones at our feet a tiny stream of water, till we come to where it issues mysteriously from the base of a stone. In the glare of the sun it must be very warm we think, but in despair we stoop and taste, when to our surprise we are refreshed by an ice-cold draught that seems to our thirsty throats, as sweet nectar as ever lovely Hebe offered to Olympian Jove.

How Mother Nature teaches us lessons on every side, if we will but scan the ever-changing pages of her open book, and listen to her voice,

> "For one's gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware."

The unnoticed quiet soul, unknown to fame, whether it be in our college world, or in the broader field of life, we find to have refreshing and enlivening thoughts, if we will but draw them out. There is the worth and the man, while in many another life, that like the brawling mountain torrent, or the great useless stream, that has its snags and rocks at every turn, we see only the "ponderosity of nothingness."

But while lost in these thoughts, we have reached the summit, and looking on through "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," that stand all around mournfully complaining in the wind, we see beyond and below us the blue expanse of the Bay, with the dim line of New Brunswick on the horizon, that Bay of whose wonders our well-thumbed geographies told us in our childhood days. Down over the rocks that strew our way we plunge, and soon reach level ground close to the shore. Wishing a drink of milk with our lunch we approach a fisherman's house, and find the wife cooking the dinner in pots hung on a crane over an open wood fire, their only means of heating and cooking. The woman brings us what we wish, but says dubiously, "This is this morning's milk, and I shall have to charge you *four* cents a quart." Surely this is Horace's "*prisca gens mortalium.*" We then hired a mountain wagon to drive us along the shore, and thence home. During our short rests on the seats from our aerial soaring, where we are sent by the patches of corduroy road, or log-mended holes, we notice here and there thatched roofs, and once, a house made of mud and straw, they tell us. Many people we met on this peninsula told us in conversation, that they were ready and even desirous of annexation to this country, and considered the time near when this would take place. Whether we want them is however the other side of the question. Our driver tells us, "Nobody lives in that house," pointing it out, but we are not surprised, till we learn the owner's name to be Charlie Nobody. But soon the ferryman takes us over to Annapolis, and we think, as we walk up the street, that as far as outside appearances go, we might imagine ourselves to be in some old New England town, instead of Her Majesty's Dominions, but for the British flag flying at patriotic house-tops.

The next day we start in another direction for an afternoon's stroll across the L'Equille, a creek that at high tide is a stream twice the width of the Wissahickon, but at low tide is a thread of water perhaps two feet feet wide, imperceptible at a distance. We soon come to an old house, where through curiosity, under the pretext of a glass of water, we stop, and where we are overwhelmed with hospitality. The parlor chairs are dusted for the strangers, and water is brought from a distant well, while our host of ninety-four, with wonderfully clear memory of the near, as well as distant, past, and eyes that have never needed spectacles, strives to entertain us to the best of his ability. We are shown a barrel of old tools, evidently hastily abandoned by the exiled Acadian farmers, with whose woes the poet has made us so familiar, and whose simple idyl is ever on the lips of the tourist in this region. The best view of the Basin and surrounding country they show us from their pastures, and every attention that old friends would receive is lavished upon us, so that we feel that in one spot at least Grecian hospitality still remains. An old Indian, pitiable as we think of his former power and freedom so fiercely maintained and lost, sitting at work over his canoe, is the picturesque sight that next we see. His children are playing at his feet with their miniature boats, and all we can learn from them is the canoe's price, "thirty dollar."

Our companion is a Virginian, cousin and formerly aid-de-camp of "Stonewall" Jackson, he tells us, and from him we hear a Southerner's view of the late war. Though a disbeliever in both Slavery and Secession, like Lee and many another noble soldier, he felt his duty to his State higher than that to his country, and so, at his cousin's call, he enlisted in the Confederate army. He had never seen "Barbara Fretchie," and Whittier's tribute to Jackson in it, of which we told him. He informs us, as a curious fact, "that the women about here take coarse thread, and with four steel bars, in some way, weave stockings out of them, some primitive habit, no doubt." He evidently referred to the strange process of "knitting," yet he was a gentleman of at least fair education, and had travelled considerably. On our return we stopped at the little court-house, where we found the

dignified Judge from Digby, whose magestic carriage at our hotel table had so awed us, equipped with wig and gown, holding his annual session. The lawyers, who seemed of greater numbers than the audience, were likewise all clad in gowns, whose main service seemed to be to make their wearer go slowly round the corners. On the steps of the court-house we see a man quietly talking with an incarcerated friend, through the iron barred window of his cell in the jail below. No one seemed to care much what passed between them, and his punishment seemed rather a nominal one. So ended at last this second walk in the lovely valley of Annapolis, justly called "the Garden of Nova Scotia." But no! one more place, deserves mention, where we stopped just before returning to our hostelry, and this is the famous Wishing-Rock of the town. It is a rock with a steep sloping ing side, and if any one can run up this without touching his hands, whatever he may wish is fulfilled. We succeeded in doing this, and we can say truthfully that we wished, and all that we wished has been completely fulfilled. Our stay among the Blue-Noses was truly an ideal trip, and we did not feel that we were among strangers; especially since nearly everyone's grandfather had come from "the States" at Revolutionary times, when many Tories and others fled the country. If we had a piece of the Wishing-Rock here, we would heartily wish for our readers that they might spend a vacation in quiet Acadia, and re-read "Evangeline" amid the beautiful scenes described in the poem.

SNOW FLAKES.

The merry snow has come at last,
Driven in curling drifts;
It clasps the roots with moulded cast,
As through the shrubs it sifts.

The solemn wind, with steady breath,
Out of the sombre sky
From many woodlands, hushed in death,
Whisks it along on high.

It flies away, away in dance;
It sports in the solemn wind;
It mocks the sportless slave of chance,
Wand'ring as if he had sinned.

The rhythm of the swirling flakes,
Speeding in quickened round,
Within the mind, though voiceless, makes
A low, harmonious sound.

The whispered music of many falls
Scarce rests upon the ear:
Some strange and myriad elfin calls,
Speaking nor far nor near.

Down, down the spangles of the snow,
After their windy ride,
Settling to rest in drifts below,
Are nestled side by side.

The drift is cold, and chaste, and staid,
Its many beauties one,
In creamy curls, as by potter made,
It glistens in the sun.

It overlaps in swellings rich
As cushioned diadems;
In wind-carved billows it seems to pitch,
A sea of unseen gems.

But in their wildest sweep some flakes,
Fresh from the far sky-cave,
In running waters or windy lakes
Will find a melting grave.

Some of them, snatched by the heartless breeze,
From the drift-bed's kind embrace,
In blackness vanish, dissolved, and freeze
On the water's icy face.

Even the drift, when spring-time comes,
Must melt, and flowing fast,
Bear filth from drains and reeking slums,
Till Ocean roars at last.

And the hapless snow-flakes, a sordid flood,
Lost in the 'gulfing tide,
From their burden of hated sand and mud
Once more are purified.

And men float down like the flakes of snow,
Whence come they none can say,
To play, and glitter, and toil below,
While they are borne away.

The melted man must deal with slime,
But cold death-waters darkly flow;
For, golden, gray, or manly prime,
We are but snow.

G.

LITERATURE.

EVOLUTION and Religion, a lecture by Minot J. Savage, nicely gotten out in pamphlet form, came to our table just too late to notice in our last issue. The immediate occasion of the lecture was an address by Dr. Talmage on the "Absurdities of Evolution." And while we do not agree with the author in most of his premises, we do grant that he has answered Dr. Talmage completely. Humiliating as it is to say so, the great mass of the clergy of to-day are satisfied to remain in ignorance of the advances of science, fearing perhaps that they may find something antagonistic to their preconceived beliefs, but more likely from the inborn laziness that is epidemic among mankind. Mr. Savage has aimed some hard blows at this willful ignorance, and we trust has succeeded in awakening some at least, so that they will investigate a matter before they oppose it. Science is not opposed to Christianity. We make this broader than even Mr. Savage himself, who places *religion* in place of Christianity. There are few people who do not have a religion of some sort.

The prelude to the lecture puts it upon the Unitarian platform, denying the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. Any one who has credulity enough to believe the one was feigned and the other a fabrication can easily accept anything. His reason for doubting the divine origin of the Bible is that men cannot understand it all, just about the strongest proof of its inspiration that there is. But on the theory of evolution the author is sound enough. He makes the strongest point in his argument when he introduces the fact that all Christians believe that the different races of men have developed from a single pair, thus in reality believing in an evolution that "Out-Darwins Darwin." But with it all the great thought, in Mr. Savage's own words, is this, "I am not so much troubled about where I came from, as I am about what I am now, and which way I am going." It remains now for some good Christian to show the world at large that, however much Mr. Savage seems to think so, the religion of Jesus Christ is not opposed to advances in science or art.

George Eliot's Two Marriages, an essay by Charles Gordon Ames, in the same form as the above, again brings up a question that will hardly ever be decided. It is a noble defense of a noble woman, a woman whom "Adam Bede" alone would render famous, but——, and here the sentence naturally comes to a halt. Whether Marion Evans was justifiable in living with Mr. Lewis has been and is a vexing question; if it were right why are there not many such cases? It is a dangerous doctrine, and under the circumstances we think it better to simply drop the question. Still the author treats the subject in a candid fashion, and looks the question squarely in the face. Both the above looks are published by Geo. H. Buchanan & Co. Philadelphia, and their appearance and quality, and get-up generally reflects great credit upon the publishers.

"*College Songs.*"—In everything that enters into the make up of acceptable College Song books, those published by Oliver Ditson & Co. are unquestionably superior to all others. "Carmina Collegensia" ($3.00), an elegant volume, containing a complete collection of American and Foreign Student Songs, at once took its place as the song book *par excellence* years ago. After twenty or more editions, as the result of frequent and careful revisions, (as remarked by the *Springfield Republican*) it remains the standard book of its kind and will probably so continue for years to come. Not long ago, to meet the demand for a cheaper edition, this house issued "Student Life in Song" ($1.50). with a charming introduction by Charles Dudley Warner and containing choice selections from the larger book, including all of its foreign student and miscellaneous songs.

To these favorite books has been added a third, the popularity of which is attested by the fact that every edition has been exhausted as fast as printed. This book, "College Songs" (mailed free for fifty cents), is unquestionably the best as well as cheapest of its kind. It contains not only a selection of the best "old songs," but a splendid collection of new songs recently introduced in College circles, most of which are copyrighted and can be found in no other collection. Among them are such capital ones as "Funiculi," "Paddy Duffy's Cart," "Darling Clementine," "In the Morning by the Bright Light," "Irish Christening," "Emmet's Lullaby," "McSorley's Twins," "Spanish Cavalier," "Solomon Levi," "Carve dat Possum," "To the Bravest," (quartet) "Rosalie," "Good bye, my Lover, Good bye," "What Beams so Bright," and many more choice gems.

One of the best features of this, and the books first mentioned, is that all of the solos have piano accompaniments.

That these books should excel others of their kind in value, is not surprising in view of the fact that their editor has had at his disposal the copyright material and other facilities of the largest music publishing house in the world. Those who desire the best College song books should see to it that they have the imprint of Oliver Ditson & Co.

LOCALS.

Now doth the Junior begin to kick about Junior exercises.

The "Board of Health" having been removed, special sanitary precautions should now be observed.

The Freshmen are musical. We should like to encourage one orchestra—the 1st eleven orchestra; but the young aspirants are apparently training a second eleven, which we wish to suggest would do well to adjourn to the nearest barn.

A light on Freshie's visage spread,
And fired his greedy eye;
We saw aloft his brandished blade,
Aloud exultantly he said
"Chicken to-day, oh my!"
"Down chicken down—more, waiter, more,"
Were the last words we heard him roar.

Senior, addressing a classmate in the crowded office.

"I say! to-morrow is the twins' birthday."
Inquisitive Junior: Is it? Which one's?

"*The Countess*" and "*Dutch Trot*" have become synonymous terms.

An inquiring Junior recently asked the question, "Who is *Mary Anderson*, anyway?

A sprightly article in *The Pennsylvanian* would seem to indicate in the Bryn Mawr lady-student a preference for the fast University man.

Professor in Geology to studious Junior: "Which is the greater the polar, or equatorial diameter of the earth?

S. J. thoughtfully: "I thought the *circumference* was!"

Let no one suffering from hypochondria listen, even for a moment, to the "Sophomore" singing. If he does, a coroner's inquest will comprise the second act.

The Athenæum received three new members at the beginning of the second half year.

We hear that "Goat" is longing for a "puff." We would be glad to give him one if the material were at hand, but it is beyond *our* power.

Notwithstanding the snowy ground the interest taken in bicycling riding seemed to revive for *one* week last term, we are sorry to say.

It is rumored that one of our Professors contemplates teaching a school for "feeble-minded children.'

'88's class sled still holds the championship of the coasting slide.

The other evening the writer of a very fair essay on hunting in Africa, caused his audience to smile rather broadly by saying "the elephant is not as numerous as the *other small* animals."

Shang has a neat little cuckoo clock and he loves it so much that he keeps oft-times the midnight vigil before its shrine. The other night, not long ago, about midnight, his next door neighbor is said to have awakened, and a few seconds after the cuckoo had sung its last note, he heard Shang say: "Dang fine! that's dang fine!

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Music has been introduced at Earlham.

Over 210 College Y. M. C. A.'s are now in active operation.

Swarthmore students wish to have the use of pianos at College.

Harvard will have foot-ball again. The change apparently resulting from the decency of the Yale-Princeton game this year.

Friends of the Johns Hopkins University are afraid that President Gilman will accept the Presidency of Yale College.

The *Princetonian* says: "It has been found impracticable to make attendance at the Gymnasium compulsory for the two lower classes."

It is said that the Presidents of both Williams and Yale are suffering with broken arms, one from a fall on the ice, the other from a fall off a bicycle.

It is estimated that one religious revival at Yale resulted in the conversion of students whose work in turn resulted in the conversion of 50,000 persons in one generation.

Preparations for the Greek play at the University of Pennsylvania are progressing successfully. There will be two performances, May 14th and 15th at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The music of the chorus is expected to be especially interesting.

Mr. Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, addressed the students of Princeton on the Indian Question recently. A branch league of the Association was formed at Princeton. Mr. Welsh is reported to have also lectured to the Vassar students on the same subject, some time ago.

The Ladies Hall, at Oberlin, was recently destroyed by fire. Although it occurred after midnight, and when over a hundred young ladies were sleeping in the building, no serious accidents occurred. Considerable personal property was destroyed, and about $10,000 not covered by insurance was lost with the building. The service of the fire department was very tardy and inefficient.

The following notice appeared on a bulletin board at Harvard, a short time ago: "*Whereas*, The Committee on Athletics has advised the Faculty that the game of foot-ball has been much improved during the past season. Therefore, voted, That on recommendation of the Committee, the Faculty's prohibition of Inter-Collegiate games of foot-ball, adopted January 6th, 1885, be now withdrawn.

PERSONALS.

The following notice was sent us in the *Rahway Advocate* of a late issue: "Corporation papers were filed at Trenton yesterday of the Baltimore and New York Railroad Company. It will start at the Rahway river north of Bloodgood's Mills, and terminate near the mouth of Morse' Creek, opposite Elizabeth. This route would scarcely touch Rahway, but we understand that the route has not been fully determined yet. The amount of the capital stock is $1,000,000, of which Hon. B. A. Vail, of this city, holds 230 shares, at a par value of $100 each. Thomas M. King, First Vice-President of the B. &. O. R. R., holds 8,500 shares."

Mr. Vail graduated in '65. It is pleasant to hear of Haverfordians coming to the front in financial interests of the country, and we take this opportunity to thank our informant for his thoughtfulness.

'75. Mr. William M. Longstreth brought out a nice party to enjoy Haverford's coasting. We hope they will come again.

'82. Davis Forsythe is teaching at Germantown.

'84. A. D. Hall is teaching at Windham, Maine. He suggests that a series of articles by old graduates would be interesting, and could be secured if the editors would give the writers extra copies of the issues in which their articles appear. Let us hear from our alumni as to their views on the subject. Is it not a good suggestion?

Mrs. Rowland, our former matron of Barclay Hall, made us a very pleasant visit on the 25th ult. We are glad to see her looking so well.

'88. Robert C. Wright has been initiated into the Zeta Psi Society at the University of New York.

EXCHANGES.

A stray *Sunbeam* has just stolen into our sanctum, the first which we have received this year. The general style of the paper, and the type with which it is printed, are not at all that could be desired. The different departments however, are well conducted with the exception of the Literary. To articles of this kind only four pages are devoted, and one of these pages is entirely occupied by extracts from a well-known poem. The short essay on "Self-Discipline" is decidedly the best feature of the paper. We quote the following:—"We talk about being our brother's equals and about one's rights. Are we their equals when we are content to remain narrow, to be discouraged and baffled by circumstances just because forsooth, we are not looked to for anything better? Do we deserve the so-called rights which we demand, when we would be unable, many of us, intelligently to use them! Are we to remain superficial and incapable forever? Are we to take inferior positions and still more inferior rewards, when necessity compels us to earn our bread, simply because, as a class, we lack the moral force to discipline ourselves. That is just what we do lack and are blindly content to lack, though we are losing the full meaning and blessings and possibilities of life."

Alma Mater, in the hands of the new management, is fully on a par with former issues. However one editorial is scarcely enough for a periodical appearing but once a month. We do not consider the reversal of the ordinary practice of giving literary articles the place of honor, next to the editorials, as any improvement. The articles of this class are well written and display much thought, but most of them are too short.

It gives us much pleasure to enter on our list of exchanges the *Troy Polytechnic*. It is one of the few college papers whose articles bear the stamp of mature thought and ability. Its appearance is neat and tasteful inside and out, and all the departments of the paper are well supported.

We are glad to welcome once more our old friend the *Theilensian*. It "makes no apology for its appearance this month, and its non-appearance for the last few months." "Those who knew the nature of the situation will know all before the year is ended," it adds by way of explanation. Now although we do not know the "nature of the situation" yet from several hints gathered from various sources it appears that the faculty of the college, for some reason, stopped its publication. Such action on the part of a college faculty is certainly indefensible so long as the sentiment of the college organ is kept within the range of decency. It displays a very commendable energy on the part of the students to have persisted in asserting their rights, until liberty was once more granted to publish their paper.

The *Illini* for January appears in a neat new cover. The design is quite tasteful and appropriate, and reflects much credit on the designer, a student of the University of Illinois.

We quote the following pertinent remarks from the *Tuftonian*. "No one has failed to notice the blind enthusiasm that college students are wont to display for the college with which they happen to be connected; and generally speaking, the smaller the college, the blinder and more unbounded the enthusiasm. It was our good or ill fortune a short time since to be in company with a student from a college which has less than one-half as many Professors as Tufts, and less than one-sixth the endowment fund; yet he stoutly asserted that his college has no superior in New England, and even preferred it to our neighbor Cambridge. This illustrates the position of many college students. It is idle to claim that a given college offers superior advantages in every respect, A student from the country will find advantages in a college near a large city; while students accustomed to city life may prefer a college situated in the country. Usually a man going to college is limited more or less by circumstances, and the one which he prefers, may offer superior advantages to him. It is commendable for one to be loyal to his college, but when it is carried so far as to sacrifice truth and reason, it does the college thus praised more harm than good."

We have received a copy of the *Ottawa Campus* from Ottawa University, Kansas. It seems to be an energetic little publication that promises a bright future. "One Kind of Power" is a well written article. However much we agreed with the exchange editor as he set out his views as to how that valuable column should be conducted, we did not so much

admire them when put in practice. To devote the whole space to the review of one paper seems almost too much.

It is with a certain degree of pleasure that we poor ignorant fellows of the east, "that benighted spot;" we, whose highest ideal of a college is that it "is an association for the promotion of foot-ball and cricket," see the highly talented and thoroughly self-confident, would be John Sullivan among college papers, the *Earlhamite*, receive justice at last from a yet stronger rival the *Wilmington Collegian*. Of course we are completely dead, having been ground to powder last month by the unrelenting thrusts of this bombastic pigmy, but yet it even sends a thrill of life through our as yet uncollected atoms to see this merciless destroyer for once overwhelmed. (As a matter of course, we expect to find the above slightly altered, in the next *Earlhamite*, as an original reply; in the same manner in which the *Swarthmore Phœnix* was recently annihilated by this awful (?) warrior!)

The *Bates Student* is a paper which always strives to attain literary excellence, and we can say that in the late issue of the present management, they came not far from the desired goal. "Popular Objections to a Liberal Education," is a well written article, and sets the subject forth in a clear light, but the best article is the one entitled "The Individuality of Charles Lamb as a Writer." In this essay we are afresh introduced to this great man, and feel ourselves better acquainted with him for the short interview. Even the poetry, a feature generally of an inferior quality in college papers, is quite above the average; and several of the little poems show quite marked ability.

Our rather unwieldy friend, the *Berkeleyan*, is our only exchange among college publications which at present indulges in the luxury of a serial story. We are glad to see this subject taken up practically, and hope more of our friends will launch out in this new field of literary effort. Of course a portion of the editors of college journals are looking forward to a literary career, and as this is the field best patronized by the world, no effort will be of more real value in after life. Besides this a well written story will always give additional value to your paper.

The following protest against one of our *cultured cruelties*, we take from the *Wilmington Collegian* for January. The enormity of the crime, especially considering the innocence of the helpless victims, calls for the widest possible circulation of the article. "Can you wonder that every humming-bird I see on women's bonnets, every bright-hued wing or velvety breast of bird that trims a fashionable hat, hurts me? Do you ever turn your eyes from the bonnet to the face beneath it, wondering how such earnest or happy eyes could consent to stay under a murdered bird's wing? And especially does one wonder whether these women know that to preserve the beautiful lustre of these ornaments the skin is stripped from the birds while alive? That every expensive and satiny bird breast is stripped from a living heart? A human scalp, displayed by a savage as a trophy, is less barbarous, for at least human fought human, and the scalp is the reward of prowess, but the bird skin is the badge of cruelty and cowardice. In Louisville I saw, in an apple orchard, a man catching red-birds in a trap. *He skinned them alive before my eyes;* he was paid fifty cents a piece for the skins. Every red bird I have seen since in milliner's shops, or in church or street, has recalled that blue-eyed man, bloody-handed amid the sweet fragrance and song of that peaceful orchard. Five hundred thousand skins of this species alone were used on bonnets last fall, says a recent paper. Ostrich plumes are all out, flowers not in vogue, and what in sooth are people to do but to tear the birds to pieces to satisfy a refined taste? Is thoughtlessness a sin? Is ignorance a crime? Is gentle womanhood inherently cruel, or only thoughtlessly so? On all sides, with sticks and stones, with nets, guns and artifice, the warfare goes on. I do not suppose the women kill many birds, but they do this harm as they do other mischief, indirectly, and through countenancing what their vanity craves, or failing to denounce a traffic so repugnant to true, honest souls. The sacredness of life—*all life*—is emphasized by that Example whom we fain would follow. The gospel of mercy has a deeper meaning than we are wont to give; the Golden Rule goes further than man alone."

The *University Quarterly* for December, although rather late in its appearance is none the less interesting. Two of the literary productions in this number are from the pens of Professors in the College, and although we do not altogether approve of a college paper giving up so much space to articles from the Faculty, yet as to the true worth and merit of these essays, there can be no question. The only essay apparently by a student, that entitled "The Philosophical Aspects of Darwinism," is for many reasons the most interesting one in the issue. The writer, professedly unconverted to either side, makes his examination of the question in a perfectly frank and unprejudiced light, and forms his judgments according to that good old rule, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." We shall be glad to hear more from this author.

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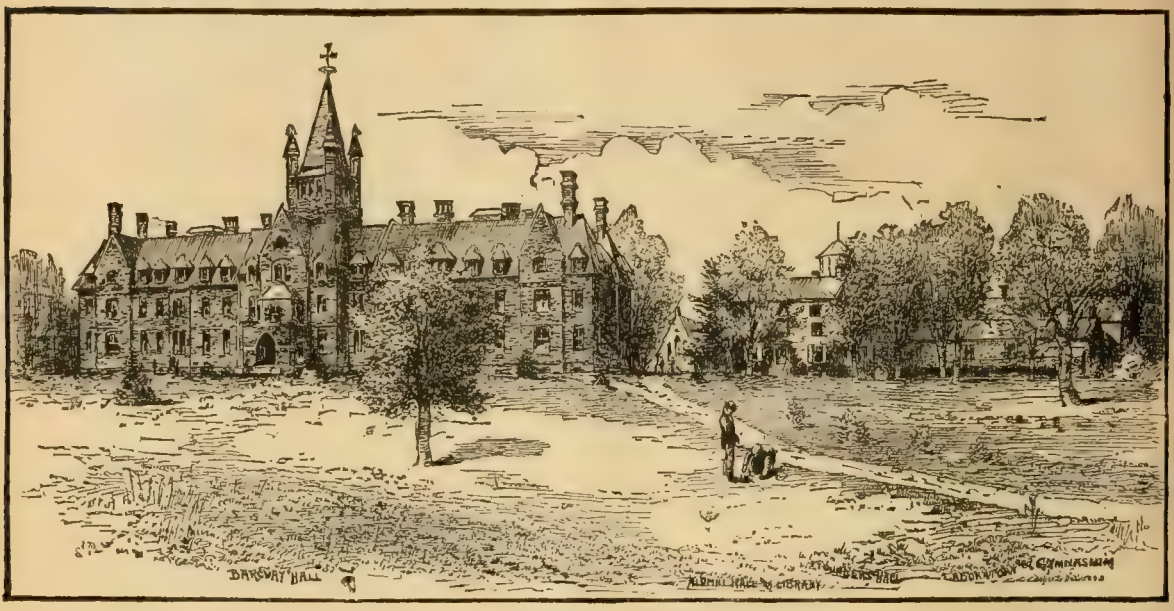

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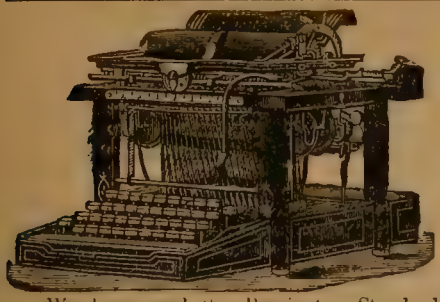

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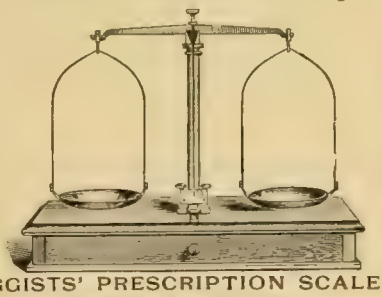

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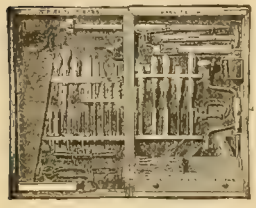

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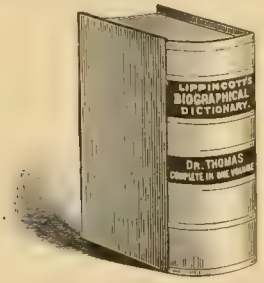

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The Haverfordian.

Vol. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., March, 1886. No. 6.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Subscription Price, one year, . . . $1.00

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The Haverfordian is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

JUST as we are going to press an article is handed to us from across the water which our readers will immediately guess is from our friend Professor Thomas. In a letter to the editors he informs us that he has left Cambridge, so that we shall not have another article from that locality. We are very much indebted to Professor Thomas for his two interesting articles, which have thrown much light on the subjects of English Universities and English public meetings. We hope that we may see Professor Thomas at Haverford again sometime, although some of us will have taken our final leave of the college before he again assumes his duties as professor.

He will find things somewhat changed even in the one short year of absence. Many improvements and changes have been made in the arrangements of classes, and some in the work done by the classes. We hope, also, that there may be some enlargements in the buildings before the beginning of the next college year. For instance, if we had a new lecture hall in which could be arranged a room for *each* of the student societies and their libraries, the societies would be greatly benefited, and there would be increased room for the college library. If this could be brought about the college library could be properly watched and the books accounted for, which is utterly impossible under the present circumstances; for the three societies meet in the hall, and our lectures are also held there, so that it is impossible to keep a strict account of the books which are taken out, as any student has free access to the books without any oversight.

Our college library is too valuable to be disarranged and have its valuable books lost, as there is every chance of their being now, and we sincerely hope that the change can be made very soon. We are glad to learn that the college has obtained the strip of land from Professor Pliny Chase's house to the pike, thus precluding all chance of any nuisance on the south side of our Maple avenue. We understood that it was obtained at the cost of several thousand dollars.

WE are sorry to learn that any fellow in the college has the idea that the Y. M. C. A. and its meetings are only for the members of the Association, for this is an entire mistake.

The Association is for the fellows of Haverford College, not the fellows for the Association. We join the Association to get and to do good, and every fellow in the college is welcome in the room at any time. The Y. M. C. A. room is intended for every

fellow, *be he a member or not*, to go and sit in, and read the various papers taken there, such as the *Independent*, *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, *Christian Union* and others, or to converse with his friends. The members of the Y. M. C. A. and its officers wish to have *every* fellow in the college clearly understand that the prayer meetings are not only *free to every fellow* here, but that they want to see every man come to the meetings, and nothing will give them more pleasure than to see the room full every Fourthday evening just after dinner. Now don't forget as you read this editorial, for it means *you* who are reading it. Come!

OCCASIONALLY there creep abuses into our college routine which should be corrected. One of these at Haverford is the bunching of classes in the study of French and German. For other purposes, they could be of any size without serious detriment, but it is different with these two languages.

Take for example, the French class called B which is in the poorest condition. The method of Dr. Van Daell requires constant practice and interest from all the students in the class. This is hard to get in a recitation room filled with the four grades, Senior to Freshman. Then the different members possess far different knowledge and powers, so that the older men are held back and discouraged to a large extent. So it is with the German classes, only to a less degree.

Suffering from this, we can realize more fully than perhaps the Faculty does, the necessity of a remedy. And we wish to call their attention to it that it may be changed in the future.

Another thing to which we wish to call attention is the present system of excuses. For sickness, for a wedding or a funeral, a student can be absent and receive permission to "make up" recitations; but for no other causes. No important business can be an excuse; a note from home saying the absence is imperative, produces no effect; for nothing but a wedding or a funeral can the Haverford student absent himself with impunity. How often in his college course, is a student obliged to attend either? There are a hundred things far more necessary for attention. Friends may come to see him from a distance; he may be called home; in the case of older students he may have outside business which is imperative.

Other colleges allow valid excuses or permit a number of absences like our present late-to-breakfast system. Can we not have some such plan here? It is reasonable and practicable, and we wish respectfully and hopefully to draw our Faculty's attention to the subject.

IT will doubtless be news to some of the students to know that we have here at Haverford an excellent library of over 15,000 well selected books. We say this will be news to some because we are aware that the library is not used as much as it should be. Many students never darken its doors and others so seldom that it cannot be of any benefit to them. Had we the time and inclination we might enlarge upon the necessity of a reading habit, but we have neither.

On one consideration the perusal of good books is almost a necessity. Since the establishment of monthly themes, every student wants to be able to acquire a good, clear, easy style of composition. Such an acquirement cannot come spontaneously. We get our style from the books or papers we read. It is quite noticeable that the style of a large number of essays and themes bears a marked resemblance to that which appears in the columns of the *Press* and *Tribune*. If we will continue to spend an hour or more over a daily paper, and some of us more than twice that amount of time over productions of a still more doubtful

character, we must remain satisfied with a style like them. But it takes no more time to read Ruskin, Carlyle and Goethe than it does to read the Duchess or Gaboriau, and in the end the pleasure is greater. It is worth a fair trial.

We hear a good many complaints from students that there is no fiction on our shelves. Personally we are in favor of having first class fiction represented in our library and believe that far more good can be derived in less time from reading Hawthorne, Thackeray and Scott than in almost any other way. In fact a perusal of the best novelists is almost necessary for the acquirement of a good style. But, while we do not agree with the ruling of the authorities that debars good fiction, and while we believe that a lack of it drives many into reading cheaper and lower trash, still there is plenty of good, pleasant reading here, and it is open to every one. If it is possible, every student should mark out for himself a moderate course of reading, allowing himself ample time in which to accomplish it, otherwise it will become drudgery. Make the course a pleasant one. Read what you have a desire to read, and in some line that you can use, or expect to use the knowledge you acquire. Don't read Mill's, or Hamilton's philosophy, simply because people say they are masterpieces, but read something you will enjoy and at the same time be a benefit to you. In the end you will marvel at the ease and grace you have acquired in expressing your thoughts, either on paper or audibly, and at the same time be surprised at the amount of facts you have added to your store.

PERHAPS few things are more essential to a correct understanding of the affairs of life, than an accurate perception of the character of its chief actor—Man. Many of us are too apt to be careless and hasty in the judgment of our fellows. We decide from this or that remark or act, and condemn or approve without a hearing, or else through some preconceived idea, and so we fall into innumerable errors of injustice to the one, and undeserved favor to the other. This important subject we have excellent opportunities to study here in this college world of ours, a little world in itself, as we know, having all the essential features of the greater world outside, and from it, by experience and by careful scrutiny, we may learn many valuable life-truths. Moreover, as it is a *small* world, we are thrown so closely together that we know more of each other than elsewhere, and are not hindered by any distractions.

So let us become true *students* of men, and not false and heedless judges. We must *read* character, and not *guess* at it. We cannot base our conclusions on the premises of one, or even several deeds, but should consider the circumstances and probable motives that influenced them. Man is such a strange bundle of inconsistencies, that we can judge him only by weighing the good and the bad we find, and taking the preponderance manifested. Even in our best friends we cannot fail to see some displeasing fault, while in our *bete-noir* there rarely fails to appear *one* redeeming trait. Much charity, too, needs to be used, for many a man is more prone to one form of temptation than another, and the innermost recesses of one's heart are known only to his omniscient Maker. To be a correct reader of character is a difficult attainment, but one for which we would do well to earnestly strive. The more we try to do this, the more correct our estimates will be, and, growing toward perfection through assiduous practice, we will gain much true pleasure in our occupation. Our opinions in the course of months will often radically change, and the admired and disliked will occasionally change places, though rarely; as a rule, our views change for the better, and we take a kindlier view of mankind with each passing year. "The better we know a

man, the better we like him," is generally true of every one not positively bad, and though exceptions exist, they prove the rule. Observation and patience here bring in time their reward, and "all things come to him that waits."

Not the less does this study apply to ourselves. "Know thyself," were the Greek sage's words, and no better advice than this can man give to man. Unusual though it is for a man thoroughly to know himself, the nearer he approaches to this ideal, the more fully he appreciates his own nature, the better can he conquer himself, and become the man he ought to be. Safe against the darts of envy, charitable to others' faults, growing where growth is needed most, will he advance among his fellow-men. Let him keep himself, too, within his self-respect, confiding only to his *alter ego*, and sparingly even then, his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, preserving a secret ever a secret, and "still keep something to yoursel' ye'll scarcely tell to ony." Our thoughts are among our best friends, and, rightly directed, are our best teachers, but all cannot well leave the privacy of the mind. Let us live the life before us as "heroes in the strife," looking at the world in its truest, fairest aspect, aiming to "see oursels as ithers see us," and taking with us the words of the poet:

"Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man
Wi' sharpened, slee inspection."

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

ALMOST the first conclusion we reach in the contemplation of human life, is its exceeding shortness of duration; and, as partly from education, partly from our inability to comprehend such a condition, annihilation seems impossible; the question naturally arises, where are we going?

If we examine the religions of the ancients, we find, I think, almost without exception, that they had most vivid ideas of a land of happiness which existed beyond the confines of their animal life. The Elysian fields of the Greeks and Romans, and the asgard of the Scandinavians, are well known examples. Beautiful abodes, in which the brave and noble could share in every pleasure which they had tasted here, and dine at the very tables of the Gods.

But these wild guessings, these crude speculations of our forefathers will not satisfy us, and we turn to survey the religions of modern times, and to require of the people now living, "What is your hope?"

To this question the Mohammedon answers with pictures of the most beautiful palaces, surpassing the Al Hambra, in fanciful grandeur and grace of architecture, fairy gardens, the mild enchantment of far stretching meadows, exquisite and ever-blooming flowers, maidens in perpetual youth, and everything that can excite the passions, or gratify the animal propensities.

If we ask the South Sea Islanders, those of them who have sufficiently developed to comprehend the future state, will tell us of enchanting lands beneath the sea, fields waving with many colored sea-weed, and wonderful caverns whose walls and floors glisten with the brightest pearls.

"There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep, sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life in rare and beautiful forms.
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own."

To this magical abode go not only the valiant savage, but also his property, his wives, his bow, his spear, his hut and strangely painted barge, and whatever else he may imagine will contribute to his future enjoyment.

The most thoughtful of the Papuans will tell us that the many stars illuminating the heavens, are beacon lights hung out by their departed friends, to guide them to

the eternal dwelling-place of the blest; and also that the moon as it rises from the silvered waves is the glorious vehicle in which they are to be conveyed into the land of spirits.

Put the question to our own Indians and they will picture to you, a beautiful hunting ground, a western paradise in the land of perpetual sunset, a land in which the worthy chieftain can enjoy forever his favorite occupations.

If we ask the so-called Christian Churches to tell us their idea of the everlasting home, we shall find that they have put away all pictures of fields and flowers, and imagine for themselves, a "beautiful city," a "New Jerusalem," whose streets are paved with purest gold, whose walls and battlements are resplendent with jasper and precious gems, whose inhabitants are clothed in garments of shining white, wearing golden crowns, and carrying harps in their hands, and whose triumphant songs fill all the city.

Now this idea seems very beautiful at first thought, but it is not altogether satisfactory. It errs with all the rest in supposing Heaven to be a *place* instead of an existence, and further they fancy the Creator himself, in human form, seated on a throne, thus denying at once his omnipresence and all those glorious attributes which we must believe to pertain to Him. Simply worshipping the idealized form of an idol instead of the wooden or stone reality, is truly the only difference between this and heathenism.

The Buddhists have a far more exalted idea than this. They believe that as the rain-drop is lost in the boundless expanse of the ocean, so the individual soul is lost in the Almighty Spirit of life; and it can not be denied that there is a certain probability in this view, which takes a considerable hold on the mind.

But turning from all these, we come to the true Christian idea that Heaven is not a *place* but a *state* of happiness. A state which may exist, which does exist everywhere, in the palace, in the cot, in the freedom of the woods and fields, or in the dungeon cell; wherever man will call it around him, wherever he will accept its influence.

This is not a picture of material sensuality, or of luxurious idleness but of endless progress, a progression which, beginning here exists forever; and, as this is the most beautiful, the most philosophical, the most rational view of the subject, we must accept it.

PUBLIC SPEAKING IN ENGLAND.

IN few things do the English differ from the Americans more than in the way of holding meetings for the promotion of some interest or other. It has been my lot lately to be invited to several of these meetings, and it may be that the readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN will be interested in hearing an account of one or more of these occassions. The first was a Drawing-room Meeting and it will add clearness to the description if the neatly printed card of invitation be copied; it is as follows: "Mr. & Mrs.——request the pleasure of Professor and Mrs. Thomas' company on TUESDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY, to receive from Lieu. Gen. Field, C. B., one of the Secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance, an Address on the Principles and Work of the Society; also of recent efforts on behalf of the persecuted in various Lands, and an account of the late General Conference at Copenhagen. Meeting at 3 P. M. Tea and Coffee at 4 30 P. M. The favour of an answer is requested.. Pinehurst, Cambridge."

The house was the residence of one of the bankers of Cambridge, just outside the town, and very near to Newnham College, so well known as one of the best Colleges in England, for young ladies. It was a large rambling house, recently built, situated in well kept grounds, the grass even in this season being very green. We were received at the drawing-room by both the host and the hostess, and then shown seats. There were about fifty present. Shortly

after the hour, the host opened the meeting with a few explanatory remarks, a hymn was sung, followed by a prayer from a clergyman. The speaker of the evening was then introduced and spoke for fully an hour. He read first, the basis on which the Evangelical Alliance is formed, which as it requires assent to the ordinances of Baptism and the Supper, would shut out Friends, independent of other clauses that many Friends could not assent to. He, himself, seemed to think that the basis was rather a narrow one as he remarked that it had been agreed upon forty years ago, and also pointed out a saving clause for the benefit of those who hesitated at some of the main statements. This clause, however, is not elastic enough for the writer.

The account given was very interesting, and showed much greater results than I had supposed was the case. The speaker was a tall, fine looking old man, a former East Indian Officer, and he gave various personal experiences with much force. The meeting was closed with prayer. At its conclusion sliding doors were pushed back and the company were invited into the adjoining dining-room where tea, coffee, cake, and thin slices of buttered bread were handed round. There was pleasant social conversation for about half an hour, when the guests took their leave.

The next meeting was a public one and followed the general lines observed in England at such times.

One of the Professors of the University invited me to go with him to this, as it was specially for University men. It was held in the large room of the Guild hall or Town hall, a beautiful room capable of seating 1700. The walls are decorated in excellent taste, with arabesque figures on a light green ground, while round the walls near the ceiling are inscribed the names of some of the distinguished men whom Cambridge can claim as her foster sons, Milton, Spencer, Wordsworth, Herbert, Whewell, Darwin, Coleridge, Byron, Coke, Gray and many others. There is a large stage with rising rows of seats, above which is a large organ.

Rather to my amazement, just as we entered in I was told that we were to sit on the platform, and so we went into the reception room back of the stage. There I was introduced to Professors Westcott and Hort, both of whom many Haverfordians know well by reputation, particularly by those who have Greek Testaments. After a few minutes of conversation, we went into the hall, where much to my satisfaction my companion asked me if I had any objection to take seats facing the speakers in order to hear better. The meeting was one of the Church of England Missionary Society. As soon as the platform group had taken seats, the secretary of the local association said that Professor Westcott had agreed to take the chair; the Professor immediately arose, expressed his thanks at being selected for the position, and his great interest in the object for which the meeting was called. He then went on and spoke very well on the general subject of Missions and mission work. At the conclusion of his speeeh, which like the speeches of many chairmen was rather long, though in this instance one would not have wished it shorter; he called upon the speaker of the evening, H. W. Webb-Peploe, of London, who is one of the most eloquent ministers in the English Church. Though there was little new in what he said, it was admirably put, and delivered with eloquence and force. The address was marked by earnestness and clearness, and the absence of high church statements. He was followed by a London barrister, P. V. Smith whose whole speech was in the greatest contrast to the two which preceded it. The points he made were good but his delivery was poor, and was such as to make one fear he was never going to stop. Being familiar with a book of his on "Eng-

lish Institutions," which is very good, I was much disappointed in him as a speaker. But little time was now left for a Baptist Missionary from China, who had to be cut short, as it is the custom for most meetings of University men to stop at 9.50 P. M., so as to allow the men to get into college by 10 o'clock. The regular conclusion of a meeting is, for some one to move a vote of thanks to the chairman, to the speakers, and to any others that can be brought in; this often requires quite a speech, the motion is seconded by some one else with another speech, the motion is then put by the mover of the resolution; if it is carried, as it generally is, the chairman responds, the chief speaker also, and sometimes others. As few persons can be trusted as to the amount of time they will take up, and as chairman, movers, and seconders of motions are generally chosen for some personal influence they may have, and not at all with respect to their oratorical powers, audiences frequently have to put up with a great deal of stupidity, and endure unreasonably prolonged meetings. The American system is much more sensible.

The last meeting I shall describe was of still different character, and not so distinctively English. It was a sermon or rather address to the University men, by William Thomson, the Archbishop of York. The Archbishop is a big, burly Englishman, about sixty years old, speaks with a decided north country accent, and would be taken for a Briton wherever he was seen. His manner is forcible, he uses few gestures, but changes the tone of voice frequently, and is often very impressive in his delivery. He spoke for about forty-five minutes. He took for his text Jno. xvii. 19, using the word "consecrate" given in the margin of the Revised Version, instead of "sanctify." He gave briefly the difference in meaning between the original Greek words translated, *sanctify* and *consecrate*, and then passed on to the main subject of the consecration of a man's life to God, and of the duty of purity of thought and purity of life.

Though not neglecting the spiritual side, he kept more to the moral side of the subject.

Christ consecrated himself—devoted himself—to his work. We should follow him.

Most of the address was on the temptations which he said were peculiarly strong to young men, and as instances he chose these. First, the temptation to make the first day of the week a day simply of amusement. Even the words of our Lord (Mark ii. 27) were twisted to support this idea. The obligation to observe one day in seven was not done away with, though it was not necessary to take either what had been called the High Church view, nor yet what is known as the Puritanical view. Public worship, private retirement, study of the Bible, and doing good to others are obligatory. While few would agree exactly about the mode of observance, each one should be careful not to do what might cause his brother to stumble.

Secondly, the vice of Gambling, which includes betting, prevails extensively in England. It should be shunned as altogether demoralizing; of betting it is specially true that he who loses, loses what he cannot afford to lose, and receives nothing in exchange; and he who gains, gains what is not the result of industry, skill, or intelligence.

Lastly, he spoke very plainly about purity of life, referring to the recent revelations of sin in London. He who wishes to succeed in cricket or boating, he who wishes to attain distinction in any athletic sport must be temperate. He gains success not by indulgence but by the restraint of indulgence. So is it in the moral life, restraint and self-control are essential. Who would speak of impure things before his mother and sister? Let him then carry

the home atmosphere of purity around him wherever he goes.

What a power for good could the young men of Cambridge University be, with all their opportunities, if they went forth into the world, pure, consecrated men.

I am almost sorry to send such a meagre synopsis, but it may give some idea of an excellent and earnest address.

ALLEN C. THOMAS.

Cambridge, Eng., 2d Mo., 15th, 1886.

THE WEATHER.

WE believe it to be a fact that conversations, among strangers especially, are frequently commenced by a few remarks upon the past or present state of the atmosphere. Does some one say this is so because no other topic presents itself? He may be partly correct, but, upon investigation, we think he will find that, though no perceptible change is produced upon the weather by speaking of it, yet the various conditions of that ever present material, in which we move and have our being, are of the greatest interest to all.

What is of more consequence to the farmer, as he contemplates sowing seeds or harvesting grain, than the indications and probabilities of the weather for the coming few days. He, having eaten his supper, without much ceremony leaves the table, and, getting the milk pails from the shed, proceeds to the barn-yard. Do you say he is tired because the empty pails are lying on the ground and the farmer rests his elbows on the gate-post as he peers into the early twilight? No! he is not weary, he is watching those dark spots skimming *high* above him in the air. They are swallows, and the indications are fine weather, for the insects, upon which these birds feed, delight to fly in a warm stratum of air, but warm air being lighter than that laden with moisture, occupies a higher part of the atmosphere and therefore the swallows now find their prey in the upper regions. On the other hand, when the warm air is near the surface of the earth the insects and birds are there also; and then, as the cold air from above descends into the warmer stratum, a deposit of water takes place.

Is it surprising that the Jersey fisherman, as he quietly passes a summer evening in his cottage door, should notice that there is an unusually large halo around the moon? Or, when leaving home early the next morning, need we be astonished that he remarks to his wife, "I'm drefful 'feerd I shan't do much ter day, fur it looks kinder thretnen round 'ere to th' eastard—an' it's still wuss round yander to the westard." Later, as he glides over the troubled waters in his frail craft, he feels more certainly warned of a coming storm, by noticing that the sea-birds are hastening towards the shore. The cause of their flight is not, as he supposes, in order to avoid an approaching storm, but because the fishes, upon which they prey, depart from near the surface of the ocean into the depths below during boisterous weather, and thus the birds come to land merely on account of the greater certainty of food here than far out among the foaming billows.

Is it remarkable that the photographer, who depends upon the action of the sunlight for his images, should observe the signs? Is it strange that a party of excursionists, or young geologists feel concerned about the weather? Is it marvellous that a merchant watches the winds while his vessels sail the deep? Do we censure the druggist if he wish for changeable weather in order that there may be an increasing demand for syrups and cough mixtures? And thus, from the astronomer to those engaged in more lowly pursuits we find men, who from self-interest or selfish motives, take a deep interest in the weather.

Perhaps you may think time is too precious to be spent on such a topic as "The

Weather" when our country is filled with such important, such perplexing, such critical questions as temperance,and the different views of the various political parties. But, when we consider the total absence of room for a difference of opinion upon the state of the atmosphere, at any present time, the idea immediately dawns upon us that the weather gives no grounds for disputing. That upon this question parties cannot struggle until heated blood swells their veins, till unkind feelings fill their minds, till passionate words are hurled at their antagonists, as has been known to happen in debates upon the "Woman's Rights," "Tariff," or the "Temperance" question.

No! When speaking of the weather we are gently carried along in the course our companion chooses, and can conscientiously agree with his remarks, having merely to affirm, or answer questions, as the case may be.

It may so happen that we are thrown into an assembly of strangers, new faces meet us on every side. We have no knowledge of the characteristics or occupation of any one, save from his general appearance.

A moderately tall person, well formed, possessing searching grey eyes, as he nervously twists a heavy moustache,attracts our attention. We approach him with, "It is a pleasant evening." "Well, yes; it is a little that way. I always like to see partly cloudy or hazy moonlight nights, they suit me much better than these still, dark, melancholy nights, or even bright moonlight; and I ought not to be throwing away such delightful circumstances by staying in doors, so I guess I will get my hat soon."

We feel well enough acquainted with this person, though we discover he observes the various changes which take place after sunset, and has a certain amount of independence,or will of his own, yet we also learn he has a peculiar selfish liking for hazy moonlight nights, and now, as we know that persons who are in the habit of visiting their neighbors' hen-roosts are also troubled with a similar complaint, we feel that a further acquaintance with this tall, well formed man is undesirable.

We espy, in a corner a little out of the way of the general crowd, a *small* frail built man, his grayish hair is carelessly brushed back from a deeply-wrinkled forehead. As we draw near him, we remark, "It's pleasant out this evening."

"Humph! I kinder don't think 'tis. It's too cool for this time of the year; seems as if things can't come as you want 'em, Now, here last week, I wanted to cut some late grass, for seed, but I daresen't for it looked like rain and everything has been dry for so long, so I thought I'd get my ground ready for fall grain and plant it and let it get a good start this season, as I only had half a crop last year, and here it is cloudy and haint rained yet, and my clover is still standin', and I 'spect the fowls 'ill scratch out all my wheat before it rains. Looks to me, too, as if we'd have an early frost this season and it 'ill stunt my corn, and then I reckon we'll have a warm muggy storm an' the corn 'ill sprout and be ruined. and that's the way it goes."

We now have learned not only that this individual is a farmer, but that he has a singular habit of looking at the dark side of things, a lack of hopefulness,—that he is ever ready to "meet trouble half way," and consequently supposes himself to be the most unlucky fellow in the country. That, though in some some respects he is very cautious, yet, believing himself and his doings to be of the greatest significance to the whole world, he never wearies in relating the unquestionably important transactions, and the most heart rending failures which continually take place on his premises.

We now turn to a sleepy-looking fellow, we have noticed that his mild blue eyes have slowly wandered from one person to

another during the whole evening, yet we have not observed him speaking to anyone. We ask him if he thinks the haziness, this evening, will amount to rain. "I should judge so," he replies. "I noticed the wind has been working around towards the north-east all day, and then we have had quite a dry spell; yet such fine weather too." "Yes, the country is quite dry," we reply, as he continues, "I suppose farmers do need rain, and I can but hope with them that it will come, but as the painters are now in the midst of painting my house I would be willing for the storm to hold off a few days. In damp weather it is unpleasant riding about visiting patients, though stormy days increase my business almost as much as the umbrella manufacturer's. Although I do not like to see people suffering, yet I consider my calling noble, because its chief object is to soothe pain, to alleviate bodily distress. The wind may roar, and the cold rain dash in torrents, yet if a poor little sufferer is relieved by my treatment, I feel fully rewarded, yes glad, that I have had the opportunity of rising from my warm bed, and traveling two miles or so, in black darkness, through the raging elements, to enable one tortured and writhing in agony, to forget its pains and close its eyes in quiet slumber."

One question on the weather reveals the fact that the sleepy-looking individual, with nothing to say, is a noble man, one who does what he believes is right, and glories in it because it is right. A generous man; one who is willing to surrender a little of his own comfort or property for the benefit of another. In a word, we find that our new acquaintance is a doctor of cheerful though reserved disposition, a man who observes the various changes that take place around him, without apparent effort; and, by a sound judgment, acting upon these observations he is silently but surely proving himself to be a benefactor of mankind.

Let us, then, not judge too much from external appearances, and above all, never condemn a man as being dull, selfish, or conceited, without at least asking him what he thinks of the weather.

HISTORY.

RECORDED history is a living fountain from which every man may freely drink who chooses to do so. All that sages have thought, and divines have felt, and rulers and generals have executed, is the heritage of him who can read and comprehend. More than this, we need not take bad mingled with the good. If we have the power of discrimination we may take the wheat and roses only, and refuse the tares and thorns.

The child of to-day has an incalculable advantage over the child of long ago. History is the storehouse of experience. It is valuable in the helpful information it gives, making the reader stronger, wiser, better, happier, and richer. It is the student's chart and guide book which shows him how and where to avoid the rocks and the way to steer in the channels of success and prosperity. It is a precept and a warning which the wise will heed and obey.

We must read history to understand our own lives, and explain history by our own experience. "The age must be explained by the hours, and the hours by the age." There is no other way. History is continually repeating itself. And the essence and philosophy of history are, like human nature, the same always and everywhere. There is infinite variety in its materials, but they are a part of one grand structure.

All thought is the product of individual minds. Everything that has actually happened in history was first evolved from the brain of one man.

What we are thinking to-day is as important and will be productive of as great results as has been the thought of the past.

Our own experience tells us whether history be true. As we read we recognize our fellow, our proxy, and think that we would have done the same things and in exactly the same way. We can put ourselves in their places, and weep when they weep and rejoice when they rejoice. If we cannot do this we cannot read history aright. If we are not in harmony with the accepted teaching of history, let us examine ourselves. A great part of the world may be wrong, but the chances are against us.

History is a mirror wherein we may see ourselves as we think we are, and also that of ourselves which we yet know not of. Nothing is beautiful when viewed from every side. The study of history rebukes pride and self esteem, but increases self respect and moral dignity.

It is the unity of nature which gives worth to particular men and things. What is true of kings the boy feels is true about himself. We read history from the standpoint of superior beings. Each one feels that he is peer to the proudest monarch that ever governed,or the bravest general that ever led an army to victory. We even sit in judgment over them and pass whatever sentence seems good to us. We have all the precedents and instances and have a right to judge. Looking calmly and without prejudice, we see our faults displayed in other men's characters. We do not feel our inferiority in the presence of great men of history, as we do in this life, and for that reason we can pay closer attention to their lives and study the motives which inspired them to do what they did. Let every man feel that he is greater than all the battles that were ever fought, and all the governments that ever existed. The youth sees in the successful man what he himself is not, but what he knows he can be. Here is a guide and an example valuable to youth because he feels that it is not impossible to achieve what his model has achieved.

But it is only to those who respect themselves, that Clio will utter oracles such as are nowhere else vouchsafed to the human ear. The seed must fall on good ground and under favorable conditions if it is to bring forth the hundred fold.

The self-respecting man will bend his head to listen, whether the voice of history be addressed to himself. There is no age or condition of society but what has something relating to him. Asia, Greece, Rome, England, and America; he is akin to them all. He draws nourishment from Theology, Art, Law, Literature, and Politics. Poetry and annals are alike, if the poetry is true to nature.

Why should we who have read history and know all forms and usages, magnify a few wretched formulæ and make them of so much importance? Let us live in a more generous atmosphere, and regard the spirit and the essence more than any forms. For although we see at the surface such an endless variety of things, we believe that there is simplicity of cause. We are heirs of the ages.

"I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

AMERICA AND THE LONDON RIOTS.

WHAT a terrible picture the late riots in London call up in one's mind! How they set one to thinking about our boasted modern civilization and remind one of some of the predictions which men, whom many have called cranks, have made of the retribution that awaits the people of the near future, as a consequence of the insatiable greed for gain and our notable neglect of, or rather, our superficial legislation on, the labor question.

London itself was never more thoroughly surprised than she was at the inefficiency of her police force, her trusty "Bobby," whose

clumsy, good-natured form was to her citizens the picture of a safe refuge in times of danger. Even now she cannot bring herself to distrust the rank and file of the police force; but puts the blame, where it seems justly to belong, on the head of the department.

Englishmen say the meeting was not originally of a socialistic character. That a body of her poor, half-starved laborers, who are out of employment had met to consider their grievances and that the socialists with their followers, aided by a large crowd of London criminals took possession of the ground. They say that these socialists stirred up the worst feelings of the crowd by their violent speeches and finally led them on to violence. It appears, from what I have thus far been able to learn, that all this could have been easily stopped if there had been wise and prompt action on the part of the authorities.

They were not prepared and, even if we allow that they are excusable on the first occasion, their inaction on the following days certainly fails of this palliation. It must be acknowledged that the police force of London were not equal to the occasion. They have allowed a portion of the city to be ransacked and to remain in the hands of a mob until the mob wished to cease from their violence, and after this they prepared to let the rioters run through the streets again, and to leave the citizens to protect themselves, to a large degree, by shutting up and barricading their shops. Now I suppose that no one thinks of insinuating that the London police force was at all in sympathy with the rioters and socialists, or that they had any ulterior design in letting the rioters run loose as they did. They lacked a head and therefore no effective action was taken; while the rioters had leaders who were urging them on in earnest, if not violent, language. Every account that I can find gives this as the reason for the ineffectiveness of the police during the disturbances. If these statements are true the case seems to be somewhat after this manner:—There was to be a meeting of unemployed laborers in Trafalgar Square and the socialist leaders, who are now being prosecuted, managed to obtain control of the majority of the men there. These socialists after some trouble with the police, in which the guardians of the peace were badly worsted and the multitude were greatly excited, led the mob, for such it had come to be by this time, through various streets doing great damage to property and treating decent people in a very rough manner. The police were unable to put a stop to this disorder, at any rate they did not do so, and this unsettled condition of affairs lasted for several days after the first riot.

English people have boasted that the English workmen were not tainted with socialism, that they were too sensible and cool to be carried away with this form of anarchy; and yet we see this great disturbance, if not caused by socialists, at least greatly increased by their aid. It is said that there was a contest between the anti-socialists and the socialists, and this is brought up to prove that the workingmen are not interested in the matter; but the fact remains that the whole matter grew out of a meeting of workingmen, and that the socialists overpowered the better element and had their way, and this, the English say, "in quiet London." If London is so quiet naturally, if the socialists have but little power over the working classes in London, if the London police were not at all in sympathy with the rioters and yet this great riot and destruction of property took place, not, we may say, without some warning, is there not in this disturbance, the entire inefficiency of the police force, and the sloth of the higher officers in restoring quiet, a lesson of great import to Americans in regard to the same matter

here in this country? Are we not liable to suffer from similar uprisings in our large cities? I am fully aware that most people acknowledge that this whole question of the laboring classes is one to which our nation must turn its attention in the near future; and that they say, "There is no immediate danger, our people are sensible, and will not throw away the good they now possess for the doubtful outcome of such an agitation." I am also aware that the Londoners did not expect any such trouble in London, and that they rested in entire confidence in their police. *Their* lower classes are of one nation; ours are not; ours are composed largely of foreigners and not the best at that. They say that socialism has but little hold on their workmen. I fear they have underestimated it; we know that there is a considerable socialistic element in America, the more dangerous as it is ignorant, or at least has but little education. We also know that in some parts of the country our police are so in sympathy with these agitators that they openly disobey the commands of their superiors and do not arrest the law-breakers. This has not happened in England.

We know, or may know, if we will but take the trouble to examine into the matter, that our police courts are, to a great degree, ruled by these very agitators for whose apprehension and punishment they are in existence. The police justice wants the votes of these men who are in league with a clique of rogues, and when any of them are brought up they are dismissed with a slight fine, when they should be imprisoned; and from these decisions there is no appeal.

In view of these truths, for such they must be acknowledged to be, are we doing right to let the matter rest and not give it the earnest consideration which it demands.

Do we as American citizens wish to wake up and find ourselves taken by surprise by any such event as that which has just happened in England! There is too much inflammable material in our country to permit of our playing with fire. And if we but read both sides of the question, giving the socialists a hearing as well as those more prominent men who say—"Peace, peace, all is well!" we shall wake up to the fact that there is a working, seething mass of agitators in this country and that they are quite bold in some of our large Western cities. I wish it to be understood that I make a distinction between orderly, legal associations of workingmen and the lower agitators whose cry is revolution. There is a radical difference. But the great danger is that, unless the better citizens arouse to their duty, both at home and at the polls, more thoroughly than heretofore; unless they insist on the thorough enforcement of just laws, the wilder socialistic element may take the first opportunity, similar to that of the Trafalgar Square meeting, and excite a disturbance that will be far more extensive in its results than that of London.

I do not think there is cause for us to be alarmed so that we shall increase our police force or our militia: but I do feel sure that it is time for us to take firmly in hand, and by our earnest consideration and wise action, as a people, remove, as far possible, every just cause for complaint, and by education, compulsory if need be; by readiness to act in case of danger, instead, as is the custom now, of sneering at a man who treats the matter earnestly; and by a thorough examination of every abuse of office, building up the one great defense against such an uprising, namely, honesty and integrity of officers and subordinates.

I am convinced that very few of our people know of the extent of the organizations and work that the various anarchical associations have accomplished in America, for their literature does not rise above a certain class of people, and one must seek if he wishes to find it. No one can deny that

there is a great movement amongst the working men; and we cannot, and would not deny that they have wrongs to be redressed, which it is our duty to see righted. Admitting all this, it is also our duty not to close our eyes on the evil that takes on the name of the *Working-man's Friend*, and uses him with greater success to furthur its ends. It is our duty to find the truth of this matter, for ourselves, and not to rest until we know that we are free from its baneful influence. Is there not a danger of a similar disturbance to that of London, in our own country, and of its producing more permanent evil than it seems to have done.

THE IMAGINATION.

THOREAU has said, "It is no more dusky in ordinary nights than our mind's habitual atmosphere, and the moonlight is as bright as our most illuminated moments are."

However absurd this statement may appear at first sight, a hurried examination is sufficient to prove its truth, and, on further research we are forced to the conclusion, that the terrible darkness of the mind depicted here, is really brighter than the reality.

If we but pause and question, what, amongst all man's boasted knowledge, he truly knows, we are astounded at the littleness, the absolute nothingness of his attainments.

Even the grand scheme of mathematics, that most sure science of all sciences, we find he has founded upon assertions, which no amount of intellectual effort can prove. We find that truly man is in the night, a night whose blackness he can never illuminate.

It is as if, blindfolded, he were placed in the midst of an interminable network of infinite complexity. He can feel the nearer meshes, and come to a dim realization of the manifold relations of one cord with its immediate neighbors; but the beginning, or the ending of even the smallest individual fibre is utterly beyond the scope of his power to grasp.

But why does it require the mind to make this search before arriving at an adequate appreciation of its own darkness and helplessness? It is because each one is gifted by a peculiar power, like a magical mirror, by looking into which the night around him shines as the noonday.

What is this wonderful power? We do not know. We can not analyze it, nor even draw it out for our inspection, from its hidden seat within the brain; but the golden glimmerings of its light we have named the imagination.

Standing in the night of our existence, we paint, on every side of our prison walls of ignorance, pictures, the fruits of our own minds. Yet universal as is this power of the imagination, it is utterly impossible for one man to convey to another the fancies in which his own mind habitually revels.

Did you ever stand upon the brow of some high hill, and drink in all the varied beauty of the landscape, lying before you in unmatched lovliness; and, after having feasted the soul with nature's wondrous charms, have you turned and cast your eye on the perfect painting of some master hand, portraying this same scene?

However beautiful, however true to the original in every outline of form and proportion, did you not notice the total absence of all active life, the dull and oppressive deadness of the picture?

Those fleecy clouds, under a sky more blue than ever graced the earth, move not, nor change their feathery forms, the tall trees stand still, no gentle breeze sways their huge branches, no songs of birds float from yon leafy copse, the silvery waters do not flow, those cattle browsing in the meadow, keep ever one position, and from that town which seems so full of busy, bust-

ling life no sounds of industry are heard. Even the colors, chosen with the greatest skill, fail in their functions to convey the natural tints. What the proud painter would have us to believe a real representation is but a poor pretense, a lifeless outline of the living, throbbing reality.

As are our master artists, so are our greatest masters of literature. Their conceptions may be vivid; aye, their whole lives may overflow with beautiful ideas, but these ideas defy our subtlest snares and cannot be confined.

We, all of us, know how trooping through the brain, throng myriads of living fantasies, to which, even in our most gifted moments, we can give no expression.

What riches then must crowd the minds of those great men, the brilliancy of whose imaginations so enchants us; riches which even the rarest intellects fail to give us, not, as is commonly supposed, from their inability to find fitting terms in which to give utterance to their conceptions, but from the impossibility of confining in fixed forms of language a single living thought.

The beauties of the imagination, then, like the charms of external nature, can only be duly appreciated when revealed directly to our individual minds.

Every man must dispel the gloom of his inevitable ignorance, by fancies of his own construction, and overspread the cold, black walls around him with pictures of his own painting.

And what wondrous pictures decorate this strangest, grandest of all galleries! On those narrow walls are scenes of every clime, and every age, fairer than ever shone beneath the sun, there are heavenly heights of rarest radiance, and dreadful depths whose yawning blackness looms more terrible than death, there are men, whose lives, all filled with purest piety, cast into shadow our most mighty efforts for the right, there are men, who wallowing in deeps of direst wickedness, make the most erring of human creatures to seem virtuous from the comparison, there painted in the strongest light are all things foul and fair, and in such magical perfection, that even the natural objects around us, seem but the dim reflections of our own fancies.

Such is the field of this strange power in its more commonly accepted sense; but in its wider meaning, in the realization of our total ignorance of fact, all natural phenomena are only children of the imagination. It is this which sets forth to us the golden glories of the sunrise, the light of day, and

> "The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens,
> When in a black blue vault she sails along,
> Followed by multitudes of stars, that small,
> And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss,
> Drive as she drives."

The imagination spreads out for us the graceful beauty of the bursting buds, the greening meadows, and all the fragrance and the balm of smiling spring. By it we feel the torrid heat and see the full perfection of many fruits of summer; we feel the gentle pulses of the peaceful autumn, and see the waving woods burst forth in all their wealth of color; and are chilled and saddened by the wintry whiteness which spreads its feathery shroud abroad upon the earth.

We build, by the aid of this magic gift, great schemes of knowledge and satiate our souls with pictures of the prizes we can never reach. We fill all space with myriads of whirling worlds, revolving around ten million, million suns. We dig into the crumbling crust of our poor planet, and from the few and scattered fragments of unknown races of beings, we build up histories, whose vast and awful cycles reaching through unmeasured eternities, defy and mock the puny comprehension of their projectors.

We conquer the fearful forces of nature, we measure the distance from star to star, we "count the sand and the sun's rays,"

and compute the relations of the finite with the infinite and of time with eternity. All these and more, we do, and with such confidence in our great and varied imaginations, that we pursuade ourselves they are the real truth.

By the imagination all the various sounds of nature and of art are our heart's heritage, and minister unto our minds, each in its own peculiar sphere, the "loud resounding sea," the wierd, wild laughter of the roving winds, the rhythmic beat of rain drops, the lowing of the kine, "the cock's shrill clarion," and all the mystic music of our birds of song; the numberless strokes of hammers, the whirring wheels, the hollow roaring of the raging furnace, the mimic thunder of approaching trains, the trumpet's martial blast, and the sweet soul-soothing airs of more melodious instruments.

There is yet another power of the imagination of which I wish to speak. It is that subtle gift, by which we can share the feelings of whatever the mind may chance to dwell upon, by which we may in a certain sense become the very object of our own thought.

It is related of Buckland, the great English naturalist, that, in the pursuit of his studies concerning the habits of the salmon, he would wade into the stream, and there in the splashing water of the fish-ways, imagine himself a fish.

Although half unconsciously, we all make use of this faculty to a greater or less degree. A recent writer has said, speaking of the man of imagination, "He has been victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king, has heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart have fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success. He has lived all lives, and through his blood and brain have crept the shadow and the chill of every death. He knows the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He has felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he has shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he has lain with serpents on the barren rocks, slowly uncoiling in the heat of noon."

But this power extends even beyond the borders of animate nature. We feel the rapture of the sun, shedding his bounties over all the earth, we are his light and heat and the creatures called into being by his influence. We feel the old earth's pride in sustaining her wonderful productions, and the thrill of joy which flashes over every sunlit mountain, and fills the soul of every star reflected in the crystal lake.

With the rough storm-wind, we struggle to uproot the sturdy oak, and with the forest chieftain we can feel our limbs grow stronger in the contest. We leap and flow and eddy with the stream, and with the whispering reeds that line its margin we dip our hands into the shining tide.

We share the awful flight of the fierce lightning, the thunder's crash and roar and lengthened groan, and with the pallid victim we grow still, in the strange sleep of death. We brood and darken with the coming storm, and with the airy after-clouds we float serene, and melt away into the glorious light that floods the evening sky.

Such are the fruits of the imagination, without its aid we are as nothing. With this one power at our command, we fill the illimitable fields of our blind ignorance with every sight and sound, with every joy and grief, with the fond feeling of our own existence, and though our longest lives are but a moment in infinity, yet in that meagre moment, we not only paint great pictures of an unknown past, of an unguessed present, and of a future, the grandeur of whose giant possibilities we may not hope to grasp, but we ourselves of all these marvellous pictures are living parts; and standing face to face with all beings of all times, we

share the courage and the fear, the dread, the doubt, the anxious groping and the steadfast faith of every age.

H. S. ENGLAND.

LITERARY.

THE incongruity of some book reviews is most remarkable. In a late criticism upon "A Hand-Book of Poetics" by Gummere, a work we noticed in these columns a short time ago, the critic says "the work is at the front of modern scholarship," and shortly after "the style is here and there careless and colloquial." How these two things can harmonize in the same work we cannot see. Most critics and reviewers are afraid to give a book unqualified praise even when it deserves it; but they must lead in some adverse remark in order to exhibit their own acumen. If a book is good and worthy, let us praise it, if not, let us condemn it just as heartily. A senseless compound of censure and praise is disgusting.

A second edition of Richter's Inorganic Chemistry, translated by Edgar F. Smith, appeared in February. Prof. Richter's chemistries, organic and inorganic, are so widely known as to make comment almost unnecessary.

The work is almost exhaustive, combining at once theories and facts. This overcomes a great fault in all elementary works upon the subject, in which bare facts are laid down without any apparent cause. At the same time it is not too large to be covered by a student in a reasonable time. If some of the leading topics on a page were printed in heavy face, it would add to the appearance of the book as well as facilitate the learner. The chapter on Atom and Molecule might clear up a good many doubts hanging about the student of chemistry. It is now received as a standard work in England, Russia, Germany, Italy and Holland.

Co-metalism, an eighty page pamphlet by Nicholas Veeder, proposes a cure for all the ills whose source is the ever vexing question of money. One thing certain the country must do something upon the subject, for the general dissatisfaction of nine-tenths of the people must not be overlooked. The writer proposes a composite standard, a new coin, consisting of a silver disc surrounding a gold center. The advantages of such a coin are manifold, and its disadvantages, to our minds, nearly as many. It is lighter than the present silver coins, and combines the advantages of a bimetallic monetary standard, and at the same time balances the fluctuating values of the two metals. Mr. Veeder's system also provides for coin certificates, much in the same manner as silver certificates are in use now. The book is clear and strong, and deserves a careful consideration by all, and although our own personal preference is for a monometallic basis, yet this theory is new and should not be rejected on that account simply.

While considering the money topic we must mention "The History of Bimetallism in the United States," by J. Lawrence Laughlin, Ph. D. Outside of its practical interest it will be an excellent book on the history of silver in the United states. It contains tables of the production of gold and silver since the discovery of America and their relative values for the same time. Dr. Laughlin's work is thorough and complete. It contains just the *information* some of our politicians need in order to upset some of their useless *theories*.

Two more volumes have been added to the series of the stories of the Nations; "The Story of the Greeks," by Jas. A. Harrison, and "The Story of the Jews," by J. K. Hosmer, both valuable books. G. P. Putnam's & Son, $1.50.

The fifth volume, Leslie Stephens' Dictionary of National Biography is out. It runs from Bicheno to Bottisham. These books are pretty slow in succeeding each other, but when the set is complete, we will have an authority that will often be consulted by students and literary men.

LOCALS.

"Hens."

Three raps.

"Philadelphier."

"Here's to George B. Washing-*ton!*"

We regret to see that a spirit is prevalent among the students which is calculated to crush the budding poetic geniuses of the college.—Don't. The thing is harmless.

French B. is said to be the most acute class in the record of Haverford. The Professor expects them to be able to decline *peut-etre*, when called upon. The progress in pronunciation is simply alarming.

"Fweddie" says that the "Watch on the Rhine" is the *international* song of Germany.

A man may teach and a man may scold,
And get "balled" when the fellows play,
But he can't throw a tree to hit a stone,
Because "he ain't built that way."

The Greek Professor tell us that the Greeks called the parts of the eyes now known as "pupils," "girls," (*κόρα*) because those are the images most in people's eyes.

"Esrey" calls hominy a "grainivorous" food, but he hasn't told us yet what kind of grain hominy eats.

Political Economy Prof.: "The banks don't keep their money locked up in vaults, do they? Where do they keep it?" Voice: "In Canada."

To hear the Sophomores sing the *popular* poem of our last issue to the tune of "Beulah Land" is very affecting indeed. The combined effect of words and music is completely irresistible.

Intellectual conversation overhead in dining-room.

"Great world, Stump."

"So it is, Luce."

We hear that "B" in his younger days was called *ἄπους*. How strange!

One of our anti-monopolists gives us the following:—

Why is it people always say,
And people always have their way,
That love comes from the heart?
To save my life, I cannot tell,
Why it would not do just as well
To choose some other part.

Pray tell what difference it makes
To say "For thee my stomach aches,"
"For thee my lungs expand."
You may all think it don't sound right,
Look at it in another light,
And you shall understand.

Both lungs and stomach form a part
Of us, as much as does the heart,
And we should all be fair.
I never anyhow could see
The right side of monopoly,
Let each one have his share.

A bright Soph. defines "cotton-gin," as a liquid used for drinking purposes.

Ellis Yarnall, A. M. of Haverford, (1879,) delivered a very entertaining lecture on th 24th ult. Subject: "Reminiscences, Personal and Historical, 1860–65."

The lecture delivered here by Geo. B. Wood was repeated at Bryn Mawr not long since. Some fellows went, doubtless, to see the picture taken contrary to all the laws of photography.

Student translating: "The King flees." Prof.: "No, past tense, use had." Student: "The King had fleas."—*Ex.*

Prof. in Guizot: "Where was Feudalism most in vogue?" Senior: "In China I think."

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Columbia has electric lights in her Library.

A Chinaman took the prize for English Composition at Yale.

Yale Freshmen are allowed to carry canes on Washington's Birthday.

A College soon to be erected in California has an endowment of $29,000,000.

The preparations for the Greek Play at the University of Pa. will cost at least $3,000.

Trinity is supposed to be the only New England College without a Y. M. C. A.

At Trinity every student must write a hundred-line poem before graduating.

The "Snow-ball Fiend" seems to cause considerable trouble at Princeton in wintry times.

The Yale Freshmen have a debating society, "The Yale House of Commons." It's English, you know.

At Oberlin, the plan of replacing the burnt Ladies' Hall by a "cottage system" seems to find favor.

The Institute of Technology is said to have the largest college class in the country,—its Freshman class.

Attendance at recitations and lectures has been temporarily made optional at Cornell, by way of trial.

It is found that nine-tenths of college students who are not confessed Christians at graduation, *never afterwards become so.*

The University of Kansas is thinking of changing its weekly holiday to Monday, because studies are so poorly prepared for that day.

A "Trophy," consisting of a gold foot-ball marked in black enamel letters with "Champions, 1885," and with the possessor's name and position of play, was presented to each member of the Princeton Foot-ball Team on Washington's Birthday.

The Senior and Junior classes, at Princeton, have made resolutions that they "condemn all forms of insult to incoming classes," and request the Sophomore and Freshman classes to concur with them in this condemnation of hazing.

EXCHANGES.

The *Hobart Herald*, for February 20, contains a "Story" which is quite novel, to say the least. The strange sleep of the hero, together with his narrow escape from disintegration, give a lively interest to the narrative. The meeting of Lysias and Chloe after their long slumber, reminds one somewhat of the similar meeting so beautifully described in the "Light of Asia."

We are sorry to find in the issue of our tasteful friend the *Brunonian*, for February 13, such an article as a "Semi-reminiscence," however, the bad impression conveyed by this production was counteracted to a great degree by the "Indian Camp," a well written essay, and the poem entitled "The Sexton."

It was with some surprise that we received the first number of the *Pacific Pharos*, and learned that this new paper was the result of the consolidation of the *Epoch* and *Hatchet*. The identity of both the parent papers is entirely lost in this, their child, which has sprung up Minerva-like, full armed. We gladly add the *Pacific Pharos* to our exchange list, and wish it a long and prosperous career.

The brilliant array of masterly sarcasm and skill in punning, equaled only by the manliness (?) of its personal attack, which lately appeared in the *Purdue*, in a little attempt to reply to some kindly remarks by us, was as amusing at it was harmless. Of course we are very, very willing to admit, if this will please our irate brother, that our exchange department, of *six years' standing*, is entirely indebted for its existence to his thoughtful criticism of *last December*.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for February contains an excellent essay entitled "Tapestry Weaving."

We quote the following from the *Ariel* of February 10: "The time when we first decide to enter a certain profession in life is certainly a critical moment. To some the choice is not difficult, in hereditary disposition they seem especially adapted to a certain calling, and instinctively feel their adaptation as is shown in their inclination. But with other young men it is the most difficult problem of their youth. It is next to impossible for them, try and weigh as they will, to find out their own tastes and aptitudes. Their tastes in different lines are so nearly equal that they feel they can not differentiate them; they feel that they could equally succeed in more than one profession. In such cases the decision is a real crisis in life. * * * It is too common for persons, having no natural tendency and not knowing with any degree of accuracy for what they are best fitted, by some freak and in unguarded moments, playfully to alight upon some profession and then blindly stick to it. Mere boys and even children do this in our age, so full of spirit and hurry and 'mercantilism.' Parents sometimes decide for their children, making it worse still. Boys must know what they are to be before they are fifteen years of age; before they finish a common school course, in order, if they go to a higher institution that they may be able to take a special course with their profession in view. But what difference if that boy does not make up his mind till he be twenty? By going to school in the meantime he would have secured a broader foundation and greater powers, both of which would be worth more than prospective dollars and cents. If at twenty he can not yet decide, is it not best to wait even till twenty-five, and secure a college education? Learning thereby, and from mingling with men, what he is best fitted for; even the age of thirty is young to enter upon a vigorous life of practical usefulness. Time is not lost if spent to acquire ability. What the after time of duty loses in

length it more than makes up in intensity. It is better to be sure than sorry; better look and feel as we go, than run blindly on and fall headlong into the pit. Were there more consideration in the choice of a state of life, all professions would be exalted and civilization correspondingly advanced. As it is better to live well than live long, so a shorter professional life of strength is preferable to a longer one of weakness."

Our poetical neighbor the *Swarthmore Phœnix*, contains, in the last number, a short history of the various periodicals which have been published from time to time at that institution. Although the pages of the present issue are not occupied with the usual quantity of metrical effusions, yet the standard of the paper is nowise lowered, the two prose essays, "The Rescue of the Vaudois" and the short review of Arnold's great poem, being especially praiseworthy.

It may display something of conservatism on our part to make the assertion, but we are much in sympathy with "Lux" in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* for February, in his efforts to re-establish the old literary society to the place of honor now usurped in great measure by the Greek letter rival. We know it is now the fashion to extol to the skies the Greek letter societies, and to depreciate in a corresponding degree the time-honored organizations for literary improvement; but we know also that our colleges are filled to a great extent with fellows whose highest ambition is to have a "soft snap." The great preference of these students for the new societies to the old, speaks loudly in favor of the latter as to the amount of hard work necessary to be done by members, and consequently, as to the benefit to be derived from membership.

We have received from Bellefonte, Penn., an extra edition of the *Keystone Gazette*, containing a detailed account of the "opening of the new building for instruction in mechanic arts" at the State College.

The *Penn Chronicle* from Oskaloosa, Iowa, has arrived in our sanctum. It is a paper almost exclusively literary in its character, although the "Local" and "Personal" columns are well filled and there are a few editorials. The general tone of the paper, however, is good, except perhaps, a trifle too serious for a college publication. The exchange department is entirely wanting as yet, but this deficiency no doubt is due to the youthfulness of the paper. We have placed the *Chronicle* on our list of exchanges, and hope to make its further acquaintance.

The prize essay, "Songs in the Night," published in the *Oberlin Review* for January 23, is a beautifully written article, one well worth the reading. It is seldom that these poetic thoughts, which we all feel, find such adequate expression.

In every conflict of opinion in which we may be engaged, it is always interesting and valuable to hear the opinions of those not immediately interested. We quote the following from a late issue of the *'Varsity:* "An animated controversy has been going on for some time among Eastern American colleges. It is the old discussion of the new learning asserting its right to equal recognition with the old. The new education is represented by Harvard, the old by Yale and Princeton. On the one hand are arrayed the champions of the ancient classics and mathematics, on the other the advocates of the modern languages and the natural sciences. It seems to us over here in Canada that the participants in these discussions generally lose sight altogether of the great fact that for the acquisition of a true liberal education it does not matter so much what one studies as *how* he studies it. A consideration of equal importance is the mental attitude of the teacher under whom the education is acquired. By liberal education we mean discipline of the will and the intellect. This can be done as well by the new learning as the old. * * * Since, then, the great results of the two kinds of learning are the same, we must admit our preference to the elective system of Harvard, over the compulsory system of Yale. For Harvard gives great room for individual and independent development of the student. But Yale seeks to mould the new generation rigidly in the ideal forms of the past, the implication always being that the past is infinitely better than the present is, or that we can hope the future to be."

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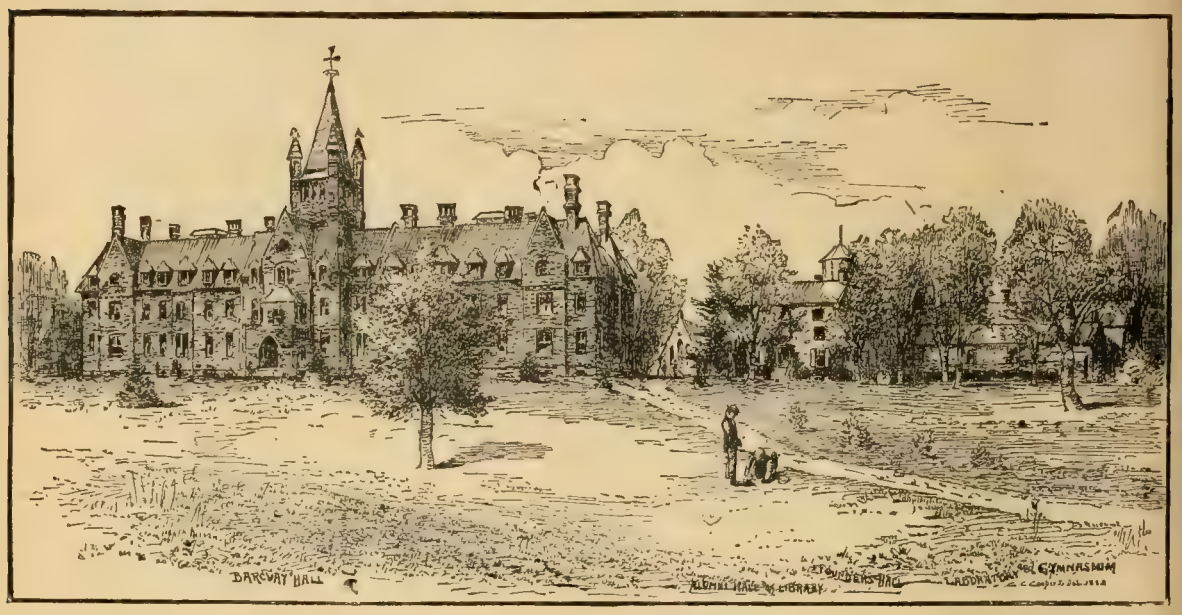

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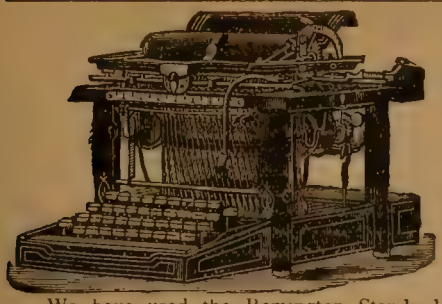

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The Haverfordian

April.

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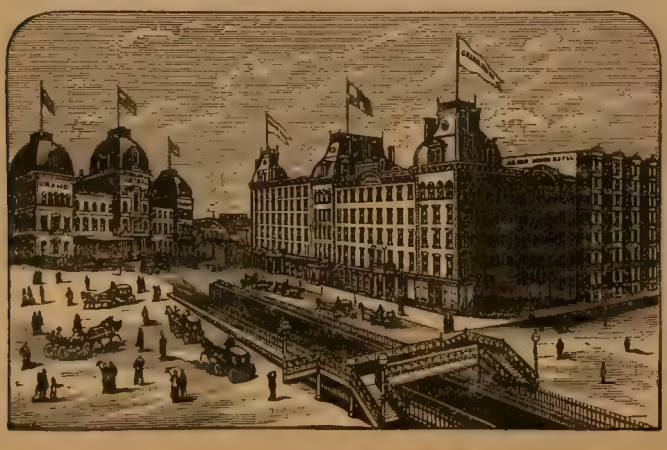

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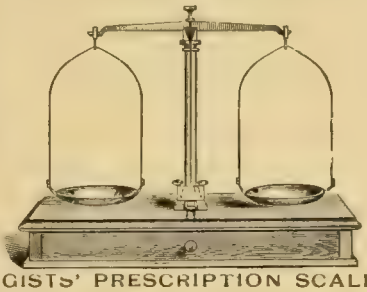

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The Haverfordian.

VOL. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., April, 1886. No. 7.

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Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

IN the time of receiving new sap and new life, there is also to be a change in the management of our college paper, which we hope and have no doubt will bring invigorated and fresh thought to its work. It has been with no little enjoyment, that the present board of editors has watched from time to time the several issues of our college paper that has come forth under their management, and it has been with some anxiety, also, that they have awaited the comments from their fellow-students, and from the various college papers with which we have exchanged. It has given us pleasure to note the friendly and approving manner in which our paper has generally been received, and we look back over our editoral year as one of moderate success in the line in which we have labored. We are glad to recommend our successors to the favor of our little public, and to assure our friends that there is every prospect that the future will excel the past.

With the heartiest good wishes for the HAVERFORDIAN and its incoming editors, we say good-bye to our friends and subscribers.

THE prospects of the Cricket Club for the coming season are very good. The eleven has been practising in the Gymnasium all winter, and for the last month nearly every day on the creases. Haverford is taking more interest in cricket than ever before, and many are working hard to get on the elevens. The college will put out a strong team this year. Some of the names, from whom the first eleven will probably be chosen are as follows: Captain, G. S. Patterson, '88, a first-class all around cricketer and a good slow bowler, sure to get all there is out of the team; C. S. Crossman, post graduate, a sure fielder and brilliant bat; W. F. Price, post graduate, excellent wicket keep and good fielder; W. S. McFarland, '86, a hard hitter and a good medium pace bowler; I. Morris, Jr., '86, playing well and a fast improving batsman; A. C. Garrett, '87, fine fielder at short slip and when set, one of the best bats on the team; W. E. Hacker, '87, a good bat and fields well, especially at the boundary; E. C. Lewis, '87, bats finely and has good defensive powers, can also don the gloves and keep a fair wicket; P. H. Morris, '87, a fine fielder and hits hard to leg; W. W. Stokes, '87, bats in very good style; F. H. Strawbridge, '87, a steady bat; J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88, a fast medium bowler with good work from the off, and a good all round player; F. Collins, Jr., '88, medium pace bowler and a good fielder; H. Firth, '89, a medium pace bowler, fields well, and J.

Schwartz, '89, bowls with a puzzling delivery and handles the willow with skill.

Inter-Collegiate matches to be played between Harvard, University of Pennsylvavia and Haverford are not yet arranged. The match between the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford will not be played on the University Athletic grounds.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Cricketers' Association of the United States will be held April 13th, at 720 Locust street, Philadelphia, Pa. The regular matches for the season will then be made out.

The Cricket Club has received contributions from the gentlemen whose names appear below, and would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the same through the columns of this paper. W. F. Jones, William Hacker, Charles Wood, Friend, Edward Wistar, Charles Smith, James Whitall, G. B. Wood, A. J. Cassatt, Paschal Hacker, Charles Hacker, James C. Parrish, Alden Samson, Nicholas Thouron and Francis Stokes.

It is hoped that all who play cricket will come out and practice at every opportunity. The selections for the elevens will not be made wholly with reference to a player's past record, but will depend on his earnestness and application in practicing. It was found to be impossible to play Harvard on Decoration Day, as that team desired, and up to the present time no date has been decided upon. The match between University of Pennsylvania and Haverford will probably come off on the 5th of June. Considerable interest is taken in base-ball, and the practice matches are well attended. The Base-Ball Club is in flourishing condition, and numbers about thirty members.

THE College Foot-Ball Association has expressed its willingness to join the proposed League with Lafayette, Lehigh and Swarthmore. Communications are to be sent to those places signifying this willingness, and negotiations, it is hoped, will be opened to bring about an organization. The expenses of the league and of travelling to play games, may bear somewhat heavily on such a very small Association as ours, but with a little willingness on the part of the members, we hope not to experience great difficulty in fulfilling engagements.

ON account of a delay which was unavoidable, we could not obtain, in time for the last issue, the address which was delivered on the 22d of February, by the Honorable Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia, and consequently no mention was made of the matter. As was done last year, the Faculty gave us a half-holiday, and an address appropriate of the occasion. Quite a number of the friends of the college gathered to enjoy with us the interesting address which it is our privilege to print entire in the present issue. After listening to the address, we found that quite a number of the students were anxious to have the opportunity to peruse the address, and at our urgent request, Mr. Carson kindly consented to furnish us with the manuscript, and to his kindness we are all indebted.

"Solvitur acris Hiemps grata vice veris et Favoni."

SO exulted our poet at the return of that season, whose genial weather and "etheral mildness" we have to some degree enjoyed, if not in steady course, still in pleasant and quite protracted visits. We have at times been even disposed to call the breezes "balmy," and, if wedded to base-ball or cricket, to practice these sports on the damp turf. All of us, whatever our bent of mind, are glad once more to gain the freedom of the outer air after our tedious hibernation.

The soft, modest down of the pussy willows, resting in their firm brown cups, as they lie on our sanctum table, shows us that the inherent beauty of the graceful

tree, so long pent-up, has at last burst forth in this form. They are the first token we have that there is an awakening in the latent powers of the plant world, and are a welcome harbinger of the many treasures, that the unfailing earth will soon give forth to the light.

Nowhere does spring pass more pleasantly than at Haverford. Situated as we are in one of the richest and most favored regions of the State, and where we can clearly see day by day the gradual unfolding of new beauties and wonders, we are enabled to understand, perhaps better than elsewhere, why spring has been chosen by poets, great and small, of every age and clime, as the subject of their lays. Our lawn slowly puts on its "mantle of living green," the trees one by one show their leaves, and finally all our surroundings are a spacious park, rarely excelled in beauty and natural advantages. Everything that is excellent, everything that is praiseworthy, is harped on more or less, till we grow weary of it. Spring is one of these, but let us forget what others, men too often of mediocre talent, have written about it, and, during the coming months, give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of this delightful season, which is so like our own position in life, and which so faithfully represents our own buoyant, vigorous feelings and aspirations.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COMPARED.

A few weeks at Oxford gives the chance of making some comparison between it and Cambridge. The city of Oxford is far the more attractive. The streets are wider, the shops handsomer, the dwelling houses more elegant, and the surface of the city not so flat; the Isis is not so much like a canal as the Cam, and the College buildings are more numerous and more in view. Oxford, altogether has a more modern look. Yet with all this, Cambridge is to me more of an ideal University town; as the cap and gown are worn more, you fully appreciate the fact, that there, is a large body of students, and, though I have been assured by one who has looked into the matter and says there is hardly any difference between the two. Cambridge gives the impression of more work done. Cambridge is undoubtedly more liberal, and though "the church is very prominent it is not nearly so much so as at Oxford. The windows here are full of high church publications, such as "Progress for the Seven Canonical Hours," "The English Catholic's Manual Devotions for the Stations," "Manual for Confession," etc. The chapel of Keble College with its interior rich in mosiacs, parti-colored bricks and decorations hardly seems like a Protestant place of worship. Oxford certainly gives the impression of having unwillingly thrown open its doors to dissenters. Things may not be so bad; for I hear that it is practically certain that "Divinity" will be struck out of the requirements for admission by being made optional.

The Oxford undergraduate gown is a ridiculous affair, made of black alapaca or bombazine, without sleeves and is very short, hardly as long as a coat. It is no wonder that the men generally carry their gowns under their arms except when required to wear them, as in chapel, lecture or hall. The Cambridge gown, on the contrary, with its flowing sleeves and ample folds is a very becoming dress. Perhaps it is because the writer is growing older, but the undergraduates at both Universities seem very young; some almost boys and looking far too inexperienced to be exposed to the temptations of University life. Idleness is particularly easy, and it seems odd to an American to know that the University only requires six weeks residence in each of the three terms.* It is true that some of

*At Oxford there are nominally four terms, but for residence, Easter and Trinity terms are reckoned as one.

the Colleges are stricter and increase the requirements by two, and some three weeks, but even then the total falls much below American standards. To show that some of the descriptions in Tom Brown are still applicable, I quote from the *Oxford Times* of March 6th, 1886, "*Bankruptcy of a Keble Undergraduate.* The petition was made by Messrs. Foster & Co., Tailors, creditors for £93. * * * Accounts showed debts £604. 12s. 10d., and assets mainly of reversionary interests in property. * * The bankrupt stated that he had entered as a student at Oxford, in 1881, but has not kept all his terms nor had he obtained his degree. His farther paid all his fees and made him an allowance of £50 a year. In addition he owed * * * £183. 6s. 3d., for clothes; £73 for cigars; £70 for shirts, socks, etc. * * He had also incured a debt of £30 at the Mitre Hotel for dinners." Let us hope that such is an unusual case, but incurring debts at shops is too common, and the authorities at both Universities do all in their power to keep the men within bounds; at Cambridge if any tradesman allows an undergraduate to incur debt in one term of over £5 he runs the risk of being "discommuned," *i. e.* all members of the University are forbidden to deal with him; in other words he is "boycotted." In order to cover bad debts the University tradesmen charge high prices, and so unless one knows where to go Oxford and Cambridge are very expensive places in which to live. There are, however, always shops which do not seek College custom, and whose prices are from ten to twenty per cent. lower. Indeed, in England everywhere, it is peculiarly necessary to know the ground well if you wish to be economical, for it is just as easy to spend $4.00 a day as in America, and perhaps a little easier.

To a student, like Cambridge, Oxford presents very great advantages, first there is the Bodleian Library with over 400,000 volumes, and its thousands of priceless manuscripts. In it I have spent many hours studying and examining books that are unobtainable in America. It was very odd after sitting close beside another student there, for a day or two, to meet him elsewhere, and on being introduced to find that he was a fellow-countryman from Northampton, Mass. Next to the Bodleian is the "Comera," where many of the modern books are kept, and where is the reading room proper. Then there is the Taylor Institution with a good library, especially rich in the latest continental works; Museums of Art, Archaeology, Science, etc., etc., in short, one can study almost any subject satisfactorily in Oxford.

I have renewed acquaintance with Professor Freeman, and he has been most kind and courteous. His lectures which are very advanced, are attended by a select few, chiefly scholars such as Vigfusson, Reginald, Lane, Poole, and F. York-Powell. He gives his lectures in the large dining room of the house where he lives, and after the lecture is over, the lecturer and hearers adjourn to the other end of the room and have tea and cake and spend a half hour in pleasant social converse. I have attended other lectures also. One evening I dined in Hall at Oriel College. It was specially interesting to be thus in the same room where Arnold, Keble, Newman, Whately, Bishop Butler, Thomas Hughes and others had lived, and though portaits of Mr. Arnold and of others looked down on us as we eat. The dinner (at six o'clock) was preceded by a Latin grace read by one of the scholars. I was seated at the Provost's right hand, and with him I had a pleasant conversation. The undergraduates were through in about thirty minutes, but the Fellows table staid nearly an hour, after which we adjourned to the "common room" or meeting room of the Fellows; a large room handsomely furnished, with newspapers and magazines on the tables. Here

an hour or an hour and a half is spent socially after dinner, eating dessert, and for those who take it, drinking wine.

Another invitation gave the opportunity of dining in the hall of Christ's Church. This is the largest and finest hall in Oxford; it is 115 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 50 feet high, and was built in 1529. Round the walls are portraits of benefactors and old students; some of the former are Wolsey, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth; of the latter, John Locke, Gladstone, and Liddell; some of the portraits are fine specimens of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Holbiein. The dining hour at this more fashionable college is seven o'clock. The Latin grace was repeated as usual, all standing. The bill of fare did not quite suit one of the Fellows and so he sent for the undergraduate's Menu, which doubtless the readers of the HAVERFORDIAN will like to see. It was soup, salt fish, roast mutton, potatoes, cauliflower, corn starch with canned peaches, cheese. For this two shillings is charged. The menu of the Fellows was soup, boiled cod, mutton chops, roast chicken, boiled and fried potatoes, cauliflower, orange pudding, stilton cheese, and of course, for them the dessert in the "common room." The hour or more spent in this room was very pleasant. An old gentleman who had been at Westminster School fifty years ago gave amusing accounts of school life in those days, and also described several incidents which took place at the coronation of Queen Victoria, which he witnessed. Another very agreeable member of the circle was the author of "Alice in Wonderland," the "Hunting of the Snork," etc. He told some amusing stories.

For England the weather is very cold, though it does not seem so to us; it is however, very chilly, and there are many complaints of the unusually long winter.

ALLEN C. THOMAS.

Oxford 11th, 3d Mo., 1886.

OUR TENDENCY.

"WELL, colleges are places where the boys do nothing but have a good time and spend a lot of money." This definition, accidentally overheard, came, of course, from a non-college man, but it expresses, in a few words, just what a great majority of people think of a college life. Perhaps people who live in towns are not afflicted with this misconception of a higher education to such an extent as are rural people, who make up the great bulk of our population. It was recently we heard a boy discouraged from a collegiate education by his father, the very source from which he should have received the strongest encouragement. So this wide-spread jealousy, for such we believe it to be, has led us to make a little explanation of the purposes of a college life, and, if possible, to remove some misconceived objections.

In the first place, if a college is good for anything, it must prepare men to fill positions in this work-a-day world, and to fill them better than men without a college training. If a college, or academy, or school of any kind does not do this in some way, or to some degree, it had better close its doors and make way for others that will. It is barely possible that such institutions may exist. If there are any such, do all in your power to smash them. If there is a college, or a university, whose highest aim is to fill up the time, and get money from its endowment or patrons, which employs fossilized instructors, which uses books that would bring fabulous sums as relics, and methods calculated to dwarf and cramp the intellect of its students, it is unworthy of this century of progress and ought to be abated along with other nuisances.

The first elements that lie at the foundation of success are knowledge, facts, history, the how, and the why. Most men would

express their ideal college as a place to acquire facts, to get a store of data, out of which at some dim future the student is to elaborate an individuality. So far so good. But were this all our heads would be mere lofts into which all useless things, too valuable to be thrown away, are promiscuously thrown. Of course we want the facts, and we want to keep on acquiring them all our lives, but we want them arranged and classified; and if a college doesn't give a man a new fact in four years, but does classify what he already knows and gives him the faculty of discrimination, it is well worth the pains. We must meet this world of ours at close quarters. We must come face to face with the future, and not like the angels, all head and wings, which a man saw in his dream, continually soaring above it, but never standing or sitting down, because they had not the wherewith.

Again and again the cry is heard against societies, clubs, fraternities, etc., in our colleges. Some of the censure is well founded. A secret society to circumvent the authorities, drink beer, gamble and what not, cannot be condemned too strongly; but the social element in college life is no small feature. The most rigid discipline of the critical powers, or of the memory, which makes the scholar and furnishes the groundwork of an intellectual life leaves untouched some of the richest parts of man's manifold nature. To train up simply one set of faculties, allowing the rest to grow up *anyhow*, is not a scientific education. A training that teaches the uses of the mind, that gives capacity for business, and develops a vigorous and harmonious personality should be and is the result of the many forces in a college life.

If the way to learn how to do a thing is to do it, the way to know men is by getting acquainted with them. This is what the social principle is doing; giving young men insight into the character and motives of companions, and nowhere in life does such close companionship exist as between college-mates. Here the students acquires, self-restraint, self-discipline, the fixing of habits, the resistance of evil and the choosing of the good. This is true culture. We may get knowledge, erudition, facts, ideas, from books; but not culture. It is something more extended than mere learning. It is a necessity that students should unbend and meet their comrades and their comrades' sisters too, possibly. "Experience has shown that the intellectual qualities which insure success in the discovery of truth are rarely combined with the qualities which lend those truths their greatest practical efficiency. The habits of study are not the best dicipline for affairs." The above quotation from a late writer puts in strong language, a truth that it behooves every student to ponder over. To lead a class, is undoubtedly a laudable ambition, but to sacrifice everything for a mere bauble, is open to censure. Whether or not we are to know one thing only, or a little of many things, each one must decide for himself, but this is sure, we must have a certain amount of adaptability which books do not and cannot furnish. To be a good debater, a good orator or essayist, a good conversationalist, a good thinker, and at the same time cultivate an active and vigorous body are things of no small value. Better know a little less Greek, a little less Philosophy than to fail at last in using either.

We once heard a popular lecturer say that he rejoiced that some men were turned out of colleges, because they were too broad to be limited and confined to one fixed line, and that, one which was distasteful to them. A distinguished officer in the late war, noted for gallantry in the field, by brains as well as bravery, said that the very qualities and acts, which had won him professional success, had caused his expulsion from college. But the day of this complaint is past, however just it may once have

been, and prescribed, iron-bound courses of study are matters of history. It is to be regretted that our culture so far has not brought out individuality to the extent it should.

Higher education has been too much of a turning lathe, out of which graduates have come with just the same shape, the same capacity, and the same defects. But time is fast doing its work.

Another great blessing in a college life, or curse if you choose to make it so, is the physical training. We may call the present time the athletic epoch in college history. It has already done much good and will do more. The numerous and oft-repeated advantages of an athletic and vigorous fame, in which and through which the intellectual faculties work, need not be repeated here. Downright hard study has never killed anyone, and never will, who takes a reasonable amount of bodily exercise, be it running, walking, gymnasium work, or the other numerous ways of using the muscles. This truism has been so thoroughly ventilated that almost every college has its gymnasium, many have athletic associations, and all have base-ball and other clubs of various degrees of proficiency. But there is such a fascination about the possession of muscular superiority that there is a danger of too much attention being paid to this alone, and it will be a lamentable triumph, if while attaining the Greek type of physical strength, we lose the Greek type of mental power.

Space forbids any extended mention of the moral and religious results of a collegiate education. In the past this has been the darkest side of the picture, but as the standard of scholarship has steadily advanced, so also have the morals. But sometimes we find outbreaks where we least expect them, and lately, while President Knox, of Lafayette, was down at New York telling a company of people that his was an old-fashioned college, whose students believed in the religion of their fathers, the same night those old-fashioned students were "painting things red" around Easton and College hill. But such things are rare, and the morals of our colleges are steadily advancing. So that now we are far in advance of the English Universities and beyond comparison with the German, in this respect.

Such, then, are some of the most vital influences at work forming the graduate of an American college. We cannot and dare not discard anyone, because of some small defect in it, but by trying to purify it, make it do the part assigned to it in the economy of education. We do not hesitate in admitting that our American University system is not ideally perfect and complete. Its marvellous progress has made it necessarily a sort of mushroom growth. It is the child of our needs, the offspring of the rapid march of civilization in America, and not like the English system, the parent of English civilization and English culture. But the advance of the past decade throws a ray of light into the future and within the next generation, we may see the perfection of a system already one of the best in the world.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS OF REFORM CORRESPONDENCE.

PERSONAL—I DESIRE TO OPEN CORRESPONDENCE with a number of Protestant Ladies, city or country, between 20 and 25, of medium height, weight, dark hair and eyes, good form and features, intelligent, healthy, cheerful, affectionate, true and good. The advertiser is an American, 29: 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140, of good form, features, family, constitution, business, education, manners, disposition and reputation. Object: A pure, pleasant, confidential correspondence and its results. Every reply acknowledged. Address R. D. M., THE PRESS OFFICE, Pa.

Two years ago, this winter, this advertisement appeared in the "personal" column of the "Press." While we were not young ladies, nor possessed in the faintest degree of any of the qualities enumerated, yet we felt a "woman's curiosity" to know what the "results" of such a correspondence would prove to be. Three of us, then Freshmen, determined to reply, in as femi-

nine a style as possible. We expressed "our" letter in the most modest terms; "we" had never done such a thing before: and "we" were fearful about this attempt. We were twenty years of age, tall and as to face—not absolutely ugly. One point afterwards gave us trouble. "We" told our complexion and afterwards forgot whether it was blonde or brunette; in consequence we were compelled to be circumspect on the matter of personal charms. All this was written in bold, angular style on lovely, girlish paper and sent with many a maidenish tremor and misgiving to "R. D. M., Press Office, Pa."

A week past and no response came. We began to fear that our effusion was in vain, that the advertiser suspected our sex and had not fallen into the trap. But in a day or two a thick letter, addressed to "Miss Barbara Marginson, Bryn Mawr," ("our" assumed name and station) reached us. A more pleasant, skilfully written, persuasive letter we had never seen. Every girlish scruple was answered, every point in favor of himself was advanced, and all was done in a breezy, frank style, most captivating to behold. It opened in this way:

"Tuesday Afternoon, Feb. 19th, 1884.

MISS MARGINSON:

Your note was received last Wednesday afternoon, and I employ the present opportunity to acknowledge its receipt.

Ten letters were received. Seven of them were unsatisfactory. Among the remaining three, I rate yours as A. 1.

It is true your note is concise, yet long enough to lead me to believe that you will prove a desirable correspondent. I am pleased to regard your note as a truthful pen picture of yourself, and that you are sincere in declaring that you will open correspondence with me—the writer. I am well aware that a "Woman's Curiosity" might prompt one of the fair sex to reply to such an advertisement. And even if you wrote in jest, I have no censure to bestow.

I may say that I am very fond of letter writing. I happen to be one of the minority among gentlemen who do not indulge in tobacco—so instead of a segar or siesta,—I write a letter. Since coming to the city, I have not formed many gentleman acquaintances, but I regret to find many frequenting cigar stores, billiard and bar-rooms—such places I keep aloof from.

Self-praise is no recommendation. I know that, yet under the present peculiar circumstances I may be pardoned for my apparent egotism."

Then he endeavored to explain and sooth away all our feminine fears in regard to this style of correspondence.

"There are two ways, at least, of commenting upon an advertisement, such as I prepared and published.

One is—'He can't be much or he would never advertise for correspondents.'

The second is—'He must think himself somebody—else he would be content with correspondents secured *en regle*.'

To make a long story short, I am a stranger in the city, and I sincerely desire to open correspondence with young ladies. I am perfectly aware that such advertisements offend Dame Grundy, but I incline to the opinion that if the principals are satisfied, Mrs. G—— has no business to interfere. I am not surprised that a young lady should hesitate to write in reply to such an advertisement, but in this world it is necessary to have abundance of 'Trust.' The absence of this would undermine family, social, business life. Who is it that says:—

'Better trust *all* and be deceived,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's heart with true believing.'

The longer I mingle with Society, the less consequence I attach to the formula of introduction. How often persons are presented whose moral status is below par, and I believe that before you finish this letter, you will have been enabled to take my mental, moral and social measure."

Then considering the nature of the case, that "our" letter was composed and written entirely by college students, the following sentiment sounds pretty rich. It shows what an active imagination will do for its owner.

"There is something indefinable about your missive, which induces me to say—that if you were willing to take me 'on trial' as a correspondent, I could trust you, and would find you, good and true.

If I became your correspondent I should write freely, frankly, and fully. And one advantage of a correspondence such as I wish to open is—either party possesses a carte-blanche to ask questions. Now had we met and been introduced right away, a limitation would be placed upon queries. For instance, you would think me either verdant or rude to ask your age, or any of the many questions, one may freely ask under cover of Independent or Reform Correspondence. Another agreeable feature is, either party can stop upon notice to the other.

I do hope this will impress you favorably and that you will consent to write to me again.

Should you deem it better not to do so, then your duty is to refrain, for the path of duty is the path of safety. Au revoir if you write. If not, then a long and a last good-bye. From one who would like to be your friend, L. BERNARD,

12th, above Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This letter exceeded our wildest hopes. We expected to make an impression, but to be first of all was success, almost head-turning. Evidently we had a great "crush" and we proceeded with the greatest care and deliberation to pen a suitable response. It was quite two weeks before the task was done; in consequence it was necessary to give some reason for the delay. Fortunately "our" sister had been very ill, and was, in fact, in quite a precarious condition. This will explain the references in his next letter. We mailed ours on Wednesday and on Thursday evening we were favored with a closely written, twenty-page letter. He started this way this time:

March 8th, 1884.

DEAR MISS MARGINSON:

Honesty demands that I confess having about decided that you would not write me again. I began to think that your initial note was not bona-fide, or else I had failed to impress you favorably.

I was consciously sorry to be compelled to think so, as your note had pleased me so much, although so concise. And your favor at hand this morning is as pleasing as its predecessor.

I regret to learn of the illness in your household, but rejoice that your sister is better. You replying at all in the midst of family affliction, I cannot but esteem an unmerited compliment.

Yet I am glad you did so, for your writing to me and I to you, may tend to relieve the tension of mind caused by serious illness of one you must love. I am sure I have a brother's love for my sister. Some months ago, she was prostrated with illness; I remember how anxious I felt; I believe I was even more anxious than her husband. This was not due to greater love, but to different temperaments.

As I glance at your letter of to-day, it seems to me more like one from an old congenial friend, than otherwise. Yet, I've never, to my knowledge, seen the hand that wrote nor the head that composed these lines.

Neither have I heard the step nor voice of the maiden fair, whose autograph closes the letter.

The receipt of your missive to-day has a tendency to incite a "Morning Reverie" upon "Unconscious Influence." The Good Book declares that no man liveth to himself. We may play "Solitaire," but I am dubious about living it. The life of a Recluse is not without results. Such an existence is at variance with my whole being."

He proceeds now to lay bare for the amusement of three college boys, his ideas and aims. What a waste of sweetness on the desert air!

"My penchant is strong for the activities of public life. I aspire to be a leader among men; in the front ranks of those who seek the weal of human kind. I don't remember if I told you, but even so, 'twill not weary you to repeat it, I am a believer in the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

Men like Ingersoll and his motley followers, I have but little respect for. I regard them the worst foes of their race, their teachings wild and blasphemous.

Both my parents were Christains and I was trained and reared in the tenets of the Christain faith. The church of my choice is the Episcopal; but I am not sectarian—that is, I often attend others to which friends and relations go or belong.

I am confident you will pardon so much personal allusion; I have only been writing freely to one who is a decade my Junior. In saying this, do not understand me to claim any superiority, for if your 'sensitive regards for the proprieties of social life' will allow you to continue writing, I shall find you undoubtedly to be a foeman or woman, worthy of my steel (pen).

I admire the respect you show for social usages, and I would be the *last* of men to wish you to do anything that would detract in the least from your modesty, or blunt your sense of wrong. For me to wish otherwise, would go counter to my favorite lines:—

'Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind words are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

I am perfectly willing that you write having

'All Rights Reserved.'

Could anything be more fair?

Again he advances more arguments, all unconscious that in merely writing to "us," he is unwittingly proving the weakness of his "independent system of correspondence."

"I have no controversy with those who discount such advertisements; but the world moves and customs change.

Why, there was a time when it was vulgar to use or even exhibit a handkerchief in public. Queen Josephine, 'tis said, made the use *en regle*, she using a handkerchief

to conceal unsightly teeth when she laughed. In Johnson's day, it was customary for the gentleman guests to kiss the fair hostess. In Paris, no single lady appears in public unattended.

Some one may urge this objection. Unworthy persons may adopt it. True, but is not that the case with many who seek to be presented according to social order? How many men seek and secure introductions to ladies, who are refined in appearance but rogues at heart.

A formal introduction serves for nothing, save that it satisfies the claims of 'society.' It's the regular way."

Now he puts the *chef d'œvre* of the whole argument, the most winning point of all, which confesses his system all wrong, simply because it is *considered* so.

"While I have much to say in favor of the new way, I confess that the force of habit would move me to substitute the ordinary method, if the way opened.

Now it is just possible that you and I have a mutual friend, and were we to continue writing, we may discover the fact, and if agreeable, a formal introduction could take place. But at any rate, as long as we exchange letters, I shall consider our correspondence strictly *entre-nous*.

You may trust me. I am willing to defer to your wishes in regard to your letters, either destroy them after reading or retain them to be returned at your request.

It amuses me somewhat when I think of my willingness to cater to *your* wishes. I a man of 30, and you a miss of 20.

You ask me if Mr. B is my right name. If you were to address me by any other, I should say, 'excuse me, but you have mistaken the person.' You are the only one of the fourteen to whom I gave my right name. I felt in your case that even if you never wrote again, that your sense of honor would protect me from any injustice.

Please favor me with an early reply. Rise above ceremony, it will relieve your mind maybe to write.

Yours very sincerely,

L. BERNARD."

Matters were getting serious now. The one of the triumvirate who did angular penmanship began to weaken at the prospect of a steady correspondence. He wrote with great difficulty, taking frequently three-quarters of an hour to a page. We found that our "assumed" name belonged to a real young lady, a friend of the young man who proposed it; besides our consciences began to prick us. And suppose he found it out,—he might make it warm for us. Visions of the penalties of the crime of using the mails under a false name rose up before us.

In consequence, we did not reply. In a week, a letter came containing merely a card saying:

Tuesday.

MISS MARGINSON:

I had hoped that a few lines from you would have reached me to-day. Sincerely,

L. BERNARD.

This was the last and as much as we have wondered, we never endeavored to meet this brilliant exponent of the "Irregular System of Independent Correspondence."

A RECENT POET.

IN our country recent poets of high standing are not too numerous. But there is one, not sufficiently known, who ranks high, and who it seems would have ranked much higher but for a few vital obstacles. This is Sidney Lanier, arising from the south, whence too little literary greatness has come, who died at the age of 38, his pen having left some strong traces.

But genius, unless cramped otherwise, is not concealed by youth. The mark of greatness is usually made very early, and premature death has not robbed the world as much as is often thought; it has prevented the staid, strong flights of middle manhood; yet poets lost young, have left the choicest distillation of their lives, drained while their eager youth lent its most burning impetuosity.

But there are other hindrances than death. Lanier was passionately devoted to music in early youth; as youth ripened, the blackness of our bitter war came, and must have how darkly shut out his light;—he served, a private, in the Confederate Army: and when the war was gone, he found himself in the clutches of the surest disease, and struggled with ever-increasing weakness until his death. What poet has had more hindrances? First devoted to another art,—then marching away to have all the gentle earnestness of a poetic heart violated by scenes of blood, hatred and outrage; finally a languid consumptive.

How should these circumstances affect his productions? Music would give a fine ear, and perfect rhythmic effects, and, perhaps a soaring ecstatic frenzy, as we may imagine the masters of music to experience at times, borne away by the wonderful climax of their harmony. Except that written words alone can hardly express a frenzy, we find exactly these characteristics in his poetry. Then a soldier's hardening life must have dulled his sensibilities, and we find little of that deepest feeling by which the poets now more favorite often affect us so keenly;—no words that startle the reader to sudden earnestness, and sorrow not his own, as these, now too familiar;—

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Occasionally we read lines by Lanier which may have been penned when tears were in his eyes;—

* * * * * *

"Ah, now thy face grows dim apace,
And seems of yon white foam a part.
Canst hear me through the water bass
Cry: 'To the Shore, Sweetheart?'

"Now Christ thee sooth upon the Shore,
My lissome-armed sea-Britomart.
I sweep out seaward, never more
To find the Shore, Sweetheart."

But why should a soldier have such moods? And generally such truest poetry is replaced by either great active thoughts, or by an obscure allegorical way of impersonating things, a way often striking in its analogies, but oftener, if sustained, bewildering. This over-drawn manner seems characteristic of Lanier, and it is hard to say if it be extremely wandering fancy or some artificial passion for finding analogies. Observe the unwonted imagery of such lines as these;—

"Sweet Sometime, fly fast to me:
Poor Now-time sits in the lonesome-tree
And broods as gray as any dove,
And calls, 'When wilt thou come, O Love?'
And pleads across the waste to thee."

And how very strange is this;—

"Once on a time a soul
Too full of his dole
In a querulous dream went crying from pole to pole—
Went sobbing and crying
Forever a sorrowful song of living and dying,
How 'life was the dropping and death the drying
Of a tear that fell in a day when God was sighing.'"

But sometimes this tendency amounts to startling imagination, as in the "Centennial Cantata,—the Meditation of Columbia."

"Winter cries, 'Ye freeze, away!'
Hunger cries, 'Ye burn, away!'
Vengeance cries, 'Your graves shall stay!'
* * * * * *
Error, Terror, Rage and Crime
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea
'No! thou shalt not be!'"

And then, the allegorical tempered down, returns to strong imagination, as in the vivid and pathetic picture of Lexington;—

"The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall;
The homespun's anxious voices call,
'Brother art hurt?' and 'Where hit, John?'
And 'Wipe this blood,' and 'Men, come on,'
And 'Neighbor, do but lift my head,'
And 'Who is wounded? Who is dead?'
'Seven are killed. My God! My God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod.'
'Nay, look! Stout Harrington not yet dead!'
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.
He lies at the step of his own house-door;
He crawls and makes a path of gore.
The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;
He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;
He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,
But his head hath dropped; he will crawl no more.
Clasp, wife, and kiss, and lift the head;
Harrington lies at his door-step, dead."

And we find this masterly touch of imagination;—

"The palms
That *crowd* and *lean* and *gaze* from off the shore
Ever for one that cometh nevermore."

Though in these latter examples the fancy becomes true poetic imagination and pathos, too often we find it as what seems a trivial conceit, if it is not positively obscure.

But the good strong thought abounds in most of his productions, often hidden and hedged with wearying obscurity, but still there, in

its excellence, making compensation for other wants. Here is the very spirit of strong, manly fear :—

"Thou Ship of Earth, with Death and Birth and Life and Sex aboard,
And fires of desires burning hotly in the hold,
I fear thee, O! I fear thee, for I hear the tongue and sword
At battle on the deck, and the wild mutineers are bold!

The dewdrop morn may fall from off the petal of the sky,
But all the deck is wet with blood, and stains the crystal red,
A pilot, God, a pilot! for the helm is left awry,
And the best sailors in the ship lie there among the dead!"

In "Acknowledgement" he feels the weakness and meanness of the age ;—

"Yea if the Christ, called thine, now paced yon street
Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell."

Yet still, he continues, this evil time has its use in the entirety of history,

"Thus, if this age but as a comma show
'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,
My calmer soul scorns not the mark ; I know
This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears."

And finally the consoling conclusion ;—

"Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth! still Love's in sight."

The poem "A Florida Sunday" is particularly rich in high thought, and seems pervaded with the very spirit of calmness and quiet meditation which one would expect along the sandy shores of Florida with their fringes of palmettos, on the Day of Rest. It begins;—

"From cold Norse caves and buccaneer Southern seas
Oft come repenting tempest here to die ;
Bewailing old-time wrecks and robberies
They shrive to priestly pines with many a sigh,
* * * * * and soon,--this world outworn
Sink into saintly heavens of stirless air,
Clean from confessional."—

Then follows a beautiful description of all the intricacies of the landscape,—birds, trees, plants, shore, sea and sky, until the poet feels, in complete extensive sympathy,—

"All riches, goods and braveries never told
Of earth, sun, air and heaven—now I hold
Your being in my being; I am ye,
And ye myself; yea, lastly, thee,
God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run
My Father, Friend, Beloved, dear All-One,
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee, I feel,
Self of myself."

Lanier's musical tendencies show themselves very beautifully in "The Song of the Chattahoochee :"—

"All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, 'Abide, abide,'
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said 'stay,'
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, 'Abide, abide,'
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

And we find an arrangement of words intended to create musical sounds in others of his later poems. In one of this kind, which was written just before his death, we may fancy that the long disease had blighted some of his power, for there is something of wordiness in parts of it, as if his thoughts and control had been carried away in the delight of weaving intricate phrases and in extreme abandonment to the enjoyment of the scene described. This poem is the "Sunrise."

"I fear me, I fear me, yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,--
You dome of too tenuous tissues of space and of night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream."

In these lines we find repetition of sound and alliteration apparently intentional. In the following, from the same poem, there is an over-excitement.

"And lo in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East in unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush ; 'tis dead ; 'tis alive ; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it : nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn ;
Have a care sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn."

The poet could hardly have expected the mass of dull people to enter into sympathy with his individual delight over a sunrise. But poetry brings enjoyment just as it creates sympathy between the author's and the hearer's

feelings, and as it reminds the latter by its excellent expressiveness, of pleasure or sorrow that he has himself experienced.

Lanier's greatest strength and beauty seems to be in short poems, and his longer efforts have somewhat an appearance of being disjointed into smaller pieces. "The Ship of Earth," before quoted, is a good example of short poem. And in re-reading and considering well the little "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," the great beauty of its thought and feeling increasingly impresses us.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with love and shame.
When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew him last
When out of the woods He came."

In another, without the feeling, but with a cheeriness, he confronts his fate, sportively calling death his "Stirrup-cup," filled with wine compounded of the deaths of the great of antiquity;—

"Then, time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

The strength of his epithets in some places s striking and lends concise vigor to the short poems. America is,

"Land of the willful Gospel."

Note here the beauty and strength of two epithets,

"Day the stately,
Sunken lately
Into the violet sea,"—

"Night the holy,
Sailing slowly
Over the violet sea,"—

Again in the "Marsh Song" we find extreme vigor, scorning beauty, in such words as these;—

"Over the monstrous shambling sea,
Over the Caliban sea."—

"Over the humped and fishy sea,
Over the Caliban sea."—

"Over the huge and huddling sea,
Over the Caliban sea."—

The first of these lines seems wonderfully expressive of the uncertain ponderous shifting of great mid-ocean waves.

Lanier often shows also a vigorous antithetical compression of language:—

"When life's all love, 'tis life; aught else, 'tis naught."

"Oh age, that half believ'st thou half deliev'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt—"

And where lonely Columbus—

"Heartens his heart, as friend befriends his friend less brave."

So that we see in his poetry the minor technicalities of the art,—perfect rhythm and music, vigorous epithets, a close compression of style; to which is added the genius of thought proceeding from a mind at once noble and strong, but too little earnest heart-feeling. His mind seems to have triumphed over his sensibilities, and hence the figurative tendency. Notably, his poems treat little of people, but are removed from men, more exclusively to Nature, of the Southern phases of which he was the very apostle,—and to high, abstract thoughts. It is to be regretted that he did not attempt more of what has been called "dramatic or objective poetry," in which the writer rises above himself, to represent the thoughts and emotions of people of his own creation; for in the few places where Lanier does this, he appears to great advantage, as in the "Dialect Poems," but mainly in the vivid ballad, "The Revenge of Hamish," and in a portion of the "Psalm of the West"—the soliloquy of Columbus, describing the doubts and mutinies on board the little vessel seeking a Western world, which is treated naturally and with true human interest.

As a result of the abstract mode of thought, some of his longer poems seem loosely composed, and ramble on apparently devoid of definite purpose or plot.

But the "Centennial Cantata," so severely criticised, when imagined in connection with the grand music it was meant to attend, can only appear as a noble hymn. It is divided into parts of entirely differing character, where the voices of different players, as it were, seem now to drop, now to burst in,—first in slow-moving solemnity, then in swift vividness,—now mounting in praise. Where is there room for ridicule in these words?—

"Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within 'Farewell dear England,' sighing,
Winds without 'But dear in vain," replying,
Gray-lipped waves about thee shouted, crying
'No! It shall not be.'"

Or in the part where Angel's voice answers,—

"Long as Thine Art shall love true love,
Long as Thy Science truth shall know,
Long as Thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as Thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as Thy God is God above
Thy brother every man below,—
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, Thy fame shall glow!"

Of somewhat the same character is the beautiful "Psalm of the West,"—a series of varying songs bound together in one great song,—a true song of our own good land. It opens somewhat obscurely, as the beginnings of the Western World are most obscure; then it tells of the Norsemen and all the romance of the early discoverers; and on through the land's story, touching brightly and vividly here and there a striking scene, while in the intervals of less eventful years, come choral interludes of reverent invocation,—

"Master, Master, faster fly
Now they hurrying seasons by;"

down to the time when the tourney in the list of Heart and Brain,—the South against the North,—nears the end of the "Psalm," again veiled in obscurity as of the uncertain Future.

Surely this poet must have his high place in that Future;

"While like as grim-beaked pelican's level file
Across the sunset to their nighty isle,
On solemn wings that wave but seldomwhile,
So leanly sails the Day behind the Day
To where the Past's lone Rock o'erglooms the spray,
And down its mortal fissures sinks away."

ORATION.

It would be idle for me to attempt to add another to the many well considered eulogies upon the character of Washington, but I hope that it will not be thought inappropriate to this occasion to ask you to pursue a line of thought, which, though not exclusively connected with his name, is yet closely associated with his work.

The cause which the sword of Washington defended, and that which his great civic talents and virtues illustrated and adorned, was that of popular government, and in estimating what we owe to him, it cannot be amiss to inquire into the general history and value of the principles which he did so much to preserve, and, in doing this, to assign to its proper place the Age of Washington.

This inquiry will lead us into a broad field, for no man, however great, stands wholly unrelated to the great men who have preceded him. He is largely indebted to their minds for what he is, and but carries forward and completes their work, adding much that is his own, and, dying, bequeaths the increased sum to humanity. Thus does the world grow richer in moral and intellectual wealth. Each man is in himself but the product of influences whose sources, it may be, are remote. The problem of analysis is intricate, and much time is required for the evolution of final results. A truly great man cannot be fashioned in a day. A Washington was not a possibility in the era of the Crusades, not even a probability in the reign of Elizabeth, while the world waited more than six thousand years for the pen of Thomas Jefferson. Great men are but representative of their epochs, and it is the gift of their genius to seize upon the thoughts uppermost in the minds of those about them, and speak them in a single phrase, or make them incarnate in acts.

No age, however productive of apparently sudden and strange results, stands unrelated to the ages that preceded or followed it, and whether the centuries be of silk or iron, of ease and sloth, of blood and violence, or of law and order, their characteristic phenomena can only be explained by a careful analysis of all that has gone before. Truly, also, there is in the moral, political, or philosophical world a correlation of force. The manifestations may be various and confusing, but are capable of being reduced to system explicable by law. The present is the child of the past; the future will be the off-spring of the present. In this sense that great movement, known in history as the American Revolution, forms but a single chapter in the volume of human fate; to comprehend it we must study with care the Revolutions of Holland and England, and trace to their fountains the liberties of both countries. We cannot begin with the pages of Bancroft; we are not yet ready to understand them. We must call to our aid poetry and philosophy as well as history. We may even turn to Plato's Republic and Cicero's Offices, as well as to the writings of Tacitus and the Saxon Chronicle. Nay, we should go even back of these, and in the books of Holy Writ and in the hoary system of Hindu law—the Institutes of Menu—study man as he was in the dim age of fable, and closely scan all the complex phenomena of society. We may read with profit Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies and Maine's Ancient Law; we can take up in turn Plutarch, and Grote, and Niebuhr, and follow Gibbon over the vast stretch of a thousand years. We can illuminate our path by Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, Schlegel's Philosophy of History, Lecky's Histories of European Morals and Rationalism in Europe, and White's Eighteen Christian Centuries. We may pause to consider Lea's Superstition and Force, and Hallam's Middle Ages. We should pay profound attention to the rise and progress of Christianity, to Ranke's History of the Popes, Michaud's History of the Crusades, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Roscoe's Leo X., and Browning's History of the Huguenots. Having diligently pursued a course of reading, which I have rudely sketched in outline, and having become familiar with the general features of the great struggles for free thought, free worship, and free government, and having thus acquired breadth of view, steadiness of vision, speculative power and mastery of details, we may then embark upon a special study of the English nation, and follow the shining track of liberty from the days of Hengist, through all those splendid volumes, from Hume and Smollett to Macaulay and Green, which have so enriched our tongue, marking at the same time the course of contemporaneous events upon the Continent, as narrated by Sismondi, Guizot, Robertson, Prescott and Motley, marshalling the facts in solid columns and moving them forward in support of the main line of thought; enlarging the understanding by a diligent perusal of Sidney and Locke; warming the heart and kindling the imagination by the rapture of England's poets, her orators and statesmen; seeking instruction in the decrees of justice by a study of her statutes, her judicial decisions and her volumes of sacred law; imprinting upon the memory those thrilling and pathetic passages in the State Trials which record the suffering and endurance of the Quaker and the Puritan; until possessed of a thorough knowledge of all the motives that sway men in society, all the main springs of human action, all the theories of the philosopher, all the dreams of inspired enthusiasm, all the unsatisfied longings of the heart, all the chartered liberties of men, we arrive in the full noon day light at the despotism of George III., and the heroic resistance of Washington. Then can we take up our Ramsay, Bancroft, Hildreth,

Lossing, McMasters and Von Holst—for all the facts that we have previously read are but "as happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme:"—and fairly comprehend the true significance of the American Revolution. Then can we sound the meaning of Lieber's phrase "Liberty and Self Government." Then can we realize the value of the rights which we now enjoy, and hate, as we ought to hate, all forms of tyranny and cruelty, persecution and corruption, war and wrong. Then can we rise to the full height of the "great Argument," and glow with the intensest heat of impassioned patriotism.

Let us cast a hasty glance at some of the influences, which combined to produce that state of feeling which culminated in the great struggle of 1776, and in the establishment of our Constitutional Republic.

Let us consider the facts from such a stand point as to enable us to realize the extent and value of the principles of freedom imbedded in the English Constitution, the benefits of which were claimed by the American Colonies. The chief characteristic of English speaking men, and that which is the secret of their present moral, political, and intellectual independence, is their appreciation of the dignity of human nature, and of the rights that belong to free men. These they believed in from the earliest times, and these they derived from their German ancestors. The Teutons were a hardy, energetic and fearless people, flesh-eaters, warlike, and addicted to strong drink, but of noble dispositions, earnest and faithful, holding their women in high esteem, electing their chief on account of his valor, and determining matters of public importance by the suffrages of all. Severe in manners, with grand ideas of duty, they lived alone, or even when in villages in detached cottages, for they loved independence and free air. In their own huts, or on their own lands, they were their own masters, and if the chief received anything from them, it was because they freely gave it, not because he forcibly took it. Their nerves never trembled, and they never shrank from wounds or death.

The principles of Teutonic government spreading through the dense woods and along the shores of the German ocean and the Baltic Sea were transplanted into England, and there took deepest root and soonest attained maturity. The history of the Saxon Heptarchy, it is true, is like a history of "Kites and Crows;" they slew the Britons or reduced them to slavery, fought the remnant of Welsh and Irish and Picts, massacred one another, were hewn down and cut to pieces by the Danes, and finally fell a prey to the Normans; but in spite of adversity and defeat they retained the virtues and principles of their sires. These, even beneath the weight of Norman tyranny and repression, forced their way, and expanded into the noble maxims that "every man's house is his castle," and that "no free man can be imprisoned, or deprived of life, liberty, or property, save by the judgment of his peers, and the law of the land,"—maxims that are the "elixir and storehouse of English freedom." In frank pledges and trial by jury, in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus, and the Privileges of Parliament, we note the sturdy growth of liberty into fit relations to law. The first marked development of Constitutional freedom was undoubtedly coeval with the signing of Magna Charta, which was wrung by the prelates and barons from a savage tyrant and pusillanimous king. It was not the creation of new privileges, but a formal recognition of rights which had long existed, but which had been coolly trampled upon. The language of the Great Charter was broad and comprehensive and justified the eulogium of Chatham, who bestowed warm praise upon the bold men who had secured it. It was not confined to the great barons or to the great prelates, but extended in its

terms to the most insignificant man who was not attached to the soil by the condition of villeinage. *Nullus liber homo* was the simple Latin of the day, uncouth to the ears of scholars, but sweetest music to the humblest man. The English had always been a liberty loving people, cherishing the traditions and customs of their Saxon fathers, and blindly but reverentially connecting them all with the name of their ideal of excellence, Alfred, the Great. They were domestic and patriotic, attached to their own firesides and to all the associations that cluster about home. They were outspoken in the assertion of their rights, and fearless in the defence of them. They were patient, industrious, sober and painstaking, of indomitable perseverance, never to be diverted from their purpose. Their qualities were irrepressible, and rose with the elasticity of a spring beneath the weight of feudalism. They grew in power from age to age; they caught the inspiration of the Barons' victory over John upon the grassy lawns of Runnymede, and in their turn asserted that the protecting clauses of the Great Charter were meant for the meanest of themselves. They believed in trial by Jury, in fair play, in liberty according to law. The grand truths of Christianity sank deeply into their hearts and softened and inspired them; they detested slavery and all forms of cruelty and wrong. They listened to the strains of Chaucer's ridicule of priest and sheriff, and hailed them as the harbingers of better days. They were good-humored and hospitable, and as they ate their cakes and drank their ale by the fireside of the village inn, and grew warm with the generous glow of social good-fellowship, they were insensibly cultivating those faculties of the head and heart which gradually welded the interests of the people into one.

During the long intervals of repose that lay between the civil wars, these qualities of the people were fast developing. But even while war was raging there were many quiet spots untrodden by the hoofs of cavalry, unvexed by the shouts of armed men. The straw-thatched cottage where the blue smoke curled above the elms, the humble home of industry and worth, the bursting barn where swallows twittered, the corn-fields hedged with thickets white with blossoms, the hill sides covered with grazing kine, the sunny slopes where fair haired children shouted in their play with voices clear as the carol of the lark, the village spire, the blacksmith shop, the town pump where the gossips gathered, the graveyard shaded by the yew, the long avenues of oaks ringing with the blows of the woodsmen's axe, the Harvest Home, the rustic games, the Cotter's Saturday Night—all these were features of that joyous life, that robust and vigorous, that earnest and serious, purpose which endeared the very soil to those who dwelt in "Merrie England."

The years rolled by; sons reared amid such quiet scenes had gone abroad in foreign wars; they had come in contact with new and undreamed-of civilizations. The Crusades had made of Europe one vast bazaar, where Eastern and We sternknowledge bartered with each other. The knights who had escaped the scimetars of Saladin or the perils of the desert, returned in battered harness with new and broader views of life; they had trodden the sacred soil of Palestine, and slaked their thirst at the fountains of Greece; they had mused among the broken columns of the Forum; they had traversed the weary wastes of the Black Forest or languished in Austrian jails, and from their very souls abhored the hateful features of tyranny, and when, at last, they reached their native shores, they loved beyond all earthly blessings God's priceless gift of liberty. These were the men who plucked the British tyrant by the beard, and snatched from his grasp the rights of free men. The science of Arabia

and the Philosophy of Egypt penetrated England from a thousand channels, and like the brilliant stuffs from the looms of the Orient added fresh tints to the sombre hues of English life.

The forgotten learning of the ancient world revived; the light streamed forth from the cloistered cells of Monks and Friars irradiating the darkness which had wrapped the world in gloom; venerable Oxford "spread her gardens to the moonlight, and whispered from her towers the enchantments of the Middle Ages;" Wickliffe and Ball announced new doctrines, and placed the English Bible within the reach of all; men grew bold in denying the infallibility of Popes and the divinity of Kings. Printing was invented and scattered abroad the works of poets and philosophers. The discovery of the new world awakened a spirit of maritime enterprise and daring unknown before, quickening the pulses of a sleeping power, and claiming the persons, while it enthralled the fancies, of the noblest spirits about the throne of Elizabeth; Raleigh led forth his colonists to Carolina, while Frobisher and Drake braved the terrors of the frozen sea. The genius of Shakespeare and the profundities of Bacon laid bare the secrets of human passion and the arcana of the universe; the depth, power, strength, beauty and richness of English speech were illustrated by an hundred poets from Spenser and Ben Jonson to Drayton and Davenant. More dreamed of an Utopia. Hobbes composed the Leviathan. Harrington published his Oceana. Locke, Sidney, and Penn opened the true sources of civil government; while Milton wrote his Essay upon Unlicensed Printing. John Hampden resisted the illegal exactions of the crown, and finally the King was tried and died upon the scaffold. The Feudal system, with its tenures, grievances and exactions, its aids, subsidies and ransoms, fell into a heap of ruins like a Norman castle—the physical embodiment of dead tyranny in stone. Fox and Penn imprisoned the mild radiance of the "Inner Light," and pointed out the way to a purer and a holier manhood than men had yet known. Then came the Revolution. James II. had abdicated. The Bill of Rights was proclaimed; the Protestant succession was established, and the second stage in the development of Constitutional freedom had been reached.

But there was a dark side to the picture. The contrast between the theory and the practice of the law is one of the strangest and saddest of phenomena in English history. The maxims of British law breathed defiance to tyranny, and when enforced securely guarded life and limb, but it is singular to note how few were the safeguards thrown about a criminal on trial, and how slight was the value set by our ancestors upon human life. In almost every case where a man stood charged with crime, death stared him in the face, and upon trial for High Treason, the axe of the Executioner was laid beside him as a dreadful reminder of his well-nigh inevitable fate. The prosecutions were conducted by able, experienced, and sometimes bloodthirsty Attorneys General, who were eager to command the applause of the King, who had elevated them to office, by the wholesale extinction of those who, by legal fiction, were deemed to be his enemies. The judges, dependent upon the caprice of an arbitrary monarch, and unwilling to forfeit his favor, too often threw the weight of their position into the scale against the accused. Juries were bullied and brow-beaten into verdicts of guilty, or, upon their refusal to convict, were imprisoned, starved, fined, or attainted for their contumacy. The necessity for a spirited defence by eloquent and fearless advocates, in order to secure a fair trial, seems to us undeniable, but yet the common law, which has been so highly praised for its humanity and wisdom, denied the right to counsel in the very cases where

they were most needed, and abandoned prisoners—ignorant of law, poor and friendless, feeble in body and mind, unaccustomed to public assemblies, dragged to trial almost immediately after their arrest and arraignment, without copies of the indictment, without knowing by whom they were to be confronted, or by whom they were to be tried, without a right to have their witnesses sworn—to struggle single-handed against the overwhelming influence and tyranny of the crown.

Thus were the fountains of justice crimsoned by State prosecutions, while the walls of her dungeons were pierced by the shrieks of patriots and martyrs.

When we consider the crimes themselves for which men could be tried, our indignation and astonishment cannot fail to be aroused. The Common law, or that great body of customary laws of the people which owe their validity to the antiquity of their observance and not to any solemn enactment of the Parliament, was not a savage or bloody code, considering its ancient origin and the barbarism of the tribes among whom it prevailed, but as time went on, and civilization increased, and wealth and commerce grew, the Government or Court party, or whatever party for the time being held the reins of power, became more and more cruel. Crimes punishable by death were created by the score, until the catalogue became an appalling one. The marvel is that one generation never repealed the laws of their predecessors, and so the mass went rolling on from century to century, augmenting in bulk, black with terror, heart-sickening in its atrocities. The bigotry of kings, the avarice of queens, the ambitious plans of the nobles, the fanaticism of the clergy, the selfish pleasures of the rich, the jealousy of the land owners, the brutality of sheriffs, the greed of jailers, and the interests of scheming monopolists, alike demanded victims and cried out for blood. But worse than all these, bigotry and fanaticism let loose their furies upon the people. It is true that the atrocities of Alva had never been practiced in England, but there was an ancient writ known to the Common law by which heretics were burned. It was not very well determined who had the authority to convict of this offense, nor did the laws declare very specifically what constituted the offense. In the reign of Henry IV., the seeds of the Reformation had begun to sprout under the name of Lollardy, and the clergy sharpened to its keenest edge the axe of persecution. Statutes were passed and repealed, and re-enacted as Catholics or Protestants, in turn ascended the throne. The six bloody articles were established. The oppugners of transubstantiation were sentenced to be burnt by fire, and those denying communion in one kind, celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, the sacrifice of the mass and auricular confession were to suffer death as felons. In the reign of Philip and Mary, Cardinal Pole was sent from Rome to call the realm back into the right way, from which it had strayed. Statutes were passed for the repressing of heresies, while all the statutes against the See of Rome were repealed. The first act of Elizabeth was to restore all ancient jurisdictions to the crown, to repeal all former statutes, and abolish all foreign power. Jesuits and priests were ordered to depart and forbidden to return. The penalty for receiving them was felony without clergy. In the later reigns laws were passed against the reviling of the ordinances of the Church, non-conformity to the worship of the Established Church, against Protestant dissenters, blasphemy, witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment or sorcery. Ignorance, superstition, intolerance, and bigotry led monarchs to believe that they alone held the lamp of truth, while all others wandered in outer darkness, and so they gravely set themselves the task of solving the problem, as stated by Beccaria, that given the force of the muscles

and the sensibility of the nerves of a conscientious man or woman, it is required to find the exact degree of pain necessary to extort a confession of heresy or to work a change of religious conviction. Is it not strange that it should have cost the world centuries of woe before men could learn that fire can never burn the conscience into ashes, that persecution can never rack the bones of truth, and that bigotry can never seal the prison doors of liberty?

The only hope of escape for the unhappy prisoner charged with the offense of refusing to conform to the doctrines of the Established Church, lay in the manliness and heroism of the jury who tried him. For an illustration of this, two instances must suffice; John Lilburn, the Puritan, and William Penn, the Quaker. Time and again, upon the trial of the former, he besought the appointment of counsel, and was always refused. Then bursting out with long suppressed wrath, he cried, "Pray, let me have fair play, and not be wound and screwed up into hazards and snares. * * * O Lord! was there ever such a pack of unjust and unrighteous judges in the world? * * * I would rather have died in this very court before I would have pleaded one word unto you, for now you go about by my own ignorance and folly to make myself guilty of taking away my own life, and, therefore, unless you will permit me counsel, upon this rock, I am resolved to die." He was acquitted, however, by the jury, and lived to be tried again for new boldness of speech and action, characteristics which had won for him the honorable title of "Free Born John."

When Penn and Mead were tried at the Old Bailey for preaching to a seditious and tumultous assembly, William Penn, then a youth of twenty-five years of age, proved more than a match in wit and readiness for the judge. He desired to know by what law it was that they prosecuted him, and upon what law it was that they founded the indictment. The Recorder replied "The Common Law." Penn asked where that law was. The Recorder did not think it worth while to run over all those adjudged cases for so many years which they call Common Law, to satisfy his curiosity. Penn replied: "If the law were common, it ought not to be so hard to produce." The Recorder said, "The question is whether you are guilty of this indictment." Penn retorted, "The question is not whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is the common law, unless we know where and what is; for where there is no law, there is no transgression, and that law which is not in being, is so far from being common that it is no law at all." The Recorder replied, "Sir, you are a troublesome fellow, and it is not to the honor of the court to suffer you to go on." To this Penn retorted: "I have asked but one question, and you have not answered me, though the rights and privileges of every Englishman are concerned to it." To this the Recorder rejoined: "If I should suffer you to ask questions, till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser." To this Penn replied: "That is according as the answers are."

The heroic conduct of Bushell, the juror, saved Penn from imprisonment, and led to that memorable controversy in which the independence of jurors was forever established by the decision of Lord Vaughan.

Such were the influences which moulded the character of the early settlers of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Martyrs themselves, or the sons of martyrs, they were not of the stuff out of which slaves could be made. Their familiarity with the great doctrines of English freedom was undoubted. The regicides had sought shelter in New England, and Sir Harry Vane had set his foot upon her shores. William Penn had, in his treatise upon Government, and in his Frame of Laws, anticipated by

many years the modern reforms in English law. He had succeeded in giving to Pennsylvania a form of goverment, both simple and practical, while Locke, the great philosopher, had completely failed in his sketch of a Constitution for South Carolina. Penn had declared that "governments like clocks go with the motion men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them are they ruined too." And he had also stated that "any government is free to the people under it where the laws rule, and the people are a party to these laws."

Such were the maxims which formed a part of the political science of the day.

But it was not alone in New England and Pennsylvania that the conditions were favorable for the growth of liberty. The Dutch, who had profited by the victories of Orange, had settled in New York; the Swedes, under the auspices of the enlightened Oxenstiern, had visited the Delaware; the Catholics who sought, and were willing to grant, toleration, had established themselves in Maryland; the Huguenots, alarmed by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had come to dwell in Carolina, while the adventurous gentlemen of Virginia were not the men to tamely bow the neck or bend the knee.

[*To be Continued.*]

LITERATURE.

At present a biographical cyclone seems to have struck the world of literature. But from pure want of subject, this avalanche of biographies must soon cease. All the first half of the last century has been written up, and a large percentage of the second half. Every man of note has a biography, and some as many as two or three. It seems a pity that some of this effort could not be turned to history. A long-felt want in literature, and particularly in the text-book line, is a good brief history of the American people. Not a simple relation of facts; anybody can write that kind of a history; but a philosophical history that enters somewhat into the causes, the growth and the outcome of American history. Treating not only of our relations, amicable or otherwise, with other countries, but showing the advance of trade, institutions, manufactures and so on, *ad infinitum*. Such a work ought not to be larger than Green's shorter history of England.

"Life and Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," edited by Samuel Longfellow, is the chief addition to biographies since the one of William Lloyd Garrison. Longfellow is so intimately related to each one of us through his poems, that it seems almost useless to form a closer acquaintance. But it is something to know just what the great poet wrote to his friends, and to know something of the emotions and inclinations,which led him all through a quiet life of study, travel and writing verses. His was a singularly unruffled career. Nature seems to have intended him to write calm, musical lyrics, undisturbed by the harsh discord and sounds of a struggling outside world, and so protected him from its troubles, its excitement and its dangers. "The reader will find in these two volumes a good picture of a good life—a bright, genial, and successful life. It is the story not only of Longfellow's life, but of the literary side of a great and many-sided movement in thought—the most important which America has seen." In the above the *Critic* means, of course, the anti-slavery movement and the war of the Rebellion.

Ten dollars for an account of the Greely Arctic expedition seems a good deal of money, but it must be remembered that arctic experience is always dearly bought. The two volumes, in which Lieut. Greely tells the story of the experiences and sufferings of the gallant party under his command are large, beautiful in exterior, and profusely illustrated. The primary object of the expedition was the scientific investigation of the tides, temperature, atmospheric pressure, magnetic and electric variations, etc. The results, as put down in this work, make it especially valuable to students of natural history and of science generally. It is also a point of interest that the highest latitude yet reached, 83° 24′, was attained by one of the expeditions of this heroic band. The story of the last days of starvation and death, until rescued by the "Thetis," is pathetic in the extreme. Altogether it is a most valuable work, and is well worth its price.

Two hundred and fifty-eight persons correctly guessed the author of the "Buntling Ball" to be Mr. Fawcett. Each one received $3.87 as his share of the $1,000 promised to the guesser by Funk & Wagnalls.

In lighter vein is "Sweet Cicely;" a novel it can scarcely be called, although it is fiction. The quaint shrewd sayings of Samantha nearly always have some lesson to teach. Down under its mantle of laughable style and "fonetic" spelling, the book tells the story of a patient woman and her wrongs, but the length of the book is unpardonable.

Henry Hartshorne's "Bundle of Sonnets and other Poems" seems to have struck the critics in the wrong place. The *Nation*, the *Independent* and the *Critic* being especially bitter in their remarks upon it.

Among the authors whom Ruskin would not advise us to admit into our libraries are Grote, John Stuart Mill, Charles Kingsley, Darwin, Gibbon and Voltaire.

A DROP OF INK.

From the Critic.

This drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen,
What might it write in Milton's mighty pen!
What might it speak at Shakspeare's high command!
What words to thrill the throbbing hearts of men!
Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen.
All life and death in one full compass spanned!
Who could its power at Gœthe's touch withstand?
What words of truth it holds beyond our ken,—
What blessed promise we would fain be told,
And cannot,—what grim sentence dread as death,—
What venomous lie, that never shall unfold,—
What law, undoing science at a breath!
But—mockery of life's quick-wasted lot,—
Dropped on a virgin sheet, 'tis but a blot!

—Ernest Whitney.

LOCALS.

"Worms."

"Tomatoes."

"Jiminy!" ought to be the favorite exclamation here, since the College belongs to the constellation of the *Gemini*.

Prof. in Chemistry: "Give a practical illustration of the incombustibility of carbon dioxide."

Bright Student: "If you light your breath, it won't burn."

The number of men, who have taken the Nazarite's vow with respect to their faces, is appalling. How the "Beard Averages" will loom up next June!

The Latin Professor tells us of "extremo spiritu," ("with his last breath"), in a sublime passage in Cicero, being translated "at the end of his liquor."

"Esrey's" little carpenter act in the mock trial was very effective.

"Joe" says that "down home" a lawyer will "comprise" a suit for $50,000.

The ground has been broken for Radnor Hall at Bryn Mawr College. The new hall will be the same size as Merion Hall, though quite more attractive, and is to be finished by the coming academic year.

Robert J. Burdette gave a very amusing and instructive lecture, "Advice to Young Men," on the 25th of last month under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. There was a large audience, who seemed to fully appreciate the speaker's wit and wisdom.

We notice, with pleasure, the many improvements and repairs that are being made at Haverford.

We hope '88 will have a successful cremation. There is plenty of talent in the class; just put it into practice.

Prof. in Physics: "What is irradiation?"

Apt Student: "It's when a ray of light comes through a telescope, which is thrown at a screen" (correcting himself) "through a lens, which is thrown on a screen."

The bearded Soph. boasts that he can remember back to the time when he was only an embryo. O wondrous are the powers of the mind!

Officers of Loganian for 1886--7:
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PERSONALS.

[Will Alumni, or others, please favor us with items for this column?]

'65. Prof. A. C. Thomas will spend a part of the coming spring and summer on the Continent, and, on returning, will occupy the house at the foot of Maple avenue.

'69. Ludovic Estes, A.M., is pursuing studies in Higher Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of Michigan.

'81. Walter Brinton is a surveyor in Frankford, Pa.

'83. T. K. Worthington is taking a pleasure trip to the Bermudas.

'84. J. Stanley Estes is official stenographer to the Superior Court of Aroostook Co., Me.

'84. S. Rufus Jones is Asst. Secretary of the Mutual Home Savings Association of Dayton, O.

'85. Jos. L. Markley has left college to take the place of Professor of Mathematics at the State Normal School, West Chester, for a few months.

'87. Clarence L. Tanner is studying law in the office of Baker, Baker & Cornish, Augusta, Me.

'87. F. A. Herendeen is in the Hobart College Chapel Choir.

'87. W. T. Wright is Vice-President of the University of Pa. Cricket Association.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

There is a cricket club at Princeton.

The degree of B. S. will no longer be conferred by Hobart.

Lafayette has passed resolutions denouncing hazing.

Luigi Monti lectured at Swarthmore on "Garibaldi" a short time ago.

Mr. Blaikie recently lectured at Dartmouth on "Sound Bodies for All."

Oxford University has appliances for printing books in 150 languages.

There is a Professor of the Theory and Practice of Photography at Lehigh.

Freeman lately lectured at Oxford on "George Washington—Expander of England."

The Oberlin Faculty refused to permit Henry Ward Beecher to lecture to the students of that institution.

The students of Tuft's College are compelled to attend chapel and to obey the law of the land.

The two lower classes at Princeton have followed their seniors, and have denounced hazing.

Active measures are being taken to form an exclusively sectarian Hebrew University in New York.

With Ward as trainer, the University of Pennsylvania expects to turn out the strongest crew she has yet had.

From a recent report, it appears that the University of Pennsylvania. owns over two million dollars' worth of property.

The tables used by the Revisers of the Old Testament have been presented to the Rutgers Y. M. C. A.

Expulsion from college is the penalty for cheating at examinations recommended by the Conference Committee of Harvard.

At Harvard a student can now graduate without Mathematics; after 1887 he will need neither Latin nor Greek; and an attempt is now being made to reduce the course to three years.

The *Tuftonian* proposes that College editors should have an association and conventions, for the sake of the promotion good fellow-feeling and acquaintance with those familiar only in writings.

At Oberlin it is proposed that the literary societies use a marking system. The Society Critic is to give a grade to every exercise presented. It is hoped that the standard of production will be raised by these means.

At the Inter-Collegiate Base Ball Convention, the championship was awarded to Harvard; Williams was admitted, Dartmouth withdrew, and the University of Pennsylvania failed to gain admission to the Association.

The winter sports at Princeton were held on Washington's Birthday. A number of athletes of national reputation took part,—including Myers, champion short-runner of the world, and Page, '87 University of Pennsylvania., champion high-jumper of this country.

EXCHANGES.

After a long and unexplained absence, the *Niagara Index* has again appeared in our sanctum. "Abuse of Modern Power" is a good essay, but the ridiculous title, "Watermelons," assumed by the writer, weakens the article, and conveys the impression that after all he is only joking.

The *Dickinson Liberal*, for March, contains two well-written articles, "Tableaux" and "The Philosophy of Death." We are sorry to see such a small exchange department in this paper so well conducted in many respects. The "Locals" especially merit commendation, being at once bright and original.

The *Sunbeam* comes out in a tasteful and attractive spring dress.

No. 1. Vol. IV. of the *Delta Upsilon Quarterly* is a good representative number. The *Quarterly* is a periodical well managed in every department. We quote the following beautiful little poem from the pen of Newton A. Wells:

THE STALK AND FLOWER.

Oh, strong the stalk should grow,
Which rears so fair a flower;
God make me wise to know
How strong the stalk should grow
When winds of passion blow
Or dark temptations lower;
For strong the stalk should grow
Which rears a human flower.

The following novel plan for raising the standard of literary work in the college societies has been conceived at Oberlin: "It is proposed to adopt the marking system as a method of raising the standard of work done in our literary societies, and of giving more definiteness to the work of the critic. In brief, the proposition is to require the critic to make each oration, essay and critique on thought, composition and delivery, and each debate on the first and last only. These marks will be recorded in the minutes of the society, and averaged by the historian at the end of the year. It certainly seems that this will tend to improve the character of the exercises, as well as to furnish a good standard of comparison when honors are to be apportioned. The fairness of such a system can hardly be questioned since each member has an equal number of opportunities to wield the critic's pen. Although our faith in the inestimable benefits conferred by the marking system, in daily recitations, is weak, yet in view of the great favor with which it is received by the average college faculty, we shall watch this new development of its usefulness with much interest.

We were surprised to note in the same number of the *Review*, that the faculty had refused to allow the students to listen to a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher. Such narrowness on the part of a modern college faculty is almost incomprehensible, and we are glad to see the students make bold to assert their just rights to hear any live question from the champions of both sides. To form correct opinions on the issues of the day, in theology as in all other matters, we must not have the light shut out, or marred and discolored by the statements of the one-sided views of a single sect.

The *Blair Hall Literary Magazine* comes out for March in a very neat and attractive cover. Heavier paper and more artistic type are used throughout, and in all respects the magazine is much improved.

The two prize essays, "Is there need of civil service reform?" and "The saloon system," which appeared in a recent number of the *Indiana Student*, are very commendable productions, displaying much thought and careful study.

The following from the *Lehigh Burr* speaks our mind: "The Swarthmore *Phœnix* has suggested that a foot-ball league be formed, to consist of Haverford, Swarthmore, Lafayette and Lehigh. This idea should meet with the hearty approval of the colleges mentioned, and some definite action should be taken in the premises. No one will deny that such a league would greatly stimulate the interest taken in foot-ball in these colleges. A series of games between the teams of these four colleges would be of much greater interest than the individual games now played. In order to build up an association of this sort in time for the next foot-ball season, an organization must be effected before the close of the present college year, so that a series of games may be arranged before the individual colleges fill their dates." A college meeting will shortly be held by our students, and some action taken in the matter. We should be glad to know the sentiment of Lafayette on the subject.

The *College Cabinet* has at length appeared on our table after a year's absence. The general tone of the publication is good, but rather heavy for a college journal, and the great abundance of quotations from outside sources, although no fault can be found with their quality, tend to weaken the paper, as outsiders expect more from the students themselves. The current number contains an ambiguous criticism on "one (?)" of our late editorials. Although we are always glad to receive any little piece of advice our exchanges may have to give, yet we generally like the criticisms worded in such a way that we can tell what the writer means.

Res Academica has increased in size again, and now appears as an eight-page paper.

We have lately received two new organs of amateur journalism, *Leisure Moments* and *Youth*. Although it is not our custom to exchange with such publications, we are always glad to see young people interesting themselves in an occupation attended with so much useful experience and practice. We wish you all success in your commendable enterprise.

It gives us pleasure to add the *Ann Arbor Chronicle* to our list of exchanges. The *Chronicle* is a well managed paper, despite its gaudy cover, and gives more attention to college athletics than is usual among Western college papers.

The *Stevens Indicator* has been publishing new or revised college songs. "We have ventured out," says an explanatory editorial, "of the trodden path of college journalism, and publish in this issue two pages of music and songs. In placing in the hands of the students these songs, the compilers lay but slight claim to authorship of entire pieces, the great aim being to adopt words to familiar tunes, and to obtain original music for songs which have not yet appeared in music form." We think the plan is a good one, and worthy of imitation.

"The Function of Doubt," an article which appeared in the *Illini* for April 5th, is an able production.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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May, 1885 to May, 1886.

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1886.

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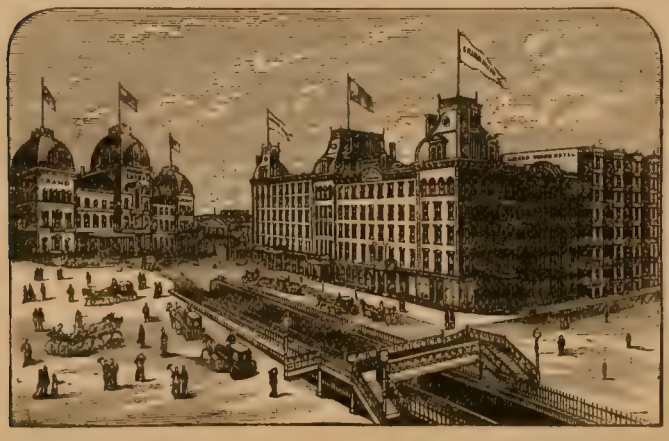

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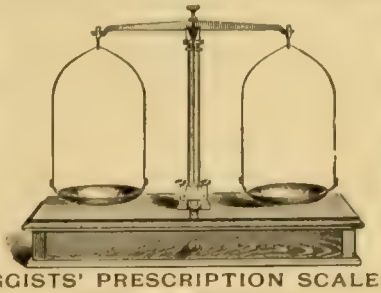

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Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

AWAY with bows and apologies. The new board of editors makes no excuse for itself, and only asks for THE HAVERFORDIAN the support and sympathy that has always been accorded to it in the past. In aims and purposes it will follow out the line laid down during past years. It is the organ of the students of Haverford College—let them make the most of it.

DURING the coming year, a series of articles from resident students at the leading American colleges will appear in THE HAVERFORDIAN. As far as possible, they will be written by old Haverfordians. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, University of Michigan, Johns Hopkins and possibly Williams will constitute the series. The design is to give our readers some idea of the surroundings of other colleges, and especially those which have reached the highest point, both in scholarship and popularity, together with the life of the students and their advantages.

THE *Journalist*, which has now reached its third year of existence, has opened a department of college journalism. It will be well for our contemporary to remember that college journalism is only in the formative period, so that comparisons with other classes of periodicals are odious. But, whatever may be their imperfections, they fill an imperative want in college life, and give expression to some of the brighest and freshest thoughts of our time. Its future is assured. Marked progress has been made, both in literary excellence and typographical appearance, during the past year. The disadvantages under which the college editor labors, writing as he does in odd moments and often when other duties are pressing, calls for more than ordinary indulgence; but, notwithstanding this, some issues reach a high grade of merit, and richly deserve the support of friends and fellow college men.

"AREN'T you tired of 'school?'" and "Won't you be glad when it's all over?" are the questions frequently asked the college student in his four years' course. The questioners are generally men and women whose "school life" never was very extended, and such as it was is a memory of long hours, hard, dry, uncongenial lessons, and an uninterrupted series of punishments.

There is always accompanying these questions such an air of gentle pity and sympathy, that the student is a hardy individual who can give a negative reply. It

always provokes an incredulous smile or answer. The questioner rarely can believe that college to many is a wonderful privilege; that the average student realizes that it is the pleasantest and easiest part of life; that he is forming life-long friendship; that he is laying up material, as James Russell Lowell said at Bryn Mawr, not so much for a Bread-winner as for a Bread-sweetener.

WE wish to call the attention of the managers of the college to the present state of our meetings, caused chiefly, we believe, by the system of compulsory attendance now practiced.

Several abuses have sprung from this source which the faculty have speedily corrected, but the greatest amount of the evil lies entirely beyond their power.

Any one visiting our meetings, especially those held in the middle of the week, must surely be shocked by the great restlessness of the students in general, and the total indifference on the part of many, to the object of our so meeting together. The cause of this is not hard to see. Called, by the bell, from their games on the campus, or perhaps, from their books, with minds filled with pleasures or the business of the day, how can they be expected to settle down into that grave and reverent silence which commonly so distinguishes the meetings of our Society?

Apart from this, a large number of our students are *not* Friends, and many of them have never attended a Friends' meeting at all before coming to college. These cannot be expected fully to appreciate our silent meetings, and surely should be allowed to attend the services of their respective churches.

The evils arising from our present system are two-fold: those which affect the meeting in general, and those which act immediately upon ourselves. First, the whole meeting is necessarily disturbed by our uneasiness, yawning, and the clicking of watch cases; and the attention of all is drawn involuntarily to many annoying and often ridiculous spectacles. Second, the indifference of the students reacts in a most deleterious manner upon themselves. The student who systematically reads, sleeps or plays in meeting, not only troubles his fellows, but his own mind tends constantly to grow more and more indifferent to his surroundings, until he is in danger of falling into a settled contempt for religious services, at least those conducted by Friends. Now, the remedy we have to propose is simply this: that the managers make the attendance at meetings *optional*, for this we firmly believe to be the only cure for the present condition of affairs. The number of students attending meeting might not be increased by this method, but the conduct of those who should attend would certainly be much more reverential, as only those who desired especially to go would then be present.

Our weekly prayer meetings and bible classes, conducted by the college Y. M. C. A., offer a good illustration of the success of our proposed system, as here the attendance is necessarily altogether voluntary. A person visiting one of these meetings or classes cannot but be impressed with the numbers of those who attend, and with the earnestness and zeal of the individual members in the work, which contrast strongly with the conduct of students in meetings where they are *compelled* to be present.

This trouble is in no wise peculiar to Haverford, nor do we offer our remedy as something new and original. The same difficulty exists in all colleges where attendance at chapel is compulsory, and only those are free which have adopted the voltary method. We know of no instance, where this latter system has been tried, that the results were not extremely gratifying in the improved deportment of the students; and, at Cornell, the attendance at chapel is now even larger than under the old *regime*.

We hope our managers, who always have the best interest of the college at heart, will give to this subject the attention it so urgently demands.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. P. L., Class '82.

Sad is the sunset when the day is done,
But sweet the dawn that followeth so soon;
Dreary the cloud, when the day is but begun,
But radiant the rainbow after gloom.

Bitter doth Autumn mourn the flowers dead,
But happy Spring awakes with joyful sound—
Thro' sad and glad, and dark and bright, 'tis said,
Doth run the circle of creation round.
And so thy day commingled was with night,
But cheerfully thou waited for the dawn.

Ah, dear the memory of thy hope so bright,
Thy patience, and thy faith that suffered long.
But thou hast at last reached that kingdom strange
Whose songs of love and peace shall never change.

P.

THE ESSENTIALS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

IN the lowest plants we see a very simple arrangement for drawing the nourishment necessary to their existence. A like arrangement is manifest in the lowest animals also. One of these latter forms of life is devoid of almost every sense. It improvises mouth, stomach and complete digestive apparatus, wherever it suits its convenience. Its wants are few, and its life work consists in satisfying the unconscious impulse constantly urging a supply of material with which to offset waste and to build up tissue. As we go higher in the scale of life we encounter more complex forms. The growing wants of the body require new organs, and with their introduction the essence of life partakes more of an intelligent nature, until, in man, the culmination of the series, the spark of divinity placed even in the lowest creatures, becomes manifest in a rational, responsible being.

What if the Pre-Adamites—if we may call them by that name—did lack all knowledge of the arts? What if their ignorance of natural phenomena did plunge them into the lowest depths of superstition, and force them into an idolatrous feticism? All that they heard or saw was incomprehensible to them; the rumblings of the earth; the movements of the heavenly bodies; the fearful tempest, or the beautiful bow of promise which often followed it.

It was but natural that they should see a god in every swaying tree, and that they should find, in every unusual sound, a cause for terrible dread or religious awe. There was a something in them, however, which we must respect; a something whose unconscious operation enabled them, while chipping away at their rude flints, to chip themselves into civilization. It was the great distinguishing characteristic of man; the *mind*, which has lifted humanity from its former state of barbarism to culture and Christianity.

The mind of man is a boundless and mysterious ocean. It has its trade winds, its gulf streams, and its tidal waves of thought, about which we may know a little, but this knowledge is vague and unsatisfactory. It spreads abroad, and in temperament embraces the climate of every zone, torrid, temperate and frigid. These climatic influences are productive of myriads of conceptions as wonderful and varied as the creatures of the material sea. It floats every character of thought-craft from the menial sloop and dredge boat that makes scavengers of us; the pleasure yacht that carries us along, heedless of all but the pleasures of life; the stately ship that engages our thoughts in the useful commercial relations of our existence; to the proud vessel which bears Science away on its speculative voyage of exploration and discovery. Like its prototype, that reflects in its glassy surface the mirrored worlds of an extended universe, the mind, out of its depths in its profounder moods, gives glimpses of the eternal and the infinite.

From this mysterious ocean come our thoughts, and, like pebbles thrown into a limitless sea, they produce waves that go on and on widening and extending forever.

What, then, is thought? This I may answer as intelligently as did the father who was asked by his son who Shylock was. "Is it possible my son, that you go to Church and Sunday-school every Sunday and don't know who Shylock was? Go, read your Bible, sir!" I say, if you would know what thought is, go to the arts and sciences, history and literature, and know what have been the thoughts of men.

Happily, we live in an age, and with such facilities, that we have only to look about us and behold material and tangible forms of thought, some of which vie with nature in its wonders, and crown it with its most priceless jewels. Schlegel, a celebrated German writer and thinker, has defined Architecture as frozen music; with equal propriety I may refer to these material forms, munificent in uses and magnificent in proportions, as crystallized thought. The ruins of antiquity furnish us the crumbling reminiscences of crystallized thought of the earlier centuries, and mediæval monuments give distinction to an age that has, to a very great extent otherwise, passed under the shadows of oblivion. Greece and Rome, in sculpture, painting and poetry give us the classic models of thought that rule the world now as they have since the Homeric age and the golden days of Pericles and Phidias. The ashes of Michael Angelo have rested for centuries in the Westminster Abbey of Florence, while his thoughts rise in majestic bewilderment to crown the eternal city of Rome with the most marvellous church in the world. Raphael speaks to us from the celebrated ffescoes of the Vatican; and every household is familiar with copies of the wonderful paintings of Da Vinci's Last Supper, and Murillo's Madonnas which have, as another has said; —"a charm like enchantment; a warmth like life; and a glow as of celestial beauty."

Of good books which are the thoughts of men, there are not a few, and "these," says Talmage, "are the drawing-rooms in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians and philosophers, come out to greet you." The conceptions of Milton and Dante live in the Paradise and Inferno, and all humanity has formed mind pictures after these as models. How often have our boyish hearts been touched by the classic gems which abound in our school-books! and thoughts akin to those that inspired their authors swell within us. Who has not felt the quickening pulse and glowing flame of Byron's stanzas on an Alpine storm:

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder!"—

or who has not been lifted up and carried away to the ancient halls of Moorish magnificence by the magic of those thoughts which Irving has breathed into his description of the Alhambra by moonlight. Who in the fervor of his youthful attachments, loyal and true, has not thought with Edgar A. Poe, that:

> "Neither the angels in heaven above,
> Nor the demons down under the sea,
> Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

What person, that has read the pathetic story and death of "little Nell," has not, with Dickens, shed a tear and heaved a sigh of relief that "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends." "No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. When I die, put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." Who, in his more sombre moods, has not felt the kindred touch of Gray's Elegy; and who has not watched the dying year with him that wrote:

> "'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
> Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
> The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
> The bells deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
> Of the departed year."

Then comes Bryant's Thanatopsis with its beautiful lines,—

"The dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest,—

All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom."

So, again, when history call its roll of heroes, ghostly spectres rise, of thoughts that moved the earth and deeds that rent the skies. From that innumerable caravan which moves along silently and surely to a forgotten fate, a few escape the common lot and for a brief cycle seems to defy the vicissitudes of time. Like the lingering vibrations of a tempest the noble and inspired words of Patrick Henry thrill us to-day as they did our ancestors of yore, when they were thundered in behalf of liberty and justice. What American youth has not, in imagination, sat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and listening to impassioned eloquence, felt his whole soul aflame with that patriotic fervor that exclaimed:—"Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus; Charles I., his Cromwell; and George III., may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it!" and who has not honored and felt with Lord Chatham, who dared to say before the House of Lords in England; "if I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms. Never, never, never!"

Some are born to greatness as go the pedigrees of men, and others acquire it by the genius of a life that is the nobler gift of nature. All nations have their heroes. Wendell Phillips says: "when truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocian, for the Greek; Brutus, for the Roman; Hampden, for England; Lafayette, for France; choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture." For me, in the light of the Christian religion and the approaching civilization, our own William Penn is one of the most illustrious names written in history, in connection with civil governments. His thoughts were "peace on earth and good will towards men," and his deeds, in harmony with these, reflected greatest glory on the Divine Judge of the universe who was their author.

Science too, has its representatives, to whom it has revealed marvellous mysteries as the reward of thought. Thought, that reached the very stars; traced the relations of the invisible spheres; weighed and measured the planets, and timed their ceaseless rounds. Thought, that discovered the physical properties and laws of material substances; resolved them into their constituent elements; and applied them to the economic uses of man.

Behold in the telegraph the slender thread and thought by which Franklin chained the lightning, and of which Morse made a highway for his chariot fire, news laden, to traverse the earth, over the land and under seas.

Such are the fragments of thought strewn along our intellectual pathway. There is nothing new under the sun, but intelligence is continually putting old things before our eyes in a new light, and thoughts are becoming facts. All that is possible to the gift of intelligence has not been monopolized. Then, we may ask, what is our responsibility for the thoughts we entertain?

Man cannot help being born, but the civilization of the age, and the moral and religious influences which surround that birth are conditions for which men are responsible. These like a proper admixture of chemical compounds, give force, charac-

ter and results to individual manhood. One born in a savage state will have savage instincts; born in a state of civilization, will have the aspirations of higher manhood. It is possible that one may be born and educated under such peculiar circumstances as to believe in the divine rights of kings; but if his intelligence has been fostered under the ægis of free institutions, it is more than probable that he will believe in the universal sovereignty of man. If born under the oppression of ignorance and superstition, and denied the liberty of an enlightened conscience, he will doubtless be a religious bigot. If not under the unnatural restraints of superstitious fears and dogmas, and not in the enjoyment of the hopes and promises of a Christian believer, it is quite possible that he will be a patron of infidelity. Therefore, the states of ignorance, superstition and oppression; self-righteousness, self-indulgence and infidelity, are creatures of man's own begetting or his permitting, and are shadows that, like the tempter, insinuate themselves into the very Eden of his soul and obscure from it the brighter lights that would direct its infinite progression.

But man born in the afternoon of this 19th century; in a country which boasts of the freedom of conscience and thought and action; in which the scales of equal and exact justice are used in apportioning the natural rights of man; when and where every facility and encouragement is given to the acquirement and use of knowledge; when the high standard of exemplary life is the nearest approach to the embodiment of the Christian virtues;—I say such a man ought to be ashamed of every skeptical thought that intrudes itself into his soul, and ought, at once, to submit it to his good Angel of Light, a sound conscience, ever ready to expose and expel it. Such then, being our responsibility for our thoughts, we may next ask, what can they do and what is their influence?

The effect of thought in the aggregate, both in the moral and physical world, is manifest in the high state of improvement wrought upon nature by the genius of man. Let us go back a little. "In the second century of the Christian Era," as Gibbon says, "the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind." This had been brought about by violence. The Roman Empire was founded by force; acquired power through force; and after eight centuries of war, when the decrees of an imperial majesty were obeyed from the Tigris to the Tyne, the vast territory was governed by force. The institutions of Rome were, in a great measure, not her own, being founded on Greek models; and the whole fabric of Roman power was built up, not by genius but by the mechanism of genius, the "bones and flesh" being wanting. Now, turn to our own country and behold the transformation scene that has taken place in America, in a very short period of time, and consider the causes that produced it. When that historic company of Pilgrims, fleeing from the persecution of perverted thought in Europe, landed at Plymouth, before them spread a continent where the only apparent marks of man's thought were rude wigwams and the trappings of savage life.

Higher thought waved its wand, and, as if by enchantment, all over the continent sprang up majestic evidences of its genius. Towns and cities with their teeming life; highly cultivated fields; productive gardens; and beautifully adorned landscapes illuminated the vision, and made "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." Temples appeared, rivaling in beauty those of ancient Greece. They were dedicated, however, not to mythical deities, but to commerce, law, education, and that religion which calls for the worship of the known God whom Paul declared. Neither was this transformation scene more marked or distinguished

in its physical than in its moral aspects. The pilgrim fathers found the continent in the possession of wild and nomadic tribes of Indians, whose chief characteristics were ignorance and indolence; whose strongest propensity was a passion for war, cunning, treachery, and diabolical ferocity; and whose noblest virtue was revenge. Of these tribes the poet may sing his plaintive platitudes, and the historian indite his legendary lore, but they have passed away like the dissolving views of their native forests, and now the truth of history will record them as obstructionists to human progress. In their stead a mighty nation reigns, whose people love the civic arts; who prefer arbitration to war; whose generosity and fair dealing with its neighbors is unparalleled in the comity of nations; whose mercy to a fallen foe is without precedent in the annals of human passion; and who so love liberty and equality that its constitution provides for the common citizenship and fellowship of men.

[*To be continued.*]

ORATION.

[CONCLUSION.]

With the ocean on one side and the wilderness on the other, far removed from persecution, and undisturbed by the political strife which convulsed the mother country, the colonists, after they had passed successfully through the fierce struggle for existence, throve by her "neglect of them," and "grew to be a great nation in the forests which they were sent to inhabit." Compelled to endure the severity of the climate, and to toil unceasingly in the clearing of land, the building of towns, and in the cultivation of the soil, surrounded by countless perils, and engaged in almost continual conflict with a savage foe, they became hardy and self-reliant, active and daring, fertile in resources, prompt in emergencies, inured to hardship, incapable of fatigue, cool in the hour of danger, brave in the day of battle. As time went on they became skillful in the art of local self-government. Whether protected by the terms of a charter, or operating under the more or less liberal provisions of Proprietary or Provincial establishments, they soon erected County Courts, local magistracies, and popular representative assemblies, and exercised in no slight degree the real powers of government. It is true that they were involved in occasional disputes with their governors or the Crown, but these merely retarded but did not check the growth of popular power, which increased with extraordinary vigor. Liberty struck her roots deep into a virgin soil of uncommon richness and uplifted her head and spread out her boughs until she became an oak of magnificent proportions. The freedom of the press was assailed and vindicated, and fifty years before Erskine's celebrated defence of Stockdale, Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia defended Zenger upon a charge of libel, with an eloquence and boldness equal to the noblest achievements of British advocacy.

The colonies engaged in trade with each other, and in commerce with distant lands. Their enterprise aroused the admiration of Burke, who exclaimed: "Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the

coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

The result of this unparalleled activity was the building up of an extensive and profitable trade which became the object of attack by the Ministry, when casting about for means to replenish an exhausted exchequer.

Immediately after the peace of Paris, in 1763, which brought to a close the long struggle between England and France, and which resulted in the cession by the latter of the territory of Canada, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to one hundred and forty-eight millions of pounds sterling, upon which an annual interest of nearly five millions was paid. The British minister, in digesting his plans for the diminution of this load of debt, conceived the idea of raising a substantial revenue in the colonies from taxes laid by the Parliament of the British State. It was urged that the late war had its origin in a defence of the colonies, and that it was reasonable, especially as it had terminated in a manner so favorable to their interests, they should contribute to defraying the vast expense it had entailed, and in an evil hour it was asserted that Great Britain had the undoubted constitutional right through Parliament as the Supreme Power to lay taxes upon every part of her empire. The colonists contended that their local assemblies alone enjoyed the exclusive privilege of laying taxes upon them, and that prior to the Stamp Act of 1764, all acts of Parliament had been intended as regulations of trade and not as sources of national supplies; that in all the previous laws which related to them the technical words of revenue acts had been avoided. That such acts had titles importing that they were "grants" or "gifts" of the Commons, and that as they were unrepresented in Parliament they had no control over the amount that could be taken from them by direct taxation. It was also argued, that of the thirteen colonies, Georgia alone excepted, no one had been settled at the expense of the mother country. That in all the wars which had been jointly undertaken the colonists had borne their full share. While in those which did not immediately concern Great Britain they had been left to themselves to struggle as best as they might. That France had made war upon them not on their own account but solely because they belonged to the British Empire, that in confining their trade for the exclusive benefit of the parent state ample compensation for protection had been received, and a sufficient equivalent for exemption from parliamentary taxation; and finally, that the taxes imposed on the inhabitants of Great Britain were incorporated with their manufactures, and finally fell upon the colonies, who were the consumers. When it was urged that as Parliament was charged with the defence of the colonies, and therefore ought to possess the means of defraying the expenses thereby incurred, it was answered: This is the old argument used by Charles I. in support of ship money, and we now assert, as did the patriots of that day, "That the people, who were defended or protected, were the fittest to judge of and to provide the means of defraying the expenses incurred on that account."

In every quarter there was outspoken opposition. "If the colonist is taxed without his consent," said the press of New York, "he will perhaps seek a change." "The ways of Heaven are inscrutable,"

wrote Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, privately to a friend; "this step of the mother country, though intended to secure our dependence, may produce a fatal resentment and be subversive of that end." "If the colonies do not now unite," wrote Dyer, of Connecticut, from England, "they may bid farewell to liberty, burn their charters and make the best of thraldom."

Sam Adams exclaimed to the town of Boston, "there is no room for delay. Those unexpected proceedings may be preparatory to more extensive taxation; for, if our trade may be taxed, why not our lands and everything we possess? If taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having legal representation where they are laid, are we not reduced from the character of free subjects to the miserable state of tributary slaves?"

James Otis argued: "There is no foundation for distinction between external and internal taxes; if parliament may tax our trade they may lay stamps, land taxes, tithes, and so indefinitely; there are no bounds. But such an imposition of taxes in the colonies, whether on trade or on land, on houses or ships, on real or personal, fixed or floating property, is absolutely irreconcilable with the rights of the colonists as British subjects and as men. Acts of parliament against the fundamental principles of the British constitution are void."

John Dickinson in his celebrated Letters from a Farmer, wrote: "to the word tax, I annex that meaning which the Constitution and history of England require to be annexed to it; that is—that it is an imposition on the subject, for the sole purpose of levying money. * * If you once admit that Great Britain may levy duty upon her exportations to us, for the purpose of levying money on us only, she will then have nothing to do but to lay those duties on the articles which she prohibits us to manufacture—and the tragedy of American liberty is finished. * * If Great Britain can order us to pay what taxes she pleases before we take them away, or when we land them here we are as abject slaves as those in wooden shoes and with uncombed hair. *Miscrabile vulgus*, a miserable tribe."

Charles Thomson, writing to Benjamin Franklin, after reciting the offensive acts of the British ministry, says: "Thus a colonist in future has no security in his property, no protection in his house, no right to a trial by jury in matters relating to the Stamp Act or any other acts in trade, but is liable to be dragged at the pleasure of any infamous informer a thousand miles from home, and subjected to the will of an arbitrary judge of a court of admiralty. Need I tell you the effects of these measures—whoever has known what it is to be free may easily conjecture them."

Patrick Henry, snatching the fly leaf of an old law book, wrote out his Resolutions, and supported them with an eloquence that leaped like live thunder through the land. The echoes were heard in the House of Commons. Barre replied to Townshend. Burke declared: "the feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! But the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle upon which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear."

Lord Chatham argued: "Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and a grant of the Commons alone. * * * * When, therefore, in this House we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your Majesty's Commons for Great

Britain give and grant to your Majesty, what? Our own property? No. We give and grant the property of your Majesty's Commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms."

You know the rest. You have it all by heart. The writs of assistance, the throwing of the tea into the harbor, the Boston Port Bill, the abolition of trial by jury, the unwarranted extension of the admiralty jurisdiction, the removal of offenders to England for trial, the quartering of troops, the conflict in the streets, the affair at Lexington, the uprising of the people. But not until all peacable means had been exhausted, did the people revolt. Not until remonstrances and petitions, temperate, manly, dignified and firm, had wholly failed; "not until they had been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

The world had never witnessed such a scene. It had looked upon violence and disorder, bloodshed, anarchy, riot, arson, murder. Capitals had smoked, palaces had been burned, cathedrals had been sacked, images had been broken, kings had been brought to the block, nobles had been exiled in the mad uprising of an infuriated people against a hated tyranny. The faggot, the torch, the axe and the scaffold had been the familiar weapons of Revolution. The world in less than thirty years was to see the son of sixty kings led out into the finest public square of the fairest city of the earth to die for the injustice which his race had done during eight centuries of misrule. But no Anacharsis Clootz or Camille Desmoulins incited the American patriots to rebellion. The Congress of '74 deserved the praise of the great English Earl; "For myself I must declare and avow that in all my observation of men and reading of history—and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides and studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia."

Who was to be the leader at this awful hour? What man merely mortal could be found equal to all the requirements of this holy call to duty?

A man was needed of experience and capacity in military matters, not simply with the courage to die at the head of his troops, or one familiar with the art of war, but one of sufficient ability to take the scattered, unarmed, and undisciplined provincial bands—the minute men of Concord, the backwoodsmen of Virginia, the farmers of Pennsylvania—and mould them into an army fit to face the finest soldiery of Europe. A man whose reputation would override the rivalries of local leaders, whom all would willingly hail as Chief; whose character would command the respect and confidence not only of the army, but of Congress, and the people. A man of such moral completeness of character as to combine courage with caution, firmness with a power to yield, patience with fortitude; with judgment to meet the arduous duties of battle, and skill to unravel the tangled questions of the council; a man of well balanced mind, rather than of dazzling qualities; one who could animate the faint hearted, restrain the impetuous, rebuke the quarrelsome, repress the mutinous, reconcile the jealous, overawe the ambitious, punish the refractory, unmask the treacherous, and one of inexhaustible faith in the great cause.

Would the reckless bravery of Wayne, the military experience of Gates or Lee, the high character of Schuyler, or the sagacity of Greene have proved sufficient at the crucial hour? Let the unanimous ballot of the Continental Congress in selecting George Washington as commander-in-chief express the judgment of our Fathers. Posterity has confirmed that judgment. It has passed into history, and become imperishable.

During seven years of war, from his first

success at Boston to his final triumph at Yorktown, Washington displayed the highest qualities of a military commander, but he excited the astonishment of the world more by his marvelous fortitude at Valley Forge, than by his brilliant victory at Trenton, or his prompt action in rallying the broken lines at Monmouth.

As a patriot, Washington is unquestionably the foremost man of the world, and in the establishment of the doctrine that public office is a public trust, he did more than any twelve men that ever lived. At a time when he was, or could have been, absolute master of affairs, with the army at his back, and the victor's wreath upon his brow, with a firm hold upon the affection, gratitude, and confidence of the people, uncorrupted by the lust for power, and free from the slightest taint of personal ambition, he sheathed his sword, resigned his commission, and quietly withdrew to private life. The disinterested patriotism of this act, its singularity, and its sublime self abnegation can never be overpraised or too frequently pondered. Power and opportunity were both present, nothing was lacking but the weakness to be tempted. At a time when he knew that his successor would, in all probability, be the man of whose public policy he most strongly disapproved, and although he could have secured without great difficulty a re-election as President, he preferred, although there was nothing in the Constitution forbidding a third term, to establish by the force of his example a principle which has since stood like a wall of adamant.

As a statesman, Washington is entitled to a high place even among the most celebrated men of his day. Without the genius of Hamilton, the literary skill and profundity of Jefferson, or the talent for public debate of John Adams, he presented in the extraordinary balance of his mind qualities of the utmost value to the new born Republic in establishing her interests upon lasting foundations. "His mind," as Bancroft says, "was like a well ordered Commonwealth," and his power to listen to opposing arguments, and then to resolve upon the wisest course has never been excelled. His act in calling to his side two such political opponents as Hamilton and Jefferson, although much criticised as having introduced dissensions into his cabinet, has always seemed to me to have been marked by great sagacity. It must not be forgotten that this was the formative period of our Republic, that every policy was new and untried, and that, in the absence of experience, it was of the utmost importance to secure full and impartial consideration of the great questions which presented themselves, and that, in hearing them discussed by men of such ability and of such opposite points of view, Washington had put himself in the position of a Judge, and decided only after argument and reflection. He was a national statesman in the true sense of the term. His wide field of observation during the war had begun in New England, and extended through the Middle and into the Southern States. He had been brought in contact with the men and institutions of the different States, and had been concerned in their conflicts with the Federal authority to a greater extent than any man of his time. He was familiar with all the difficulties of our situation arising out of narrow local interests and special attachments. His clear eye was among the first to recognize the danger of our position under the Articles of Confederation, and as early as 1785, he wrote: "We are either a united people under one head, and for federal purposes, or we are thirteen independent sovereignties, eternally counteracting each other." He saw the folly, the weakness, and the insignificance of a government powerless to enforce its decrees, dependent upon the discretion of thirteen different legislatures, swayed by conflicting interests, and therefore unable to provide for the

public safety, or for the honorable payment of the national debt. He saw the necessity for a government which could command the obedience of individuals by operating directly upon them, and not upon Sovereign States. In the formation of the Constitution he played a distinguished and important part, and when in the Executive chair, he exercised his high powers with such wisdom, moderation, firmness, and sound practical judgment as to insure success. Dying, he bequeathed to the people, not as did Cæsar, money for their sports, or as Attalus, a kingdom for the exercise of tyranny, but noble sayings which cover the whole field of civic duty and private life.

No more precious gift can be made by a father to his son than the Maxims of Washington, as collected by Schroeder. They inspire a veneration for the Constitution and the laws; they sweep the broad circle of national interests; they relate to government, to liberty, to the spirit of the revolution, to taxation, to independence, to the sources of power, to officers and agents under the Constitution, to national prosperity, national policy, foreign nations, finance, the judiciary, the acquisition of territory, the navy, national defence, national education, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, the arts, mails, roads, internal improvements, and internal navigation. They touch upon the Revolutionary War, the soldier's duty and the "Patriot Army." They plead with eloquence the claims of the Indian to justice and humanity. They inculcate friendship, benevolence, patriotism, and nationality. They portray the charms of domestic life. They incite to virtue and happiness, and the approbation of the wise and good. They teem with friendly monitions, discountenance vice, intemperance and gaming, and urge moderation and tenderness. They breathe a spirit of lofty piety, charity, and resignation in bereavement, and they speak of "how mankind may be united, like one great family, in fraternal ties."

No wonder then that John Adams wrote: "His example is complete; and it will teach wisdom and virtue to magistrates, citizens, and men, not only in the present age, but in future generations." No wonder, that Lord Brougham declared: "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

The Age of Washington, like that of Magna Charta, the Revolution in Holland, and the Revolution in England, marked a distinct epoch in the development of constitutional freedom. The task of forming a system of Republican liberty out of thirteen distinct and sovereign communities, defining the powers of a national government in a written Constitution for the accomplishment of the great objects of human society, and capable of indefinite expansion, had never been attempted. But the statesmen of our Revolution proved equal to the task, and their work, more than any other work of human hands, most closely resembles the architecture of the heavens. Each local jurisdiction moves in an orbit of its own, while all revolve about the Federal Constitution as a central sun.

Under the benign influence of such a government law and order resumed their sway. Moral as well as legal obligations were recognized. Debts were paid, and industry and economy were practiced by the people. Men whose minds had been warmed by the love of liberty, whose abilities had been improved by constant exercise and generous emulation, spoke, wrote, and acted with an energy far beyond all precedent. Schools and colleges were established, religious and charitable institutions were founded. Philanthropy went down into the bolted dungeons of crime, disease, and death,

and, with an angel's touch, unsealed the prison doors. Mighty blows were dealt at the follies and abuses of the law, and a system of jurisprudence was built up, liberal, learned, and profound. Then Science rose like the morning star to usher in a glorious day. Commerce spread her wings and flew from globe to globe; mechanics, arts, and physics sprung forth like giants fully armed, while human slavery was flung into the bottomless pit. The prophecy of Milton was realized: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

As we gaze at this varied spectacle, this marvel of industry, of enterprise, of moral elevation, of achievement, of unconquerable determination to win; as we look at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, with their libraries, museums, colleges, halls, hospitals, markets, docks, shipyards, factories, railroads, mills and myriad machines, embodying all that is old and all that is new, all that is dead and all that is alive; as we cast up the wealth of the nation, compute the experience, the thought, the blood, the treasure, the toil, the anguish of two thousand years; when we recall all that our institutions have cost, all that they mean, all that they have been, all that they now are, all that they may become; does not the question leap to our lips, what is the secret of this marvellous success, what is the clue to this mystery, what is the answer to this modern Sphinx? Is it courage? A Genoese first sailed into an unknown world, yet Genoa is in decay. Is it ambition? Alexander sighed for new conquests, yet Macedonia is the foot stool of the Turk. Is it power? Rome terrorized the world, and now weeps like Niobe over empty urns amid the ruins of her palaces. Is it the image of Republicanism? Venice first built among the marshes the nest where freedom's brood was reared, yet now like a dying swan among the reeds chants the sad song that foretells her doom. Is it devotion to art? Question the land of Phidias and Praxiteles. Is it faith in ancient dogmas or monastic vows? Ask France or Spain or the States of the Church. Is it trade? Where is the Portuguese or the Dutch East India Company? Is it race? Are not the Swedes and Danes and Germans all children of Teutonic stock? Is it soil or climate? Are there not a thousand lands as rich and fertile, more blessed with sunshine and flowers? Is it depth and power of thought? Ask the disciples of Plato and Emanuel Kant. Not any one, nor all of these, but because, under Providence, America has never lost faith in the supreme idea that God has made man free, that no human power has authority to chain his body or his mind, because she has recognized that in the depths of the conscience of every citizen—of the humblest as well as the highest—there is a sentiment, sublime, sacred, indestructible, incorruptible, eternal, —the sentiment of Right, a sentiment which is the very element of reason within man, the granite of the human conscience, the rock upon which shall split and go to pieces all the iniquities, the hypocricies, the bad laws and bad governments of the world; and so with unfaltering trust in human progress, climbing nearer and still nearer to the source of all Good, drawing without stint upon the ancient and modern world for material for thought, and assimilating these with the products of her own soil, she has grown in every direction, and to-day embodies in her science, her thought, discoveries, inventions, enterprise, finance, statesmanship and the giant toil of her sons in every quarter of the earth all the intellectual, moral, and educational forces that propel mankind.

Fellow Citizens: These facts embody a lesson coupled with a duty. Our aim should be, first, to deserve, next, to preserve the institutions of our Fathers. The past is theirs, the present ours, the future is our children's. Let us so act in the present, that we may do nothing unworthy of the past, nothing to cloud the glory of the coming day.

THE "JUNIOR."

"Vivere et Cogitare."

THE event which is announced by our title marks one of those few occasions in the college year, when Haverford devotes herself to the reception and entertainment of her friends, and when Alumni Hall, dismal with the tedious and insipid essays, the intoned recitations and the feeble debates usually heard in the Societies, takes a more cheerful association from the really scholarly efforts of the student orators. To this rule the Junior exercises of the class of '87 furnished no exception. The orations, as a whole, evinced an amount of care and thought in preparation, which with the style of their delivery, made them worthy of the large audience assembled to hear them. The subjects formed a pleasing variety and contained such fair material for discussion and criticism that we regret that time and space forbid us to do more than record the proceedings of the evening. President Chase opened the exercises of the evening with an address in Latin, at the close of which he introduced the first orator of the evening, Mr. Jay Howe Adams. "Have we had the Golden Age of American Literature," was Mr. Adams' theme. History proves, he argued, that the Golden Age of a Nation's Literature comes only when that nation has reached prosperity. Greece, before her Golden Age, had hurled the Persian hordes back from Marathon, Rome had laid the world at her feet, Italy had secured her independence, Spain had added a new world to her dominions, France had become arbiter of Europe, and England had asserted her ability to repulse the Catholic powers of Europe. A review of United States history convinced the speaker that our nation has not yet reached that state of prosperity which gives birth to the Golden Age. "Some Modern Forms of Superstition" were next reviewed by Mr. Arthur H. Baily. The industry of this orator was shown in the number of familiar and unfamiliar forms of popular superstition which he had collected. Superstition he regards as a species of undeveloped religion; and education, more widely diffused among the middle and lower classes, is needed to dispel its degrading darkness. Mr. Allen B. Clement, the next orator, spoke of the "Generosity of the Age." Many of the actions of mankind, so runs his argument, are indirectly due to a certain love of admiration. To such an extent does this principle prevail that even man's noblest acts, his kindnesses and charities, are not without a desire for the approbation of others. The love of admiration, however, is not to be discouraged since it promotes generosity and unselfishness and is an incentive to the founding of those institutions which aid the unfortunate of humanity. "The Regeneration of Italy" was the subject of an oration by Mr. Wm. H. Futrell. He described at length, with clearness and vigor, the struggle of the Italian States against Austria and France, the final victory of Victor Emmanuel II., the capture of Rome and the destruction of the last remnant of temporal sovereignty belonging to the chair of St. Peter. "Gautama" was the subject of Mr. Alfred C. Garrett's oration. Gautama, a worshipper of Buddha, was an Indian prince whose early resolve was to reject the ease and comfort which could be purchased from the exchequer of an Indian king and to go forth and learn from nature how to elevate the degraded humanity around him. Paternal solicitude recalled him and tempted him with palaces

and gardens, with spices and perfumes, with, indeed, all that the wealth of India could produce. The temptations, however, failed to hold him; and he went forth again. The doubt and agitation of the unhappy man were affectively depicted by Mr. Garrett. The subject of the next oration, by Mr. Henry H. Goddard, was "The Heart of Africa." The speaker mentioned the interest recently awakened in Central Africa by the explorations of Stanley, the opportunities offered by that country for scientific research, for commerce and for the spread of the Christian religion. The heart of Africa, according to this orator, is destined to settle the vexed Egyptian question; to be the home of one of the most powerful nations on the globe; to be to the Dark Continent what the United States is to America. "Wolfe and Quebec" was the subject of an oration by Mr. Jesse E. Phillips, Jr. He described the position of France and England at the time of the French and Indian war. Creasy, he said, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," includes the defeat of Burgoyne; but the Battle of Saratoga may be justly regarded as the close of a conflict opened at Quebec, owing its result to the victory of Wolfe. The oration continued with a eulogy of Wolfe and a description of the capture of Quebec. The last orator of the evening was Mr. Frank L. Young. His subject was "English Democracy." He traced the growth of the English People from the signing of the Great Charter to the present day. "The first principles of freedom came from the pulpit; and the principles of political and religious liberty are co-eval, coördinate and identical." He went on further to say that, although English liberty received a check under the Tudors, yet, under the houses of Stuart and Hanover, it has made rapid growth; that, notwithstanding the strong love of the English People for freedom, their liberty was too substantial to be effected by the French Revolution; that "the time is at hand when England will assume the name of a popular government, the reality of which she already possesses."

A number of orations, which were not delivered, were prepared by other members of the class.

LITERATURE.

The *Critic* is the scene, this month, of an interesting strife between "an English author" and an American opponent. The "English author" is indignant at the liberties taken with his orthography by an American printer, on the authority of his "Webster." The writer refuses to recognize America as the court of appeal on questions concerning the English language, and reminds us that, although we are destined to become a great English-speaking people, yet twenty-five millions of India and forty millions of Japan are also to speak English. He is answered by the opinion of one of the Chaplains to the Queen that, in America, the English language is spoken by the majority of the people with much greater purity than in England; and that the language of the common people of America is a favorable contrast to the scanty vocabulary of the English peasant and laborer. The decision, however, we apprehend, does not rest upon the use either of the majority or of the common people. Judging from the present outlook, the English language is destined to become the predominant, if not the universal, language of the globe. The English language has penetrated Egypt, South Africa, India, Japan. English colonies are scattered over the world. English merchants are found at every trading town. We would emphasize the fact, moreover, that these colonies and traders are English and not American. England herself remains English, while the United States is swelling its population by the refuse of Europe and Asia. It will be wonderful if, before many years, even the language of educated America is not tainted with French, German and Italian, not to speak of Irish and Chinese. If, therefore, there must be a court of appeal in matters of use, we see no reason why the use of the majority in America should be pitted against the good usage

of England, or why, indeed, the English language should not maintain a greater purity in its home soil than where it has been transplanted. We are adverse to the use of English local terms, nor are we lacking in patriotic zeal; but the preponderance of the great masters of English diction rests, as yet, with the mother country.

We notice the department of history predominant among the literature of the month. The first two books refer to special subjects: "A History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century," by Miss Agnes Clerke, and a "History of the Unitas Fratrum," by Edmund de Schweinitz. The work of Miss Clerke is a record of the discoveries and opinions of the astronomical world in the nineteenth century; and, as astronomy has been neither inactive nor unrewarded with results, the book fills a valuable place in scientific literature. The "Unitas Fratrum" is the history of a religious body which asserted the principles of the Reformation in the ninth century and which was only suppressed by a long and cruel persecution. It is thus a valuable addition to the knowledge of the great religious and intellectual revolution of the sixteenth century. Mr. H. H. Bancroft's "History of Alaska" opens a new department in history. The book is poorly indexed, encumbered with a useless multiplicity of details, defective in some portions where the author acts upon the presumption that his readers are familiar with his former works. With these faults, however, it is a valuable work. It is the history of a large part of the United States which, before its appearance, was known only in name, and which, from its natural wealth, seems likely to become, at some time, an important part of the Union.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have added to the list of primary histories of the United States. The book, as far as we can ascertain, has no particular merits of arrangement or style over the rest of its brethren. Two lectures on "What Does History Teach?" by John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, and a "History of Modern Europe," in one volume, by Richard Lodge, complete the historical list for the month.

"The Choice of Books" is the title of a little book by Frederick Harrison, published in New York. It does no more than add to the host of attempts to inflict private taste and opinion upon the public. The choice of books, we believe, is not to be regulated by any fixed law, but by the judgment and taste of the individual reader.

LOCALS.

We hope the Sunday afternoon collections, now discontinued for the rest of the year, will be, if resumed, made voluntary or interchangeable with church. We are pleased to record, also, the abolition of the 10.30 P. M. retiring rule.

Note in Professor's text-book. "Use joke No. 4 in connection with this paragraph."—*Ex.*

Professor in Antiquities: "Of how many stories did a Roman house consist?"

Student: "Several;" (correcting himself) "sometimes more."

According to one of our professors, a Sophomore is a "wise fool," while a Freshman is merely the noun without the adjective.

The course in Arts has been modified by enlarging the electives in the senior year, so that only a comparatively small amount of English studies will be required, and by allowing both German and French to be substituted for Greek in the entrance requirements, though a year of Greek in college is required of any person making such substitution.

Professor in History: "What do you know further of Brutus?"

Student: "Well, sir, I believe he finally died."

You can never have the last word with a chemist; he always has a retort.—*Ex.*

The Curator of the Loganian was delighted to receive an express package, from Toledo, of various valuable curiosities. Something, however, aroused a vague suspicion; but, judge of his surprise, when the back of a label proved to be a letter-head, dated "Haverford College." Alas! the aboriginal relics were the craft of wily Saxons of a later day.

Roller-skating rink—Wreck-creation hall.—*Ex.*

Now does the suggestive "Thank *you*," of cricket and tennis player, give ample employment to the idler, and the flying balls preclude all chance for inaction.

Why not renew in earnest, this Spring, the oft-proposed tennis tournament, and have a tennis association? The devotees of this classic game have too little fellow-feeling.

Mrs. Croesus (just returned from Europe): "Well, of all the statu'ry there, I enjoyed most the Apoller Belladonna and the Dying Gladiolus."—*Ex.*

A scholarly Soph. translates "*natanti mater in ore tibi est*," "Thy mother is swimming on thy lips."

Undress parade on the campus has been de(a)nied.

The spirit of Columbus broke loose during vacation, and seized some of the students, notably those from the land of the setting sun. A full account of their discoveries down tin-cup alley can be had by applying to any of the company.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

First Eleven.

May	1.	Merion at Ardmore.
"	8.	Belmont at Haverford.
"	15.	Young America at Stenton.
"	29.	Harvard Univ. at Haverford.
June	5.	University of Pa. at Nicetown.
"	23.	Germantown at Nicetown.
"	25.	Wilmington at Wilmington.
"	26.	Baltimore at Baltimore.

Second Eleven.

May	1.	Germantown at Nicetown.
"	19.	Belmont at Haverford.
"	22.	Merion at Ardmore.
June	12.	Young America at Haverford.

PERSONALS.

[Will Alumni or others please favor us with items for this column.]

'70, Rev. Chas. Wood, A. M., recently installed pastor of the First Church (Presbyterian) of Germantown, Pa., rendered acceptable ministry at the mid-week meeting of April 8.

'80, Josiah P. Edwards is to fill Professor Beatty's place as Professor of Engineering.

'83, B. V. Thomas is in Whitall, Tatum & Co.'s glass works at Millville, N. J., one of the most important glass-making firms in the country.

'84, F. A. White was with us on the 11th, and attended meeting.

'85, J. J. Blair has a good position in the Winston, N. C., graded school.

'87, Wm. E. Hacker has been elected President of the National Intercollegiate Cricket Association.

'87, A. M. Hussey, at the University of Michigan, wishes to be remembered to all his friends.

'88, Ralph Binns has visited us twice lately.

President Chase will leave on the 3d of June, with his family, for a year's vacation in Europe, the first he has had in his long and faithful service of 31 years. The upper classes will deeply feel the loss of his invaluable instruction but the best wishes of the entire college go with him for a prosperous trip.

Professors Newlin and Beatty will leave at the close of the academic year, the former to be Principal of Spiceland (Ind.) Academy, and the latter to enter business in Baltimore, Md. Professor Newlin's successor is not yet announced.

President Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr, is to deliver the baccalaureate address at Earlham at the coming Commencement.

EXCHANGES.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* has taken up the march of improvement, and comes out in an enlarged form and decorated in a new cover. We are sorry to see the exchange column still wanting.

The *College Transcript*, for April, comes to us in a tasteful Easter dress. The contents of the current number are for the most part the productions of Ph.D.'s, D. D.'s, LL.D.'s, and Alumni of the college. These productions may be very instructive, but they fail to give us an idea of the literary ability of the students.

"Agriculture as a Pursuit for Educated Men," a thoughtful essay in the last issue of the *De Pauw Monthly*, is one of the most sensible articles which we have read on the subject.

We are glad that our old friend, *The Journalist*, has begun to appreciate the importance of college papers, as schools in which a man acquires a most valuable drill in the rudiments of journalism. We quote from a recent editorial: "College journalism has come to a position of importance as a factor in the journalistic world which cannot be ignored. There is not an institution of learning in this country which does not support one or more periodicals, constructed by the students, and in many cases bearing evidences of considerable journalistic ability. Out of the average of a dozen editors employed on any one of these papers, two or three will drift into regular journalistic work, and it is a matter of interest to every editor and proprietor to know what sort of papers they are now making, in order to judge what sort of papers they will make when they enter the profession. The man who displays true journalistic ability in the conduct of his college weekly will continue it as a worker on a regular newspaper. And it is to the advantage of every journalist to know who these young men are. *The Journalist* proposes, in the future, to devote some little space to the subject of college journalism, and to do what in it lies to solve the problem of making the college journalist a useful factor in the profession. To the managing editors of the country it is a subject of importance. Every spring a new crop of young men, anxious to enter newspaper offices, are graduated from our colleges, and it is well that they should know and be known. With this object in view, *The Journalist* is perfecting arrangements to publish, from time to time, short sketches of some of the more important college papers and the young men actively engaged in thier conduct." The editorial, of which the above forms a part, has been followed in the succeeding numbers by "short sketches" of several of our exchanges. This notice of our youthful efforts, by members of the regular profession, is just what we have been needing. The criticisms which appear in *The Journalist*, coming as they do from experienced editors, and men thoroughly competent and unprejudiced, will prove of much greater value to us than the average notice of a college-exchange editor, who, let him be impartial as possible, is always youthful, and his ideas of what constitutes true literary or journalistic ability are, of necessity, more or less crude. *The Journalist* does not exchange with any paper, depending wholly on the profession for support; but, especially since it has taken this step, so advantageous to us all, it should find a welcome place on the table of every board of college editors.

The *Ann Arbor Chronicle* will issue a prize number on the 12th of June. The prizes are to be furnished by the leading merchants of Ann Arbor, and are open for competition to any student of the university. The prospects for a lively competition are good, and many students not in the habit of contributing articles generally are said to be preparing for the contest.

The Handel Society of Dartmouth has offered a prize of $25 for the best college song. The prize is to be awarded at Commencement. "The Committee reserve the right to withhold the prize if, in its judgment, no satisfactory song is offered."

It was with pleasure that we saw the *Ogontz Mosaic* recently adopt that wise measure of introducing an exchange column among its various departments. But now, for several months, although the exchange editor still apparently holds office, we have seen no notice of any other college paper.

The article in the April number of the *Roanoke Collegian*, setting forth the objections to an exclusive study of the classics is a good one, and the objections urged are such as cannot be answered easily by the friends of antiquated systems of education.

We have received a sample copy of the *American Canoeist*, a bright and spicy little magazine, devoted to the interests of the American Canoe Association.

A sample copy of the *New England Magazine and Bay State Monthly* has reached our sanctum. The steel engraving, on the opening page, a portrait of Edmund H. Burnett, is the best thing in it. The prose articles are unusually long and dry, even for a historical publication, and the attempts at verse scarcely equal the average college article. One department—that devoted to necrology—is especially worthy of notice. This is the most useful feature of the magazine; for here, at least, the departed heroes of Massachusetts can enjoy a long and undisturbed repose.

We are grieved to learn that THE HAVERFORDIAN has failed to appear regularly at the office of the *Sunbeam*. It is our practice to send THE HAVERFORDIAN to all our exchanges every month, and if any one of them fails to reach its destination, we shall be glad to hear of the omission, in order to send an extra number.

"O, that there were," says a writer in the *College Speculum*, "a Demosthenes or a Cicero that would rouse these sleeping souls to action! Then would the dark veil that hovers over the youths of California be rent in twain." With the above touching paragraph, closes one of the most senseless and rediculous articles that it has ever been our privilege to read. Of all the pitiable prejudices to which the human mind has ever fallen heir, the prejudice against the Chinese is the most pitiable, and the article, of which this extract forms a part, is worthy of a place in any museum, as a specimen of the foolish fear and hatred of which the student of the nineteenth century is capable. The reader is led to believe that the whole energy of the youth of the Pacific slope is snatched away and appropriated by the ruthless Mongolian, while the white inhabitants groan in helpless servitude under the tyrannical sway of John Chinaman. Poor fellows! we extend our hearty sympathy to this, the first branch of the Caucasian race, which has had to succumb to weaker contestents in the "struggle for existence," and to yield the palm of "the survival of the fittest" to a handful of starving stragglers from the Celestial Empire.

The blue ink, with which the *Thielnesian* is now printed, is hardly an improvement; but then, considering the late troubles of the paper, we must try to bear its preference for the sad color awhile.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Hobart has two Seniors.

Ann Arbor University has a Ladies' Athletic Association.

Interest in cricket seems to continue increasing at Swarthmore.

A certain college class elects among its officers the "class crank."

Mr. Blaikie has been "delighting" Andover students with his lectures.

The *Princetonian* published 950 feet of reading matter in the past year.

Brown mortar-boards, with yellow tassels, bedeck Ann Arbor Freshmen.

The Johns Hopkins University celebrated the first decade of its existence on April 26.

Princeton Seniors make a levy of $10 on each member for class-day expenses.

Base-ball practice has been forbidden within the college campus at the University of Penna.

Vassar students, tired, no doubt, of the "Mikado," recently presented a "Mathamatikado."

The name of Lamar, the half-back, was used as a "war-cry" at the Princeton Alumni Banquet in New York.

One University of Penna. man reached first base in a match with the Baltimores. The latter scored 12 runs.

Williams' thinks of starting a daily paper, at least the third periodical published by that college.

The Committee of Overseers at Harvard wish that attendance at recitations be made compulsory.

The paper of Brown University, *The Brunonian*, is said to have been started in 1826, and to be the pioneer of college papers.

Seventy-two "cuts" are said to be allowed Brown students in the year—thirty-six from chapel, and thirty-six from recitations.

Through an old mistake in the line between Vermont and Massachusetts, it is asserted that Williams College is really in Vermont.

The new institution of a "Trophy Room" is to be left as their memorial by the Princeton '86 men.

Two members of Princeton's Foot-ball Team are expected to be in the Medical Department of the University of Penna., who will be able to play for the University next year.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Bryn Mawr College, recently made a speech at the Princeton Alumni Banquet, in New York. His words were "the solid food of the evening."

In examinations at the University of Virginia the students sit together, unwatched. At the end of the paper, each one writes with his signature: "I have neither given nor received assistance." The violation of this honor-pledge is almost unknown.

CRICKET.

The cricket season was opened, May 1st, by the First Eleven playing the Merion First Eleven, at Ardmore. The game was close and exciting, resulting in a defeat of the Haverford team by one wicket. On the Haverford team, the good fielding of Crosman, Stokes and Patterson, and the effective bowling of Garrett were especially noticeable. The following is the score:

HAVERFORD.

G. S. Patterson, b. S. Law,	66
E. C. Lewes, b. H. P. Bailey,	22
A. C. Garrett, b. H. P. Bailey,	5
H. Stokes, b. S. Law,	1
Crosman, ct. Watts, b. H. P. Bailey,	20
T. Newlin, Jr., l. b. w., b. S. Philler,	14
W. E. Hacker, run out,	4
Price, ct. Haines, b. S. Law,	7
Strawbridge, ct. Haines, b. H. P. Bailey,	0
Scott, ct. Haines, b. S. Law,	1
Firth, not out,	5
Extras, Byes, 5; Leg Byes, 4; Wides, 3—	12
Total,	157

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
C. Morris,	30	2	0	14
S. Philler,	30	2	1	11
S. Law,	125	4	4	51
P. Edwards,	78	2	0	36
H. P. Bailey,	120	7	4	31

Wides—Edwards, 3.

MERION.

Edwards, ct. Crosman, b. Newlin,	25
Sayers, ct. Newlin, b. Patterson,	21
Thomas, run out,	20
C. Morris, ct. Crosman, b. Newlin,	22
Etting, b. Garrett,	14
S. Law, not out,	35
J. S. Watts, ct. Stokes, b. Garret,	3
Haines, ct. Patterson, b. Garret,	12
G. S. Philler, b. Garrett,	0
H. Thayer, ct. Strawbridge, b. Patterson,	1
H. P. Bailey, not out,	1
Extras, Byes, 2; Leg Byes, 3—	5
Total.	159

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
Patterson,	162	5	2	54
Garrett,	108	4	4	39
Newlin,	120	3	2	51
Firth,	18	0	0	9

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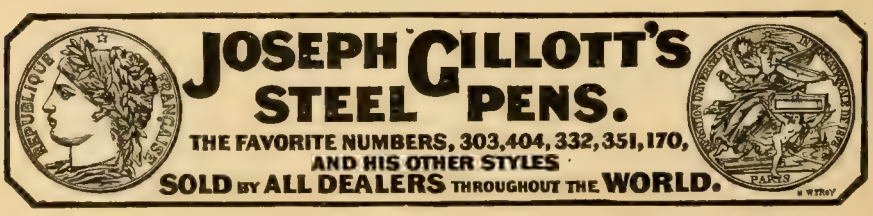

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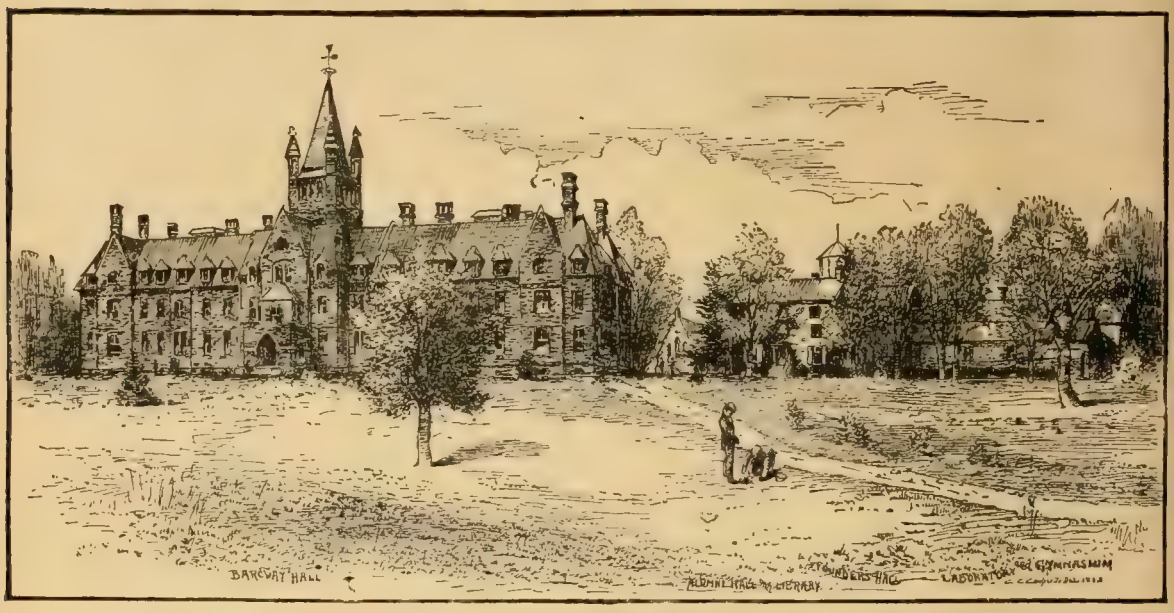

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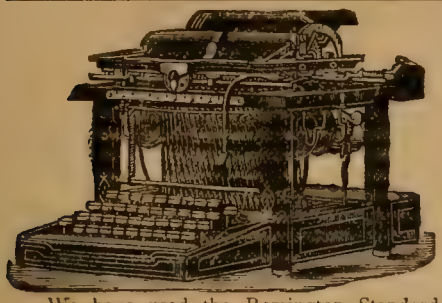

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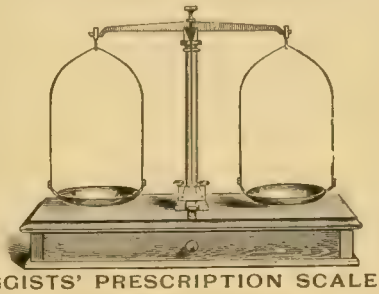

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The Haverfordian.

Vol. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., June, 1886. No. 9.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Subscription Price, one year,	$1.00
With "The Student,"	1.50
Single Copies,	.10

The Haverfordian is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published on the tenth of every month during the college year, under the supervision of the Loganian Society.

Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WHY would it not be a good idea for college papers to have a department of Contemporary Events? Although students take no active part in public affairs, they are interested nevertheless, and a good, active editor of this department could mention the leading events with such comments as may seem best. A disinterested spectator might see the significance of things better than some other journalists who are more or less biased by prejudice or personal interest.

THE recurrence of the Alumni Prize Orations brings to mind a need in the course of instruction at Haverford that, though it has been mentioned in these columns before, cannot be brought too often into notice. We refer, of course, to a drill in elocution. The high grade of the efforts in the late contest, without any previous drill in college, shows what possibilities await us if we had such practical instruction as all colleges should furnish, but, alas, too often do not. The importance of being able to express an idea orally may be found discussed in educational works as far back as Demosthenes, and to a college graduate, who, of all men, ought to have something to say, it is doubly important. Every class except the Freshmen has, during the year, some public exhibition in which oratory is the sole or leading feature. Why not secure an instructor to take charge of these occasions, and make them what they ought to be. Heretofore, this duty has unjustly devolved upon President Chase, and, to expect two or three rehearsals to accomplish what should be done throughout the year, is manifestly expecting too much. Just how and when such instruction could be given are minor questions, and as soon as we all appreciate how much we stand in need of this drill, and as soon as the authorities are convinced that it is a necessity, these questions will find an easy solution. We need it; we want it, and, by all means, ought to have it.

BETTER now than later, as well as better late than never, though it should have been done long ago: the Haverfordian should have long ago noticed the "marking system" which, this year, has been instituted among certain students, notably those of one class.

If any curious person will take the trouble to look in the south-west recitation-room, he will see on the wall, above the professor's platform, four colossal figures traced on the squares of the wall-paper, and above them what may be their shadow

or reflection, in more blurred outlines, upon the white ceiling. It is, in truth, a handwriting on the wall, and the observer who is a good Daniel and knows college usage, can both read the handwriting and give the interpretation thereof: that it consists of a 1 and three 8's, and denotes what is at present the Sophomore class. Now, we do not wish to imply a knowledge as to who made this inscription, nor of what class he is; but, to look at the action by the light of common-sense, it would seem, to the most casual observer, to have been imprinted by some enemy of the Class of '88, presumably a Freshman, as a slur on the said class. If so, the Sophomores should hunt up and soundly chastise him for making the symbol of their manly and honor-loving class a by-word and a shame to vulgar eyes. We, moreover, find the symbol of two 8's in juxtaposition scribbled in most licentious profusion on every individual desk-arm of the seats in the same room, to the extent that once twelve of them were counted with ease on one desk-arm. The same is the case in all the other class-rooms, except those used by the most keen-sighted and observant professors; not to mention such as exist on the white basement walls, varied with an occasional mysterious proportion of this force—'89 : '88 : : 0 : 1,000,000. Enough examples have been given for the purposes of our inductive inference; yet, to include all, as it were, in a chestnut-burr, and to speak romantically, we maintain that the most striking characteristic of Haverford College—in a stranger's eyes—would be the prevalence of these symbols. In truth, this marking system, being individual and unique, would be likely to be reported at other colleges where it does not exist. But some persons, even Freshmen, may take offence at our supposition; and so, more seriously, bringing experience into play, it has been observed—as, we are sorry to say, the men of the three other classes can, to a limited extent, testify—that such marks are too often made by members of the class which the symbols represent. Yet, not only would we be fair to the Freshman class, but we do not, of course, wish to implicate any Sophomore; so that, perhaps, the best conclusion is that this scribbling is done by some fresh man who, through mistake, precocity or the elective system, at the same time being ignorant of the English meaning of the Greek word Sophomore, has found his way into the body bearing that name. But his class is responsible; and so is every class, the symbol of which appears on college property.

For honor and for reputation's sake, the class should have such marks erased, since the professors have, perhaps wisely, considered it beneath them even to notice such work. Scribbling on buildings and furniture is not childish—oh, no! college students never do childish things—but it is "rowdyish;" and some rowdies, no doubt, wish to make the College like the outhouses of a back-country railroad station. May they succeed! They are the men we like; they are noble representatives of Haverford; they have the best good-will to Alma Mater.

The symbol of '86 is a rare one; '87 is becoming scarcer, though once abundant; '88 is supreme in all sizes, ages, sexes, colors, and '89 is comparatively uncommon. '88 will take example from '89, and become repentant unto purification—we hope.

ONE difference between school and college is in the position of smart men in the classes. In a school, the bright boys are all struggling to lead in their studies, but in college it is not necessarily so. For the scholarship requisite to lead a class requires hard, minute work in all departments, and keeps the aspirant stretched constantly in a tension of anxious effort. And frequently a student wishes to devote much more time to one branch, or thinks another of small aid or consequence to him. At

Haverford, this is less apparent, for there are fewer students tending towards specialties, and the required roster includes only such branches as every cultured man should know. But, in order to allow students time to devote to special work, and to do away with brain-wrecking anxiety attendant on the effort of reaching or keeping first scholarship, it will be necessary, in the ideal college, to put the marking system farther and farther into the background.

AS the average age of college-students has become yearly smaller, and often *boys* take up the duties and responsibilities of college *men*, so we see them often failing to enter into the spirit and nature of a man, and hence in all colleges more or less indulgence in every species of childish amusments. Of course it is amusing, and yet it is often painful, to see the utter loss of true dignity in many. In our own college, though these pleasantries are entirely innocent and harmless, yet, on certain occasions, they detract much from our character and worth. On the campus they are eminently a pleasant feature in college life, but in the class-room, dining-room or lecture-hall, where the expected benefit is greatly lessened, where instructors are shown disrespect, or bad impressions given to outsiders, the public opinion of Haverford should work a radical reform. We know preaching is ineffectual, but don't take this advice as such, for it is a matter which vitally concerns us all. Moreover the true manliness of every gentleman is lessened, and self-respect, as well as the respect of others, is inevitably forfeited. For he who plays the buffoon or the clown must find a level below that to which his better qualities would entitle him. Nor does the majority like, or approve of such behavior. They intend on these occasions to attend to business, and, though they may smile at some absurdity or humor, and even enjoy the thing itself, there is often present an unexpressed sneer of contempt for the doer. The harm is felt chiefly by the latter class, and this matter especially concerns them. Let the college think of this, and try for some improvement in this department of our social life.

WE came across a lot of old HAVERFORDIANS, a few days ago, and were much surprised to find there was such a difference between them and the present paper. What was most noticeable was the prominence given to the Locals, which appeared to be the most important department. Editorials, Essays, and other literary productions were very scarce, while exchanges were conspicuously absent, except in an anomalous form called Plunder, under which head were included amusing items clipped from other papers.

A glance at any recent issue of the HAVERFORDIAN will show that a radical change has taken place. First of all, its size has been nearly doubled during the last three or four years. While this has been going on, however, the paper has been entirely remodeled. Though we believe the change to have been for the better, yet it must be admitted that it has been brought about greatly at the expense of the locals. Once so important and conspicuous, they have been neglected and degraded, until, by successive steps they have come to be the least important part. The purely literary departments have been gradually but steadily assuming their proper proportions, and now comprise the greater part of the paper. Now, in order that such a complete change should take place, and in so short a time, some subtle influence must be at work, which we can, perhaps, discover. Probably there is not a College paper published which has not gone through a similar evolution during the first three or four years of its existence. Here, as elsewhere,

the great principle of the survival of the fittest will aptly apply. There are a few Colleges in which the sporting element predominates, and in them, a paper never outgrows the first stage. But in the great majority, the chief demand is for a paper of *literary* excellence. To arrive at this consummation, a paper must generally go through an metamorphosis similar to that through which the HAVERFORDIAN has passed. Although we have certainly not yet reached perfection, nevertheless, we do not believe that the character of our paper will change much in the next year or so.

We have said that one result of this change has been the depreciation of the locals, and we are forced to admit that their condition recently, has not been very commendable. Perhaps the paper would be improved by abolishing them entirely, but many would be sorry to see that done. Though often insipid and senseless to the uninitiated, yet the locals always receive the first attention of the students. At the same time, there is probably no department which is as hard to maintain with credit. To be sure, some one is generally appointed "local editor," but what can he do? No ordinary mortal can sit down and write off a page or two of amusing items, like he would an essay. No, Students of Haverford, this is not the way. If you are not pleased with the condition of the locals, and must have good ones, then the remedy is in your own hands. Make notes of all amusing or ridiculous occurences which come to your notice, bring the same to headquarters, and you will be surprised at the improvement.

WE are pleased to notice the second representation of Aristophanes' "Acharnians" so near us, after a lapse of 2311 years, since the Dionysiac Theatre saw it gain the first prize at the Lenæa. The good points are too many to enumerate, and we greatly regret that lack of space forbids a more extended mention. The fine action, and particularly the superb music of the chorus are noteworthy. For the latter, the public is indebted largely to the Chorodidaskalos, H. A. Clarke, its composer and director, and for the former, among others, greatly to G.W. Pepper, the Provost's nephew, who admirably sustained half of the play in his rôle of Dikaiopolis. The clear light thrown upon Greek life and customs was highly valuable. The dull facts which we learned but partially in the class-room, and many others beside, were made vivid realities, and we lived once more among Athens' glorious dead. This helps to prove the acting merits of the old dramas, even before audiences, upon whom many of the finer points are lost. All who attended may well count it an epoch in their lives, for such a precious opportunity comes but once in a life-time.

ESSENTIALS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

(*Concluded.*)

It is true that fragments of the old Indian tribes whose intelligence was above the plane of brutish instincts, recognizing the inevitable decree of thought, have submitted to its refining influence, and as a consequence, present a grand example of the marvellous transformations which it is able to bring about. Such an example is found in the Cherokees who put to shame some of their Caucasian neighbors. In a few generations they have developed from barbarism into a nation that is governed by a constitution. There is a chief executive, and a congress for legislation; courts and a code of civil procedure for the administration of justice; national academies and a system of public schools are supported by public funds, and asylums for the insane and deaf and dumb; there are churches and Sabbath schools which show a larger percentage of membership than is found anywhere among an equal population of

whites; and there is an excellent family discipline, founded in love, which is the mother of true patriotism.

Contemporaneous history of Europe is fertile in its illustrations of the efficacy of thought. The fifteenth century found Europe in no less deplorable condition than that of America. Life, in the latter, was amid the excesses of ignorance and unbridled liberty. In the former, it was the subject of ignorance, fanaticism and oppression. The twilight of Roman culture had vanished in the night of the dark ages, and the revelations of the period are truly appalling.

The inquisition held high carnival in Spain; a Borgia occupied the papal chair, and in the name of Vice-gerent of God, committed crimes unparelleled in wickedness; a bigoted and unprincipled cardinal ruled the city of London; and the feudal system enslaved the masses of Europe. But out of these clouds came gleams of thought that flashed like meteors athwart the darkened sky. Thought, that sent Columbus on his voyage of discovery to America; thought, that brought gunpowder into common use and by it exploded the feudal system; thought, that made wicked rulers promote their own destruction by becoming patrons of the arts; thought, that reared and ornamented St. Peter's at Rome by the sale of indulgences, thereby provoking the Reformation; thought, that translated the precious truths of the Bible into the common tongue, for the benefit of the common people, and then invented printing to disseminate them, and so break the monopoly of learning by placing it within the reach of all. Out of the depths of despair came thoughts of the brightest promise, and out of the very wickedness of man came God's praise. Since that day there has been a continued growth in the progress of mankind. We all know that thought is the parent of it, but that we may the more fully comprehend what has accomplished during a portion of that period, if possible, let the imagination turn back the shadow on the dial of time to the beginning of the present century. Conceive of these eighty-five years as a dream out of which we were to awaken to the then existing realities. How marvellous would seem the delusions! Of the impressions of such a dream some would affect us as a hideous nightmare; others charm us as with the enchantments of fairy-land or the magic arts and invocations of its genii.

When our dream is lighted by the awful conflagrations which swept Boston and Chicago with their millions of property, into smoke and ashes; and while we lie convulsed with terror in the presence of these calamities, before the vision ends, the genii of mortals, the thoughts of men, come forth to restore the ruined cities with tenfold magnificence.

When the horrible form of African slavery comes stalking in and like an incubus fastens its fangs into the life of our nation, we shudder with the pangs of dissolution; but when the mighty Hercules of liberty throttles the monster, as did the mythical Hercules the serpents of Hera, we can join in the joyous acclaim of the millions, new-born to freedom. While still the troubled vision brings us to the presence of, and our hearts beat in sympathy for, the many who are tortured with some dread disease or accident, and whose only hope of life or alleviation from suffering is in the surgeon's knife, an angel of mercy comes forward bringing a "precious anodyne which lulls the senses into a calm and dreamless sleep, while the work of agony, agonizing no longer, is wrought upon the human frame." When in that dream we become spell-bound by the magician's arts, and behold the genii invoke the aid of Vulcan's fires and forges in the application of steam to locomotion and navigation; and summon Jupiter's thunderbolts to light the ways of darkness, and to transmit thoughts

articulate and inarticulate, we may indeed believe that man was not only made in the image of his maker, but that his thougths also may possess something of his infinite powers.

If such were a dream, how bitter would be our disappointment! But the nineteenth century has not been one of slumber. These apparition are not the vagaries of sleep and indigestion, but in truth and soberness are the scintillations of conscious thought and intelligence.

Where, then, we may ask, will our thoughts lead us? This may be considered the speculative branch of our subject but there is much connected with it that is not speculative.

We know that the thoughts of some have illuminated their pathway to honor and fame, others to lunacy and its asylums. Some have been directed to untold wealth, more have gone "over the hills to the poor-house." We may be scavengers if we choose;—we may be indolent voluptuaries; we may occupy a high plane of usefulness toward mankind and contentment to ourselves; we may soar above into the seeming supernatural, or we may be nonentities, according to inclination. We cast our pebbles of thought into the mysterious ocean of the mind, and make sail on our own choice of thought craft. The ripples we create will not always have a smooth surface on which to pass unchallenged, and whatever our choice of craft we will encounter rough seas and violent gales of opposition. But these are only trying circumstances that strengthen us for whatever our thoughts nerve us to undertake. It is well said that "there is no excellence without great labor," and we may add, that the difficulties, disappointments, and even persecutions that attend success, are circumstances that dignify it. The persecutions that gave impetus to the Reformation dignified its character by showing what thoughtful men were willing to suffer for it. Practical industry has many representative men who endured almost every privation to pursue an object which the forecasting genius of a giant mind whispered would be accomplished in an industrious and sober life. Bernard Palissy, made famous by his introduction and improvement in the manufacture of enameled pottery, in France, in the sixteenth century, with a heart made miserable by extreme poverty and repeated failure, with wife and children brought to starvation and silently reproving him as the cause of their suffering, neither despaired nor allowed his friends to know what he felt; but after sixteen years of solicitude and untiring exertion, accomplished the object of his thought and with it both fame and fortune.

When Professor Morse made application to Congress for pecuniary aid in constructing the first line of telegraph, his thoughts became the subject of the most merciless ridicule. He persisted, however, and in the very latest moments of the expiring session and in the very last measure to receive attention, he secured an appropriation that was the preliminary to putting into practical operation that great conception of the human mind.

When the New York papers announced that the "Clermont," the first steamboat, would start from Cortlandt Street, Friday morning, August 4th, 1806, and carry passengers to Albany, few were credulous enough to believe it possible. The gentleman who paid the first passage money to Mr. Fulton, says;—"I laid the amount, in coin, in his open hand, and with his eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed that it might be a miscount and asked, 'is it right, sir?'" This aroused him from a kind of reverie and he looked up, a big tear brimming in his eye as he falteringly said, "'excuse me sir;' memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting

steam to navigation. I should gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that, just now." Subsequently referring to this incident, Mr. Fulton said it seemed the turning point in his destiny,—the dividing line between light and darkness in his career, for it was the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow men.

Thought, then, leads man, through his attainments, to that eminence from which he may view the world and all its various kingdoms, and know that they are his natural possessions which, by the command of his Maker, he is to dress and keep and cultivate and govern by the superior faculties of his mind. But this is not all. Man can and does look out into the mysterious depths beyond. The earnest longings of his soul, with the constancy of the needle to the pole, obeys and cherishes some mysterious influence that promises an infinitely broader view of the universe than can be obtained within the narrow limits of three score years and ten. As one sinks into unconscious sleep with the assurance, not knowledge, that with the morning light he will renew his conscious existence, and pursue the phantoms of yesterday, so, man doth fondly hope that death does not prescribe the boundaries of his existence. Our thoughts are the basis of our religious faith, and as they lead us through science to subdue the forces and unlock the secret vaults of Nature's choicest treasures, so, through theology, they will lead us to subdue our passions and unbar to us the gates of Paradise.

"In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for *thee*
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to *thy* mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by *thy* light, in vain would try
To trace *thy* counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments—in eternity."

T. Wade Betts.

SECOND-HAND LITERATURE.

ONE of the unfortunate things in a literary career is its narrow limits; rarely can an author have more than the people of the same tongue for an audience. Authors like Victor Hugo, Goethe and Shakespere whose merit depends on broad, heterogeneous basis, can be partly understood through the medium of translation, but only to a degree. This is truer in prose because the bounds are less exact, and the interest depends less on the form and expression than in poetry. For as Goethe said, poetry depends on form, and how can we change the form and yet retain it? Hence in poetry, it is almost impossible to translate with any degree of power, precision or beauty.

And yet translations are better for the average reader than the original, for he is less acquainted with the language and the spirit of his author, generally, than the translator. As Emerson has said, "I would as soon think of going to Boston by swimming the Charles River as read a book in the original when I can get a translation."

The perfect translation like many other ideals is yet unmade; but many translators have done work, remarkable for fidelity and power. Norton's translation of the Vita Nuova of Dante might be almost perfect but for the wordy rendering of the sonnets; for he has caught many of the tender fancies and strong passions of his master in a keenly sympathetic style. Longfellow, while his diction is glowing and rich, did less satisfactorily for the Commedia, in comparison. He adhered so closely to the original that he is frequently un-English, and consequently unintelligible and exasperating.

Lytton's translation of Horace is good in places, but Bulwer's sense of humor and sprightliness is wanting, and the English is rhythmical and close to the model, but not sparkling, not sententious; in short it is not

Horace. For example, Lytton accepts Milton's translations in places and gives "simplex munditüs" as "plain in thy neatness," which is intolerable.

Horace is perhaps the one author which one can do better with in the original than through any derived source. His bright, short sayings have no good English equivalents, and a reader can potter over the constructions with a sense of pleasant obscurity which no translation can supply.

Matthew Arnold tells us how Homer should be translated, taking to the task some hundred and sixty pages; but he shrewdly declines to undertake the work himself. Judging from his manner of settling disputed points and his conceptions what Homer's translator must be and do, his refusal of the task is quite a serious loss to English literature.

One of the translations closest to the ideal is Robert Browning's transcript of the "Alcestis" of Euripides, which he makes as the basis of the poem "Balaustion's Adventure." Alcestis, the wife of King Admetus, died in his stead and is brought back by Heracles. Under the guise of a Greek girl who had recited the play to save her life and afterwards repeats it to Euripides himself as a proof of her performance, adding her own ideas and thoughts through it all, Browning makes a wonderful translation, interpreting all the situations and passions with almost divine insight. But it took the loss of his own wife and long grievous sorrow to fit Browning for such a task. He has poured into the play the feeling and power which he had torn from grief, as Heracles had torn Alcestis from death. The play was dearer to him, also by his wife's words on Euripides, as he acknowledges:

"I know the poetess who graved in gold!
Among her glories that shall never fade,
This style and title for Euripides,
The Human with his drop[p]ings of warm tears."

This was why he could do as President Chase said of him:

"Alcestem Graecam Browningius hic sibi sumpsit,
Musis et Graecis callidus et patriis."

Lowell has a theory in regard to translation that the author nearest in genius and spirit should be chosen to translate another's work. As an example he says, Keats should have translated Homer. He might add what a brilliant thing Dr. Holmes' translation of Horace would be, or his own work of rendering the keen, sarcastic Aristophanes.

HAVERFORD AND ITS VICINITY.

IF it should be stated that fully one-half of the students of Haverford were unacquainted with the neighborhood of the college, doubtless few would be found to believe such an assertion, yet such is probably the case, and it was for the purpose of making known some of the attractions of this region that the following was written.

It is generally conceded that Philadelphia, in the beauty and picturesqueness of its suburbs, is second to no other city of like size in the Union. Though Haverford is ten miles from the centre of the city, yet it is nevertheless a suburb, and one of the most interesting ones at that. We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the founders of the college for the choice of a situation which has been admired ever since. From the tower itself, a fine view may be had, though this is not generally appreciated. But the best recommendation to the situation lies in the fact that it is in the centre, as it were, of a neighborhood, which, in variety and general attractiveness, need not yield to that of any college. In order to prove these assertions, if the reader can spare a few minutes, we will visit, mentally, some of the points of interest around Haverford.

To the north of the college, and distant about four miles, is the Schuylkill River.

Towards this the country soon begins to slope, and is drained by numerous water courses which flow in deep rocky ravines through the woods, which for the most part, are thick in this region. The largest of these streams is Mill Creek, which is appropriately named from the numerous factories which were once in action on its banks. These mills, however, seem to have been singularly unfortunate, for one after the other they have caught fire and burnt down, so that now only charred ruins remain, which add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. There is an old house near one of these ruins which has not been occupied for several years, and, like most buildings in the same predicament, has received the name of "The Haunted House." Near here is a fine old swimming pond which is much patronized in warm weather. As may be imagined, this whole region is a famous place for walks and drives, and there are many fine views, especially from the pretty little town of Merion Square (said to be the highest post office in the county), where a complete outlook over the city may be had.

To the eastward, to be sure, there is not much to offer, as the country grows less interesting as we approach Philadelphia, but to the cyclist the Lancaster pike and the Park roads offer a convenient entrance to the city.

To the southward, however, the contour of the country is much changed, and offers a variety of attractions. Here the watershed is to the east, and each large creek runs in a valley with high hills on either side which separate it from the stream next to it. The country is consequently very rolling. The three largest streams within reach of the college are Cobb's, Darby and Crum creeks, as choice a set of names as one could wish for. There is one spot on Cobb's Creek which deserves especial mention. Here the creek is dammed up so as to form a lake with steep rocky sides. From one of the latter, a large, moss-covered rock projects out over the water, which from the arbutus which is said to grow on the hillside in its immediate vicinity, has been named Arbutus Rock. But we may safely say of this place as Sidney Smith once discussed the snakes in Ireland, "Concerning arbutus at Arbutus Rock, there *is* no arbutus at Arbutus Rock." About five miles south of the college is the Government Survey Station. This, to be sure, is not much in itself, being only a granite post with the letters U. S. on one side and a triangle on the top, but it is situated on a high hill from which a fine view may be had over the surrounding country. Near here is an abandoned iron mine and numerous old quarries, wherein the amateur geologist finds his paradise, and from which he loves to bring home whole pockets-full of rocks and rubbish. Swarthmore College and Westtown School are in this neighborhood, and are often visited by the students.

To the westward the country loses none of its beauty, though changing slightly in its aspect. It is even more rolling here, except where it spreads out into the broad expanse of the Chester Valley, of far famed beauty. There are many historical locations in this neighborhood, connected with the Revolution, such as Valley Forge and General Wayne's grave. One of the chief attractions is situated northwest of Haverford and about five miles distant. This place is known around here as "The Gulf," though it is more properly a ravine. It is indeed a remarkable freak of Nature, and one which is not easy to describe. Running northward to the Schuylkill is a long range of hills, which rise higher and steeper above the valleys as they approach the river. About a mile from the latter there is a deep cut or rift in the ridge which divides it completely into two parts, forming a deep ravine with almost perpendicular sides. At the bottom of this ravine a

stream flows swiftly, allowing scarcely any room for a very important and much used road which winds its way through this natural pass. Indeed, were it not for this provision of Nature, communication between the two sides of the ridge would be almost entirely cut off, as the only other route is a long and difficult one across the hills. The thrifty farmer, who has well cultivated all this neighborhood, has evidently given up all idea of ever clearing the timber from these steep hills, and they are consequently thickly wooded, which adds greatly to their beauty. They are well known as fine places for arbutus and laurel. In the fall, when the leaves are changing, they are particularly fine, and as seen from some distance down the Chester Valley, at the head of which it stands, the gulf is as pretty an object as one often finds.

About northwest of Haverford, but in easy walking distance, is another remarkable place. If it had been situated in the mountains, it would probably have been named Beacon Hill or Sunset Rock, etc., but as it is, it rejoices in the plain but expressive name of Prospect Hill. Approached from the south, one would hardly know it as a hill, the ascent being so gradual, but on all other sides the ground slopes away very rapidly. From the top of this hill we have one of the grandest views that can be obtained outside of the mountains. The hill seems to stand alone, with no ground around of the same elevation. At its base flows the Schuylkill, whose course can be traced far up the valley, winding like a silver thread among the hills. Indeed, as there is no higher land near to shut off the view, the mountains about Reading can be distinctly seen, while in the foreground lies the peaceful valley, dotted with homesteads and villages. To the east one can see across the city far into Jersey. But it is to the west that we have the most picturesque outlook. Here, the neighboring ridge would shut out all but the distant view, were it not for the break made in it by the Gulf. Through this opening one can look straight up the Chester Valley, while beyond is the beautiful background of the Blue Mountains, whose appearance justifies their name. Such views as these cannot fitly be described, but should be visited by everyone who is able to do so, as it will well repay the trouble.

There is one very important and interesting place which has not been noticed. This, fortunately for us, is conveniently near Haverford, and is none other than Bryn Mawr College. But as visitors form very different opinions as to what (or should we say *whom*) is the principal attraction of this place, it were futile to attempt to describe the latter. Moreover, it is noticeable, that such persons frequently make their visits at night, which conduct cannot be explained by any theory of their love of Nature.

We have now, as it were, made the round of the vicinity of Haverford, but certainly in a very cursory manner. If by this short sketch an interest has been awakened and a desire stimulated to discover personally some of the charms of this beautiful neighborhood, the desire of the writer has been accomplished.

DANTE'S LOVE.

[Some apology, it might seem, from the writer of this sketch, is due the readers of the HAVERFORDIAN, for presuming to be able to tell them anything new about such an old and trite subject. But so far as he can discover, few people, even those highly cultured, are at all acquainted with the many interesting details which help to make this the most wonderful love-story the world has seen. Therefore, believing it to be a subject much more often *spoken of* than *known about*, he feels that while he runs the risk of displeasing a few of his readers,—the majority will become acquainted with some interesting facts in the life of the great Dante, hitherto unknown, and any of his readers who would like to study a most fascinating autobiography, the mystic story of a love unshared, unreturned, unanswered, and yet undiscouraged, can not do better than to read Mr. Norton's translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova." Surely the account of such a passion would be interesting if for nothing but its oddity.]

BEATRICE Portinari was born in the City of Florence, in the year of grace 1266, one year after the birth of Dante Aligheri. Picture to yourself a city like the following, and you imagine a place, not

very different from the one which really existed at the time our story opens.

"The little Florence in which Dante was born was very unlike the noble and beautiful Florence which is now like Jerusalem, a joy of the whole earth, and whose splendor and serious beauty seem to justify the wonderful adoration of her, which her children have always shown, and whom this, her greatest son, made into a kind of worship. The houses that rose in narrow lines closely approaching each other, with a continual menace, across the straight thread of the street, had not yet attained to the characteristic individuality of Tuscan architecture. * * * * The very sight of the narrow, old streets conjures up the scene. The evening so cool and sweet after the hot day, the heavy cornices of the old houses marking out that strip of intense celestial blue above; here and there over a garden wall, the early summer betraying itself in breath of abundant roses, in the scarlet glow of a pomegranate blossom; the high tower of Badia pealing the hour, no nobler belfry yet existing in the city; somewhere from the end of a street, a glimpse visible beyond the walls of the terraced cone of Fiesole, with the darker hills behind, and low down at the doorways on the projecting stairs in the cortile, upon which in dangerous times, gates of defence can close,—the peaceful citizens gathered to talk over the affairs of the day, and the political condition of their beloved city. Cheerful, narrow, yet kindly burgher life; narrow, knowing no friendship out of the *vicinato*, yet broader by the very limits of that *vicinato* than our shut-up evenings indoors, and how they could hate each other, those neighbors, when occasion served, more passionately than they could love."

Here in this old Mediæval town, lived Dante and Beatrice without occurence to break the ordinary course of life of a Floratine child of the twelfth century, until "nine times since Dante's birth, had the heaven of light turned almost to the same point in its own gyration." And during this ninth year the story opens. I cannot do better than let the good old story-teller Boccaccio bring on the first act of this life-drama.

"At that season when the sweetness of heaven reclothes the earth with its adornments, and makes it all smiling with the variety of flowers among the green leaves, it was the custom in our city for the men and for the ladies to keep holiday in their wards altogether, or in separate companies. And so it happened, that, among the rest, Folco Portinari, a man held in much honor in those times among the citizens, had gathered his neighbors at a feast in his own house, on the first of May. Among them was the before-named Aligheri,—and as little boys are wont to follow their fathers, especially to festive places, Dante, whose ninth year was not yet finished, accompanied him. And here with others of his age, of whom, both boys and girls, there were many at the house of the entertainer, * * * he boyishly gave himself to merry-making. Among the children was a little daughter of Folco, whose name was *Bice*,—a contraction from *Beatrice*. She was, perhaps, eight years old, a pretty little thing in her girlish way, very lady-like and pleasing in her actions, and much more sedate in her manners, and modest in her words than her years required. Beside this, she had very delicate features, * * * and of such dignity and charm, that she was looked upon by many as a little angel. She then, such as I depict her, or perchance far more beautiful, appeared at this feast before the eyes of our Dante, not, I believe for the first time, but first with power to enamor him. And although still a child, he received her image into his heart with such affection, that from that, day forward, never so long as he lived, did it depart therefrom."

Boccaccio omits in his description of this first meeting, one incident which has a bearing on the story,—that Beatrice was "clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson, garlanded and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age." Here the insertion of a poem by Charles (Tennyson) Turner, which has a direct connection with the subject, seems excusable.

"Daughter of Portinari! thou has met,
This eve, the Bard of Hell and Paradise;
By love's own hand, the very hour was set,
For thy glad greeting and his sweet surprise;
Though parted for a while his loving eye
Has seized thy fair belongings, and distrained
Thy crimsom gown to dress his dreams with joy,
A prize in meeting thee: And thou hast part
Henceforth in him,—to all his fame allied;
For thou hast past into a poet's heart,
To be his Beatrice, his angel guide.
Hail, little hand-maid of great renown,
With thine eight summers, and thy crimson gown!"

From this time until "so many days had passed that exactly nine years were completed since that above-described apparition of *'questa gentilissima signorí,'*" Dante makes no mention of having seen her; but now he happens to pass her in the street, clothed in white, accompanied by two lady friends, and turning towards her he receives her "*most gracious salutation.*"

Here he enlarges upon what that salutation was to him. It was all the recompense, so it appears, he ever had for his love, yet it was enough not only to delight, but to purify his mind. He says:—"Whenever and wherever she appeared, in the hope of the priceless salute, I had no longer an enemy in the world, such a flame of charity was kindled in me, making me forgive anyone who had done me any harm."

Nearly overcome with ineffably sweet sensations, aroused by this meeeting, he wandered home, lying down, still thinking on her loveliness; he slept and dreamed a dream, in which he saw a "Lord of aspect fearful to whoso' should look upon Him." But the vision is described in the sonnet which follows it, which he wrote to distribute among his friends. He says:—

"Then musing upon what I had seen, I resolved to make it known to the many famous poets of the time; and having ere-while proved myself to possess the art of discoursing in rhyme, I determined to make a sonnet, in which, saluting all who were under fealty of love, and entreating them to expound my vision, I should relate that which I beheld in my sleep; and this was the sonnet that I made:—

To every captive soul and gentle heart,
Into whose sight shall come this
song of mine,
That they to me its matter
may divine,
Be greeting in love's name, our
master's sent!
A fourth part of the hours was nearly spent,
When all the stars of heaven most
brightly shine,
When Love came suddenly before
mine eyne,
Remembering whom, with horror
makes me start.
Joyful he seemed, and bore within his hand
My heart; while in his arms and calmly
sleeping,
My lady, folded in a mantel, lay
He woke her, and she ate at his command
The burning heart, as though she
feared her prey;
And then Love went his way, deject
and weeping.

To this sonnet I received replies from many, and of various import, * * * * but the true meaning of my dream, was not then perceived by anyone, but now it is manifest to the most simple."

A curious incident, showing that mankind was the same then as now in his desire to hide his love from public view, is where he tells that his friends, seeing the great change that had come over him from the disasterous effects of love, asked, "'For whom has Love thus wasted thee?' But I smilingly looked at them and said nothing."

Not long after this, the thought of veiling his devotion to Beatrice under an appearance of love for another occurred to him. He was sitting in an assembly of ladies and gentlemen, and in looking at Beatrice, who was on the opposite side of the room, his eyesight seemed to end at the face of a "gentle lady of very pleasing aspect," who sat in a direct line between Beatrice and himself. The unknown lady and others noticing the direction of his steady gaze, imagined he was looking at herself, and when he left the place he heard said behind him,—"'Behold how that lady wasteth the life of this man;' and naming her, I understood that they spake of her who sat in the straight line * * * between Beatrice and myself * * * and at once I thought to make this gentle lady a screen of the truth; and in a short time, such show I made of it, that many persons who held discourse about me, believed that they knew my secret."

Now this expedient, which he seems to have thought, in the strange subtility of his mind, quite justifiable, worked most frightful woe; he writes:

"And to the end that I may be more brief, I say that I made her [*i.e.*, the anonymous] my defense to such a degree that people spake of it beyond the terms of courtesy, wherefore many times it weighed heavily upon me. And on this account, namely, because of that wanton talk which seemed to impute vice to me, that most gentle lady, who was the destroyer of all vices and the queen of all virtues, passing by a certain place, *denied me her most sweet salutation, in which lay all my bliss!*"

Imagine his feelings! O, what sorrow, what self-condemnation! If he had only told her at first of his passion,—how he curst his dissembling actions! If he had, who knows but that no Dante would have been handed down from Mediæval Italy, for us to read and wonder over.

Almost fainting and speechless, he rushed away from the crowd and sought some secluded spot which he could bathe with most bitter tears. Then "sobbing like a beaten child," and calling, with his usual mingling of sacred and chivalric devotion, for pity and guerdon upon the ladies of mercy and love, whose faithful servant he was,—he fell asleep and dreamed. He saw a youth sitting by the side of his bed, clothed in whitest raiment and very thoughtful. Turning to Dante he said:

"Fili mi, tempus est ut praeter mittantur simulata nostra" (which Mr. Norton has translated,—"My son, it is time that our feignings be given over"). Then stopping a moment, he spoke this most enigmatical sentence, which is supposed to contain a reference to Beatrice's death: "That woe which was soon to darken Heaven and earth;"—

"Ego tanquam centum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentiæ partes; tu antem non sic." ("I am as the centre of a circle, to which the parts of the circumference bear an equal relation; but thou art not so." Mr. Rosetti gives the following explanation of this curious sentence: "I am the centre of a circle, therefore all lovable objects, not matter where, are equally near to me. Not so thou, who wilt one day lose Beatrice when she goes to Heaven.")

The practical result, however, of this vision was that Dante resolved, by the advice of Love, to throw aside all screens and pretences, and avow his true passion. But a tumult and conflict in the poet's mind now arises, in the shape of four perfectly logical syllogisms, two for, and two against the lordship of Love. They seemed so utterly to disprove each other and were so unanswerable that "they made me stand like one who knoweth not which way to take his journey, who desireth to go, but knoweth not whither he should go."

And now, the curtain rises on a different scene. Instead of the mournful setting of the last picture, when all was sorrow and woe at the loss of that all-important and only tie which gave Dante the slightest possible connection between his own heart and that of Beatrice—we have the beautiful ensemble of the sweet, mystic and hazy, representation of an old Italian marriage-feast. Here move about in the rich, yet tasty colors of that fairest flower of human institutions, Chivalry,—the youth of Florence,—the young troubador, the lately returned crusader, the worn politician, and in the motley crowd at the entrance of the garden, we discern our dreaming, thoughtful, young-old Poet and his friend. Dante, in surprise at finding himself in this gay scene, turning to his companion, asks, "To what end are we come among these ladies?" And his friend makes a reply in which "the very soul of the troubadour's modification of Chivalry seems to breathe;"—"*To the end that they may be worthily served.*" Upon which the following strange scene ensues:

"They were assembled around a gentlewoman who had that day been wedded, * * * * so I, thinking to please my friend, resolved to stay and join with him in doing suit and service to these ladies. But I had no sooner thus decided, than I felt a strange tremor in my left side. Therefore I made a feint of leaning against a painting which covered the wall, and fearing lest my emotion should be observed, I raised my eyes and looking toward the ladies, beheld among them the most gentle Beatrice. Straightway my spirits were so distraught by the vehemence of Love, on finding myself so near that most gentle lady, that nothing remained to me of life but the spirits of vision. * * * * Then many of these ladies, observing my confusion, began to marvel, and they fell to whispering with that sweet lady and making mock of me. * * * * When rested awhile, and the spirits which had died within me having risen to life again, * * * I bade my friend farewell, and returned home into the chamber of tears, and there weeping, and blushing as I wept, I said to myself, 'If this lady did but know my condition she would not thus, methinks, make sport of my appearance; rather would she, I believe, be moved to pity.'"

(*To be continued.*)

THE ALUMNI PRIZE ORATIONS.

ON the evening of May 28th, a small and select audience gathered in Alumni Hall, to hear the contest for the Alumni Prize, by members of the Senior and Junior classes. The orations were seven in number, and, although all were, more or less, of a historical character, yet the manner of their composition and delivery was such that nothing could have been desired to add to the interest of the exercise.

Contrary to the usual custom, the judges were chosen from the graduates of other colleges, and, in the absence of President Chase, Mr. E. P. Allinson, of the Alumni, introduced the speakers.

Mr. Jesse E. Philips, Jr., was the first speaker of the evening, the subject of his oration being the "Empress Josephine." The speaker gave an outline of the varied career of Josephine,

from her youth in the West Indies to her first meeting with Napoleon in Paris. The wonderful history of Napoleon was then traced, and the great influence of Josephine upon the Emperor clearly set forth. "We are accustomed to look at Napoleon alone. We forget that Josephine was his counsellor; that united they had acquired the summit of his glory. United to her, his star was always ascending; as soon as he separated her, it fell." Great as were her many virtues in prosperity, they shone with yet richer splendor under her crushing misfortune.

"John Bright" was the title of the second oration by Mr. Barker Newhall. Mr. Newhall described the public life of the great Quaker statesman, and showed how profoundly he has influenced the course of English politics. With a wonderful insight into the affairs of nations, Mr. Bright, almost alone, during our late civil war, supported the cause of the Union in Parliament, his views always coinciding with what he believes to be morally right. He has been considered the very incarnation of Quakerism.

The third oration, "Longfellow," was delivered by Mr. Edward D. Wadsworth. He recounted the many merits of Longfellow's verse, and the widespread power of his influence. His beautiful sentiments, "woven of his sighs and tears," are familiar to every American, and cherished in every home. Many passages were quoted from the poet's works.

"Lowell's Place in Literature," was next discussed by Mr. W. H. Futrell. Lowell is pre-eminently our great moral poet, and has done for our common vernacular what Scott and Burns have done for Scotland. His has been an intellect steadily advancing in breadth and depth of scope, and "when the literary history of the nineteenth century shall be written, among the bright list of those who have adorned best their country's literature, will be found the name of James Russell Lowell."

The character and works of John Brown were the subjects considered in the fifth oration by Mr. J. Dickinson, Jr. The stern Puritanical uprightness of the man was clearly set forth. John Brown "is a hero, not because he fought so bravely and so well; he is a hero, because he had a hero's soul, a brave man's fortitude, a Christian's love. He was a man who felt for men of every hue, and, when he felt and knew the truth, he acted it."

Mr. Wilfred White delivered the next oration. He discussed the "Civilization of the Aztecs." The speaker gave a thrilling account of the conquest of Mexico by a handful of Spaniards, and described at length the mythology and the social and political institutions of the Aborigines, whose civilization he showed to have been one of the most strange and wonderful that has ever been developed.

The last oration, "John Quincy Adams," was delivered by Mr. H. H. Goddard. "The Old Man Eloquent" was one of the foremost statesmen America has ever produced, and by his peculiar character, was especially fitted to act as leader of the Abolition party in Congress, when, to be an Abolitionist, was to be considered the foe of national prosperity. So great were his powers that, even then, he completely silenced his enemies and gained "the respect and esteem of his contemporaries." His true greatness is scarcely yet appreciated.

The decision of the judges has not yet been announced; but this, as well as the successful oration, will appear in a future issue of the HAVERFORDIAN.

LOCALS.

Go, Going, Goat!

Every one is glad to see Professor Chase well again. Surely we will have good weather once more, with a firm hand in control. When the instruments return from Washington, power will be complete.

German Student, No. 1 (pointing to student lying under a tree)—"Warm!" Student No. 2—"Nein, besser, 'Warum'!"

Some one overheard one "twin" talking to himself, and evidently thinking it was the other "Twin."

The husband of the new matron will act as steward, relieving the Dean of many of his minor duties of a business nature.

Professor—"It was quite a long walk, but I rested well the next day on the ocean steamer." "Were you sea-sick, Professor?" "Ah! that's quite a different branch of the subject, sir."

In the class-room—joke from Professor—students laugh hilariously. In dining-room—joke from student—ominous growl around the table.

The winner of the Alumni Prize has not yet been decided, as we go to press.

Base ball is booming. Let her boom!

All hail to the Mexican god, "Pretzel!" We had always supposed him an ancient tutelary deity of the Germans.

Samson was the first actor that brought down the house.—*Ex.*

We notice the projected tennis tournament with pleasure, and hope there will be many entries.

Our absent-minded friend knocks at his own door for some time, and, finally, getting no response, goes off, saying: "Well, if you don't want me to come in, I won't."

The Swarthmore ladies seem to acquire the use of first names very easily, judging from the frequent sound of "Tommy" on the base-ball field.

When "Dutchie" tries to throw a ball into a third-story window, and only succeeds in ventilating the collection-room, it is about time to stop bragging of the muscle produced by gymnasium exercise.

Must be a mistake somewhere. "Esrey" says he comes from the South, and yet, how the strawberries laid him out! After this, we begin to doubt whether he could stand two or three watermelons or a dozen persimmons.

Visitors tell us that our grounds are surpassed in beauty by none, and we are glad to agree with them.

Sophomore, in drawing-room, drawing cog-wheels: "Professor, how wide are my teeth, one inch?"

A promising student, when asked the date of a famous execution, replied: "The date is not exactly known, but he was hanged the same day he was executed."

Professor in Chemistry; "What are coal-ashes composed of?"

Student (suddenly awakening): "Principally carbon."

We hear that one of our handsome youths has been realizing a considerable revenue from the sale of his "photos" to admiring ladies.

Professor: "What animals did Pyrrhus use in battle?"

Student: "Elephants."

Professor: "And what is a Pyrrhic victory?"

Student: "An *elephantic* victory."

Professor in History: "In the ancient civilization, if there was no eldest son, who succeeded to the patriarchal power."

Embryonic Historian: "The next youngest." Collapse.

The gifted disciple of Apollo in No. 54 has hung up his broken lyre as an offering at the Delphic shrine, and joy pervades the surrounding groves.

CLASS STATISTICS.

Class of '86. Average age, 21 yrs., 6 mos.; height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 150 lbs. Greatest height, 6 ft., ½ in.; weight, 178 lbs. Per cent.—Beard, .50. Religion: Friend, .50; Episcopalian, .40; others, .10. Politics: Republican, .70; Democrat, .20; nothing, .10. Prospective employment: Teaching, .10; law, .30; business, .40; undecided, .20. Engaged to be married, .10.

Class of '87. Average age, 20 yrs., 3 mos.; height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 149.6 lbs. Greatest height, 6 ft., 1.6 in.; weight, 182½ lbs. Per cent.—Beard, .44. Religion: Friend, .68; Episcopalian, .20; others, .12. Politics: Republican, .88; Democratic, .04; Prohibitionist, .04; nothing, .04. Engaged, .20.

Class of '88. Average age, 18 yrs.; height, 5 ft., 8 in.; weight, 138 lbs. Greatest height, 5 ft., 11½ in.: weight, 165 lbs. Per cent.—Beard, .15. Religion: Friend, .27; Episcopalian, .40; Presbyterian, .10; others, .23. Politics: Republican, .73; Independent, .18; others, .09. Engaged, .05.

Class of '89. Average age, 18 yrs.; height, 5 ft., 8½ in.; weight, 132¼ lbs. Greatest height, 6 ft., 1 in.; weight, 175 lbs. Per cent.—Beard, 0. Religion: Friend, .33; Episcopalian, .40; Presbyterian, .08; Methodist, .08; others, .11. Politics: Republican, .75; Democrat, .11; Prohibitionist, .14. Engaged, 0.

PERSONALS.

[Will Alumni or others please favor us with items for this column.]

'70, John Dutton Steele, who had for three years filled a responsible position in the Tube Works at McKeesport, Pa., died at that place, March 31st, from the effects of typhoid fever. He was buried in Coatesville, Pa., his former home.

'72, Caspar W. Haines, C. E., has been for some time at the Cordova (Arg. Rep.) Observatory, engaged in a census of the stars of the Southern Hemisphere.

'74, Edw. P. Allinson, A. M., one of Philadelphia's promising lawyers, and a member of the Alumni Committee on the Prize, presided at the contest for it on the 28th.

'76, D. S. Bispham sailed for Europe on the 8th.

'78, Francis K. Carey, LL.B., A. M., was married, on April 27th, to Miss Clover Hall, both of Baltimore, Md.

'81, Wm. A. Blair has been studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

'81, Levi T., not J. P., Edwards, as stated in last issue, is to fill Professor Beatty's place.

'84, Arthur D. Hall is supplying a place in the High School, Brunswick, Me.

'85, Theo. W. Richards leads his class at Harvard.

'85, Sam'l Bettle visited the college on the 23d.

'87, Geo. B. Wood sailed for Europe on the 5th.

President Chase has written an introduction to "The Beautiful, the Wonderful, and the Wise," a recently revised treasury of interesting and valuable general literature, which is published by an Alumnus, John C. Winston, '81.

LITERATURE.

[*All books received before the 20th of the month will be reviewed in the number issued on the 10th of the following month.*]

ALTHOUGH some months have passed since the publication of Professor Fisher's book, we feel that it is not too late to render a just tribute to a valuable work; and having used it, both in reading and study, we can pronounce our judgment with increased confidence. In such a work as "The Outlines of Universal History," the qualities of selection and arrangement are of more value than those of research and interpretation. These qualities are shown in Professor Fisher's work to a remarkable degree. No important event is unduly obscured; nor is an unimportant event unduly prominent. All the parts of the work are in proportion to the whole and to each other. Following Macaulay's idea of a historian, he has related the history of the people as well as the history of the government; he has traced the progress of useful and ornamental arts, described the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste; portrayed the manners of successive generations; nor has he passed by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. Yet, above all this, has he striven to impress the idea of the unity of history, "the connection of events and of successive eras with one another." His preface sets forth nobly his own idea of such a work, which he has faithfully carried out in the text.—"Outlines of Universal History." George Park Fisher, D.D., LL. D, Professor in Yale College. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

The long struggle for the possession of America is fast drawing to an end. The ancient inhabitants, driven from the sea-board to the Mississippi Valley, from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, are making their last and hopeless stand for the land of their fathers. A few years, and they have ceased to trouble us; a century, and they are forgotten. With peculiar appropriateness, therefore, at this time, Mr. Dunn appears with his careful and impartial review of their history. Nor is it difficult to conjecture the verdict pronounced in such a review. Respect for the courage of the Red man, acknowledgment of the justice of his cause, pity for the savage traits which doomed his race to destruction, are expressed in Mr. Dunn's book. The history comprises the whole series of wars from the outbreak of the Teos Pueblans, in 1846, to that of the Apaches, which is still in progress. The author is quite familiar with the localities and individuals described in his book; he has studied the traditions of the Indians; and he has strengthened his work with abundant authority. The book, therefore, deserves a place in the department of ethnology and history.—"Massacres of the

Mountains. A History of the Indian Wars in the Far West." By J. P. Dunn, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros.

Notwithstanding the increase of learning and the extension of its influence, it becomes daily more apparent that the novel is the most potent means of reaching those large masses whose minds are either too indolent or too shallow to be affected even by questions of momentous import, unless insidiously concealed in the cup of amusement. On this account, therefore, the moral philosophy of a great novelist is of hardly less importance to the reading world than that of Aristotle or of Bacon; and Mr. Brown has done us no small service in deducing the "Ethics of George Eliot" from an examination of her works. He discovers that, so far from teaching morals that are unsound and holding opinions that are not orthodox, she "stands out as the deepest, broadest, and most catholic illustrator of the true ethics of Christianity, the most earnest and persistent expositor of the true doctrine of the Cross."—"The Ethics of George Eliot." By John Crombie Brown. Philadelphia: G. H. Buchanan & Co.

At nearly fourscore, the "Quaker poet" has given another volume of poems to the world. We do not usually expect poetry of a high order from men of advanced age. The active imagination, the ardent and hopeful temperament, the pure and lofty conception, which belong to youth, are the qualities of the poet; and the natural gravity and sedateness of age are the opposites of these qualities. Such, however, is not the case with Whittier. The volume of poems just published shows us that age has not rendered his strain less mellifluous nor his ideas less sublime. The book contains eighteen pieces, of which we will mention as the most prominent, "The Two Elizabeths," "Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj," "The Light that is Felt," "Revelation," and "The Homestead."—"'St. Gregory's Guest' and Recent Poems." By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

To those Americans who believe that the Constitution of the United States is the only perfect constitution, no book could be more acceptable than Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy." Mr. Carnegie shows that, with their institutions, the Americans have made a progress unparalleled in the history of nations; that the conditions of success have been more wide-spread, and that the people live better and more prosperously than in other countries; that the American theory and practice of religion and the American system of education are the most just; that the developement of music and literature in America has been rapid and full.—"Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic." By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

EXCHANGES.

The *American Cricketer* has begun its welcome visits once more.

The prize essay, "Nature in Bryants' Poetry," in the May number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, is a very creditable production, and displays, with its critical ability, a true sympathy with the spirit of the poet's mind.

It is so seldom that anything worthy of the name of poetry appears in the various college publications, that it is with pleasure we read such a sonnet as "Antigone," in the *Dartmouth*, for May 21st; or the following little poem from a late issue of the *Ogontz Mosaic:*

UNSEEN.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?
I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;
I do not see who is there to teach.
I see the hare from the danger hide,
And the stars through the pathless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.
He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole,
All motion goes to the rightful goal;
O, God! I can trust for the human soul.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* shows very poor taste in publishing, in the issue of May 15th, the sarcastic comments of a certain Professor Gouge, D. D., LL.D., in regard to the position of a popular lecturer whose views are not regarded as orthodox. Irony and sarcasm are not reason. Such things may give offense to enemies, or coerce the stupid; but the earnest, inquiring student wants *facts*, not *dogmas*.

The *Pacific Pharos*, in an editorial, says: "There is a plan now in vogue, in several colleges, by which students, unable to procure the high-priced text-books frequently required, are enabled to borrow for their temporary use the necessary books. This plan is the establishment of what is known as "loan libraries," which contain a collection of the required books. Frequently these libraries are started by donations of old books by the students who have completed their studies. There is no reason why some such plan could not be inaugurated here, and, when once started, its ultimate success and completion would be but a matter of time." Although such a scheme might not succeed at a university, or even in a college where the dormitory system is not in use, yet we think it would work perfectly here, and obviate many of the difficulties for procuring books now in the way of students.

The *Pennsylvanian*, for May 18th, publishes a long list of the criticisms, from different sources, on their late successful rendering of the "Acharnians." The great success of the University men, in their presentation of this play, should stimulate other colleges to follow their example.

"A Plea for the Laborer," in the *University Herald*, is a short, fiery essay against the "bloated aristocrats" and "pampered sons of luxury," in behalf of the "down-trodden laborer." There is much truth in the statements and conclusions of the writer, but we fear that some of his facts are slightly overstated, and the conclusions he draws from them a little too dark.

Thanks to the *Earlhamite* for the catalogue of "Earlham College." We could not imagine what it meant until we found the following *very flattering* notice, p. 43: "The Ionian Society publishes a monthly magazine during ten months of the college year, under the name of *The Earlhamite*. * * * The paper contains thirty-six pages, devoted to literary and scientific subjects, editorial matter, and college news, and *ranks amongst the best of our college journals*." That last sentence told the secret. It is refreshing to find in this giddy and wayward age, some few who yet believe in the words of our greatest philosopher: "Blow your own horn, young man, nobody's goin' ter blow it for you."

The *Hamiltonian*, a very tastefully-arranged annual, has been received from Hamilton College. The engravings are of fine workmanship, and some of the designs quite original and appropriate. The editorials of the different classes, with the exception of the Freshman, are of a more serious nature than is customary in college annuals; but the comic element is well represented by a parody, the "Song of Hiawatha, 'Revised Version.'" Altogether, it is a very creditable production.

Says an editorial in the *College Cabinet*: "Why not change the name of our paper to 'The Genevan?' We do not know the origin of the present title, but it is not suggestive enough. The name of a college paper should tell at once whence it came, and whose interests it represents." This is the spirit which should pervade all college journals. As soon as a paper ceases to advance, to improve in every possible way, it has no place in any college. Change your name by all means, and with it the cover of your paper. Why not make the name and external appearance as good, at least, as the quality of the interior?

A writer in the *Roanoke Collegian* says: "The college paper is a wonderful institution for preserving college wit, quip, joke and caricature." The average college journal certainly does perform this useful office, to an extent which completely outdoes all the other appliances for preserving perishable luxuries. The joke which once starts the rounds of the college press is certain of immortality. Generation after generation of college editors comes on the stage, passes to the full prime of manhood, and at last waxes hoary with age, and silently departs, yet the same old jokes which cheered their infancy live on in all the vigor of perpetual youth.

Our usually peaceful friend, the *College Rambler*, has lately infused a new spirit into its exchange column. This department is now taking so rapid strides in the field of journalistic warfare, that it bids fair soon to equal, in critical ability, the far-famed *Niagara Index*, whose hostility it is now earnestly courting.

Beware, old boy, beware! The glory of a champion prize-fighter may dazzle us with its splendor, but some who enter the bloody arena come out all covered with less radiant attributes. There is a bare possibility of those who fail to win the victory, winning a darker hue about the eye, or a jaw somewhat dislocated.

We have received a copy of the *London Times*, weekly edition, containing a detailed account of the late Chicago riots.

The May *Student* contains an interesting account of a flying trip through Georgia.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Princeton has 17 Alumni Associations.

William and Mary College, Va., has been closed.

Princeton recently beat Harvard in base-ball, 3—0.

A western college will invite Lowell to its Presidency.

An Indian has applied for admission to West Point.

Attendance at recitations and lectures is now voluntary at Cornell.

Harvard's challenge for an international boat-race has been declined by Cambridge.

President Porter, of Yale, who has just resigned, will continue to hold the chair of Moral Philosophy.

A permanent Dramatic Club is proposed at the University of Pennsylvania, since the success of the Greek Play.

By special petition, there will be no orations at the Commencement of the College Department, University of Pennsylvania.

Twenty-five men will try for positions on the Harvard foot-ball team. It is expected to be very strong behind the rush line.

Stephens Institute is said to want its name changed to "The New Jersey Institute of Technology."

The Harvard *Crimson* says that Bryn Mawr's entrance requirements are much the same as those at Harvard.

A quarrel between two young ladies at the Rutger's Female College, for the Valedictory Address, is going to law.

The Yale corporation has, at last, selected a president for the college — Prof. Timothy Dwight, of the Yale Theological Seminary.

A gentleman has brought suit for $50,000 against the Directors of the Harvard Laboratory, for injury sustained by his son in experimenting.

Lately some Brown students, having possessed themselves of one of their president's carriages, amid cheers and horn-blowing, utilized it in making a bon-fire.

CRICKET.

On account of rain, the first eleven matches were declared off, and the second eleven match with Merion is the only game in May to be recorded. The game was not especially interesting, as is generally the case with second eleven matches; the only noticeable features being the good bowling of Collins and the three life's given to A. G. Thompson, of the Merion team, by which the match was lost. It was played at Ardmore, May 22d. The following is the score in detail:

HAVERFORD—FIRST INNING.

J. L. Schwartz, b. J. Wood	0
F. H. Strawbridge, b. Thompson	0
H. H. Firth, b. J. Wood	7
A. H Scott, c Wood, b. Thompson	8
P. H. Morris, c. G. S Philler, b. J. Wood	4
I. Morris, c. & b. Brooke	8
F. Collins, b. J. Wood	2
J. T. Hilles, b. J. Wood	5
F. W. Morris, b. J. Wood	1
G. R. Johnson, c. & b. Brooke	5
W. P. Morris, not out	2
Byes	5
	49

MERION—FIRST INNING.

J. S. Watts, c. W. Morris, b. Collins	8
J. L. Wood, b Collins	7
A. L. Baily, run out	3
A. G. Thompson, b. Firth	45
G. S. Philler, b Johnson	15
R. W. Barlow, c Strawbridge, b. Collins	0
W. G. Thompson, b Johnson	2
W. E. Bates, b. Collins	1
G. G. Brooke, b. Collins	1
H. C. Thayer, not out	2
W. P. Hipple, b. Collins	0
Byes, 7. Leg Byes, 1; No Ball, 2	10
	49

In the incompleted second innings, P. H. Morris made 28, and A. H. Scott 21, and not out.

In the class matches, '87 *vs.* '89, '87 easily won by an inning, making 43 to '89's 14 and 26. In the match '88 *vs.* '89, '89 had a better showing, making 45 to '88's 57 for seven wickets.

Another provoking match with the University was played June 5th at Nicetown. The University going to the bat on a good crease made 182 runs, two-thirds of which were contributed by three batsmen, the others making no especial scores. With this strong stand to beat, Haverford sent in Lewis and Crossman. For fifteen minutes they played an almost painfully careful game, when Crossman was run out. This seemed to start the fun for the University. Patterson joined Lewis, who was neatly caught out in a few minutes. Sharp took his place; when Patterson endeavoring to drive the ball, caught it on the end of his bat and retired with 11 made in two or three hits. Sharp was bowled by Duhring. Garrett, in attempting a leg-hit, fell by the same bowler. Then came Hacker's quietus. The rest went more slowly; MacFarland and Firth made a little stand for twenty, then MacFarland and Stokes kept together for fifteen more; the side retiring with 93 runs. The difference in score was due largely to Haverford's lack of readiness to accept every chance given and to a great anxiety to score rapidly. A two inning match played, if necessary, on two successive Saturdays would be a great improvement on the present happy-go-lucky one day game.

Appended is the score:—

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

W. Scott, c and b. Baily	1
M. C. Work, b. Baily	11
J. A. Scott, c. Patterson, b. MacFarland	42
F. W. Ralston, Jr., b. Patterson	12
N. Downs, c. Baily, b. Patterson	0
F. Sheafer, c. Baily, b. Patterson	4
L. A. Biddle, c. Crossman, b. Patterson	39
C. Coates, c. and b. Garret	39
W. B. Henry, st. Price, b. Patterson	7
W. T. Wright, not out	23
W. J. Duhring, b. Firth	0
Bye, 1; leg-byes, 3	4
Total	182

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Patterson	162	58	4	5
Baily	114	54	1	2
Sharp	24	22	1	0
Garrett	36	20	0	1
MacFarland	36	19	2	1
Firth	17	5	1	1

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNING.		SECOND INNING.	
E. C. Lewis, c. Downs, b. W. Scott	0		
C. Crossman, run out	7	c. Coates, b. Ralston	6
G. S Patterson, c Sheafer, b. W. Scott	11	not out	27
J. Sharp, Jr., b. Duhring	2	not out	6
A. C. Garrett, b. Duhring	3		
W. E. Hacker, b. Duhring	0		
W. MacFasland, not out	29	c. Coates, b. Ralston	0
H. Firth, c. J. A. Scott, b. Duhring	13		
H. W. Stokes, st. J. A. Scott, b. W. Scott	11		
W. Price, b. Coates	4		
H. P. Baily, c. Biddle, b. Duhring	1		
Leg-byes, 3; wides, 3	6	Leg-byes, 1; no balls, 2	3
Total	93	Total	42

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNING.	B.	R.	M.	W.
Duhring	113	25	8	5
W Scott	120	36	5	3
Wright	30	17	0	0
Coates	18	9	0	1
Wides, Duhring, 3.				

SECOND INNING.	B.	R.	M.	W.
W. Scott	30	3	2	0
Coates	42	20	2	0
Ralston	18	16	0	2
No balls, Coates, 1; Ralston, 1.				

BASE BALL.

After some delay, the match with Swarthmore was played on May 29th. It was very close, although much in favor of Haverford at first, being 11 to 1 at end of second innings. But by heavy batting, and errors by Haverford, Swarthmore won by one run. The playing of Young, both in catching and batting, was especially noticeable, as was the fielding of Sharp, Evans and Rheinhart.

HAVERFORD.

	R.	P.O.	A.	IB.	E.
Young, c	5	6	2	5	6
Janney, 2b	2	3	3	2	2
Hilles, p	2	0	12	2	5
Sharp, ss	2	1	1	3	1
Orbison, 1b	2	10	1	3	2
Underhill, 3b	2	0	0	2	5
Rheinhart, lf	2	3	0	1	0
Goddard, rf	2	0	0	6	0
Evans, cf	2	1	0	3	0
	21	24	19	27	21

SWARTHMORE.

	R.	P.O.	A.	IB.	E.
E. M. Hunter, c	2	8	2	6	3
Rolfe, 1b	4	5	0	2	4
Smedley, p	5	0	8	4	4
Marshall, 2b	1	3	0	2	2
Ervien, lf	2	3	0	1	1
Nicholas, cf	2	1	0	1	0
Ekins, rf	2	0	0	0	1
H. Hunter, 3b	2	4	1	0	2
Lane, ss	2	3	2	5	2
	22	24	13	21	19

Two-base hits—Young (2), Sharp, Orbison, Underhill, Goddard (2), Hunter, Marshall. Three-base hits—Lane and Hunter. Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes. Umpire, Rutter.

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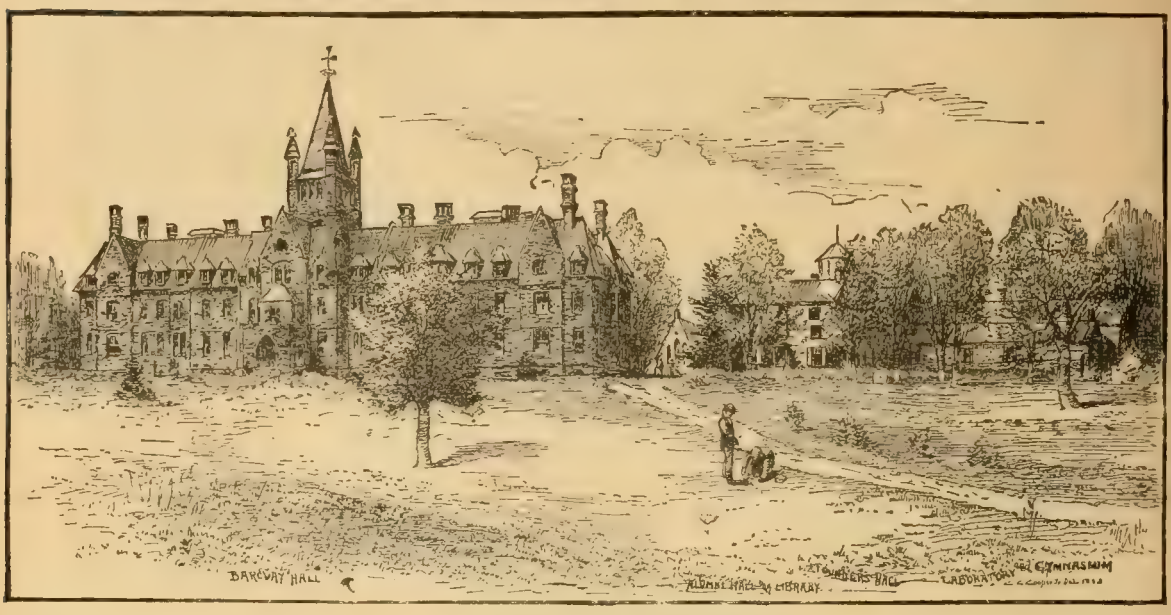

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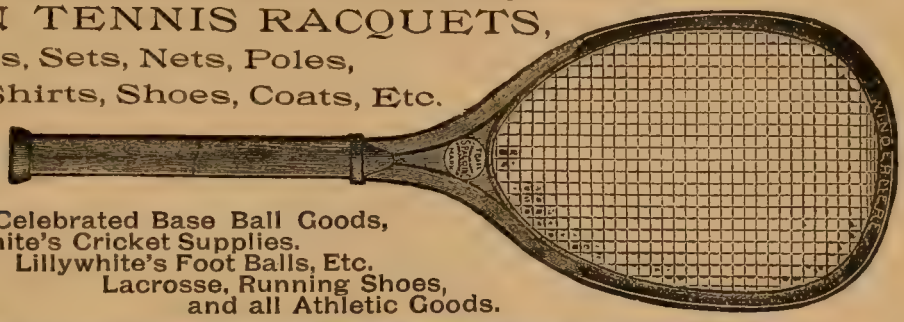

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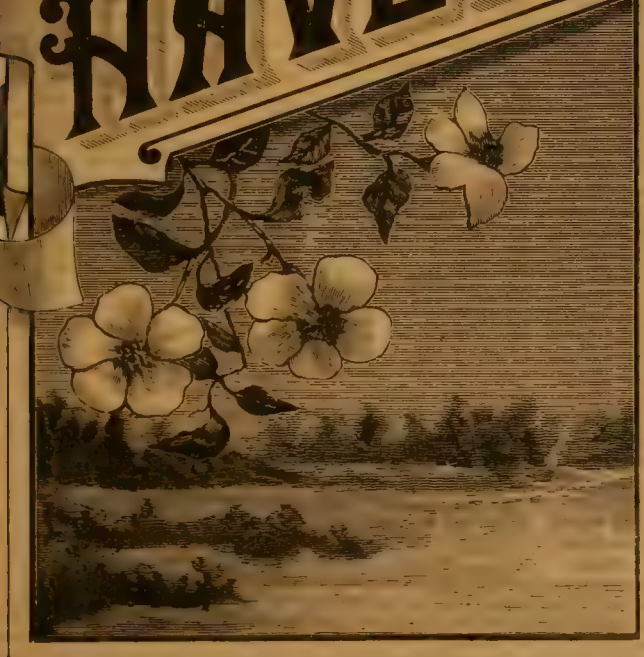

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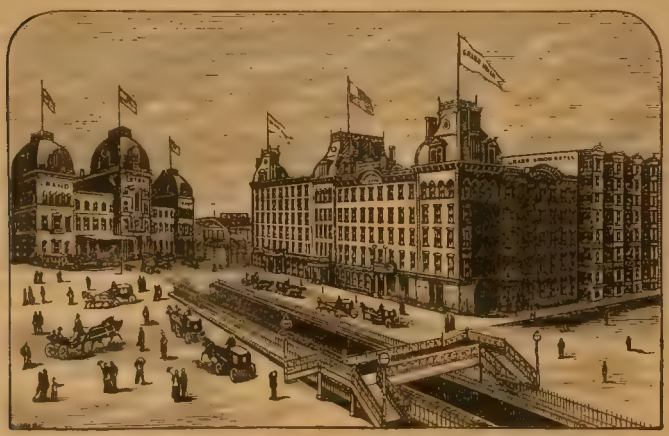

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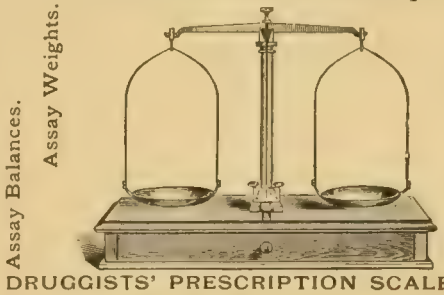

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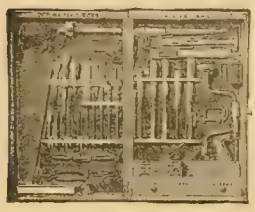

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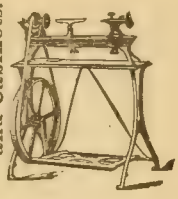

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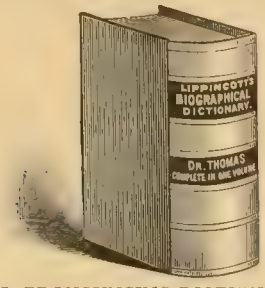

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Vol. VII. Haverford College, P. O., Pa., July, 1886. No. 10.

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Entered at the Haverford College Post Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WE come to our friends in a new face this month, and though you may not recognize THE HAVERFORDIAN at a distance, a closer look will reveal the familiar outlines of Barclay Hall, and an examination of the contents will prove that the same aims and the same motives prompt the publishing of THE HAVERFORDIAN as in the past.

ONCE more our annual vacation is upon us, and before this issue reaches its readers we shall be scattered to our different homes. We shall never meet under the same circumstances again. '86 has gone out, never, as a class, to greet Haverford. To them, commencement has seemed a great event; to the world, a very small one indeed: but to us it seems that their view has been the right one, and the world's wrong. It has been the turning point in the lives of a dozen men, and, life with its turnings, is nothing small. To them, THE HAVERFORDIAN says "God speed," and to the under-graduates it wishes a pleasant and profitable summer.

ALL change is not for the better! Because our public Loganian meetings were not successful when held after the examinations, it was hardly to be expected that they would be much improved when held in the midst of our hardest work. Yet such must have been the conclusion of those who changed the time of our public meeting. How sadly they failed our last meeting only too well served to illustrate. Not only are such meetings mortifying to those who participate, but our friends are disappointed and their estimate of Haverford's work is not much raised. We see nothing particularly appropriate about having the meeting in examination week, and, in fact, should much rather have it occur at some earlier date. The argument may be urged that such an occasion is a very appropriate finish to our year's work; but surely it would be better to display our abilities when we have the time to devote to the work, than to wait till the end of the year only to meet with failure, chagrin and disappointment.

The first step taken by the Society next year, should be to change once more the time of holding the public meeting.

BESIDE those already noticed in our columns, some later changes will be interesting to our readers. Professor Pliny E. Chase has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to fill the position of Acting President during the absence of his brother.

We feel that we wrong no one in saying that from his high character and ability, coupled with firm devotion to Haverford, he deserves the honor more than any other of whom we know.

We regret that Professor A. N. Van Daell, whose invaluable services in instruction in French we have so much enjoyed, and who is one of the ablest exponents of the natural method, will leave us to take charge of all the French classes in the Boston High Schools. Negotiations are being made to secure for his place a gentleman from France of the highest scholastic attainments, formerly Government Inspector of Instruction in the higher educational institutions of that country.

As Professor Thomas will return from Europe in August, we will be compelled to part with Professor Davenport, who filled his chair during his absence. We deeply regret the departure of those of the Faculty who leave us, but are glad to greet equally competent men to fill their places. Professor H. C. Lewis will spend another year abroad.

Myron R. Sanford, of Wyoming Seminary, Pa., will have charge of the discipline and be Instructor in Latin. J. Playfair McMurrich, Ph. D., who is to be Professor of Biology, is a graduate and A. M. of the University of Toronto, and received his doctorate at Johns Hopkins University, where for the past year he has been Instructor in Osteology and Mammalian Anatomy.

The most important addition to our Faculty made for some time is, however, the Professor of Biblical Languages and Ecclesiastical History, J. Rendell Harris, A. M., Cambridge, who, with Mr. Sanford, holds a newly-constituted position. Professor Harris graduated with the highest honors at the University of Cambridge, Eng., being Senior Wrangler and Double First (in classics and mathematics). It occurs very rarely, indeed, that both these honors are taken. He was for two years Professor of New Testament Greek at Johns Hopkins University, and is one of the highest authorities in this country on the subject. Since leaving Johns Hopkins, he has been studying at his Alma Mater. Besides the above, he makes a specialty of Higher Mathematics and Logic, and is a very gifted minister of the Word in our Society. He has built up a large meeting at Cambridge since he has joined the Society, only lately leaving the Church of England; so, with our present trio of speakers, he will help to make Haverford Meeting one of the most interesting in the country.

With these bright prospects for the Faculty of 1886–7, we look forward to the coming year as one of great interest and profit for all connected with the College.

DURING the year Haverford College offers but one prize, and that for an acquisition unconnected with college studies. The literary societies of the College offer prizes of small amounts, but most of them do not refer to the college curriculum. Now we firmly believe that nothing will do more towards promoting a healthy activity in studies than the judicious distribution of prizes and honors. Few men at college comprehend clearly the value of learning; few find in knowledge itself the incentive to study; and any exterior object which induces a student to work is valuable. The value of knowledge is not to be demonstrated by argument. Knowledge does not seek its disciples; it must be sought. Knowledge demands of its disciples labor and drudgery before they may taste of its pleasures. The disciple may not even understand its pleasures until he has accomplished his novitiate of labor. It is plain, then, that an object, even of an exterior nature, is valuable which drags a student through what is undoubtedly the drudgery of study, and then directs his

mind toward nobler and higher aspirations. Such is the result of prizes and honors. A student strives for a prize, and suddenly finds in his studies a mine of pleasure and profit which was not before open to him. He has not understood the value of learning; but, suddenly, in quest of other objects, he understands and appreciates. Nor is this the only use of a prize. A prize carries with it the memory of the college that awarded it. It surrounds the institution, in the mind of the student, with pleasant associations. It encourages him, in the enjoyment of influence, to support his *Alma Mater*.

We are glad that the Alumni offer a prize annually for oratory; that the societies offer prizes for recitations and essays; and we believe that the curriculum work would be benefitted by a wise administration of prizes and honors.

CHARLES DICKENS said that, if the little courtesies of daily life were neglected, society would soon lapse into a state of barbarism. Dr. Holmes tells us that truth is a skeleton which must be clothed in the flesh and blood of courtesy. A candid man, so-called, prides himself on the violation of these ideas. People must be told what he thinks of them and of their ideas; hypocrisy is a bugbear which never boasts him as a victim. Perhaps this is all well, certainly it is far better than genuine hypocrisy; but here is one of its disadvantages: One man may hold another in contempt or pitying condescension for there being some difference in their views of life, or for some weakness or smallness of intellect, but there is no need of showing it, unless there is with it an honest desire to aid and a strong likelihood of being successful. And a man who feels that he is an object of contempt or pity for some natural or unavoidable disadvantage, always overrates the extent of the low opinion. In his friends' minds it may be but a little thing, but to him it is crushing. And "the candid man" is always the one who feels it hypocrisy to conceal his opinions on such matters, when concealment is both expedient and honorable.

IF anyone feels any doubt in his mind why Haverford has not done well in cricket during the past year, it must be immediately dispelled if we intend that the same condition be not repeated next year. For the sake of our reputation we must not acknowledge that the primary cause was lack of interest and determination. After the match with the University there was certainly good excuse for being spiritless; before it there was none. Yet, if our friends are disappointed in the result of that match, they should also think of the conditions. Of the University team, six are regular members of first elevens, and not only that, but they are the *pick* of such first elevens as the Belmont and the Germantown, now the strongest teams in Philadelphia; the Haverford team has two acknowledged first eleven players. To be sure the conditions have been so before, and the only reason that Haverford has made a better showing before, is that the advantage of constant practice has weighed in the College's favor. The University will *always* turn out better players than Haverford, and we can *never* beat them, unless we out-practise them. So let no one doubt that the reason we have not played better is that we have not practised better.

It was unfortunate that the wet weather of the spring prevented several matches from being played, and deprived us of the practice to be gained from them on the actual field. We stood a pretty good chance of beating the Young America, and had it not been for the unlucky Harvard affair, we should probably have scored another victory. And these might have stimulated our efforts to practise. But as to having bad grounds, so long as we have

no grounds-man, the only remedy is to turn to and make them good; when a crease gets bumpy, water it! then roll it smooth and leave it to dry before using it again. That seems very simple, and so it is; but because we were too lazy to do it, the University beat us. Another ruinous practice is that of going away to other grounds to be bowled to. Those who cannot go, just get no practice at all; and any member who has the welfare of the team at heart, and wishes it good as a whole rather than that he himself should become a tolerable batsman and make a big score which may be of no avail, will also see that the team should remain at Haverford and practise, all its members equally and together, giving each member the best bowling the team can afford. Besides, if we get to depending on professional bowling at other grounds, what will become of our own bowlers? The very necessity of doing all their own work has heretofore made many good bowlers for Haverford, and we ought not to prevent the same result in the future. Further, permit us to beg poor bowlers completely to absent themselves from first eleven practice nets. Nothing is more injurious to the style or the temper of a batsman than to have lots of wretched balls bowled him, until he gets into a frightful fit of slugging, and then, a good ball having accidentally been given, his wicket is taken, to the noisy triumph of the poor bowler during the next week or two. So please keep away, poor bowlers.

We have practised a good deal in the past season, but not enough; our friends must not think that we have been entirely idle, but, since we are mostly players of only moderate ability, an unusual amount of practice is essential, and we have done rather less than more compared to former times. The need of united effort and of keeping the grounds smooth must be especially realized. If a crease be sticky, roll it! If it be obstinately "kicky," give it a drink! For in so doing ye may heap many honors on our heads. And let us have this motto: "Water! Roll! Practise!! Beat the University!!!"

SHADOWS ALL.

"Shadows all
From the birth-robe to the pall,
  In this travesty of life
  Hollow calm and fruitless strife
Whatsoe'er the actors seem
They are posturing in a dream.
  Fates may rise and fates may fall
  Shadows are we, shadows all."

"From what sphere
Float these phantoms flickering here?
  From what mystic circle cast,
  In the dim Æonian Past?
Many voices make reply
But they only rise to die
Down the midnight mystery,
  While earth's mocking echoes call
  Shadows, shadows, shadows all."

Shadows all—
We are shadows, great and small
  But, Shadow, thou thy real hast,
  For shadows are by substance cast.
God is real, he alone,—
Follow, shadow, follow on,—
  Others who must rise and fall,
  Praise his name; are shadows all.—

PAYNE, 11, 4, '85.

DANTE'S LOVE.

(Concluded.)

WHAT a characteristic scene is this! But how short-sighted and how devoid of all human understanding were those commentators, who imagined that in this description, they read the account of Beatrice's marriage. Surely, if her marriage was to be celebrated, no friend of Dante's would lead him to see his idol given to another man, beyond all hopes of his ever possessing her. A much more likely explanation of the Poet's actions would be what Mrs. Oliphant says:—"That the young Poet, suddenly brought into contact with the lady whom he had worshiped from afar, should be rendered speechless by the unsuspected shock of a privilege too much for him, and of which he could take no advantage."

Now the strain changes, and again, the scenes are shifted, and in glorious Mediæval colors, is spread before our gaze, the word-

picture, which from a historical point of view, at least, is the most important in this visionary tale. "Like a scene out of one of the dim beautiful frescoes still existing, a new-old society, in quaint rich robes, with a quaint openness of subtle talk," appears the next part of this drama. In the following manner might we expect the queens of Love and Beauty to address some recreant knight or poetic troubadour.

He tells that he was one day walking along the street, when he chanced to pass a spot where were gathered a number of ladies.

"To many of whom, through the changes in my looks, the secret of my heart was known." One of them called him to their midst and asked him this question:—"Unto what end lovest thou this lady, seeing that her mere presence overwhelms thee? Tell us, for of a surety, the end and aim of such a love must be of a new kind!" With the eyes of all fixed upon him, he made this answer:—"The end and aim of my love hath until now been the salutation of this lady, of whom belike you speak, for in that salutation I found the happiness which was the goal of all my wishes. But since it pleaseth her to deny it to me: Love, my liege Lord, in guerdon of my fealty, has placed all my happiness in something which can in nowise fail me." After some conversation among themselves, the same lady asked him:—"Tell us, we pray thee, wherein abides this happiness of thine?" And he answered:—"In the words which praise my lady!" Then thinking on the word she had just uttered, he departed saying to himself:—"'Since there is such beatitude in the words which praise my lady, why should other speech be mine?' And I proposed to take for my speech always henceforth, that which should be the praises of this most gentle one."

That passage, "In the words which praise my lady" contained the germ of the god-given conception of the 'Divina Commedia,' which, of course, was not matured until long years after. But here we have as he himself says, the inspiration to write something, "saying that of her which had never yet been said of any woman." But surely this is a conception beyond the power of any living man, and he is startled when he thinks of the stupendousness of his project. "And thinking on this, I seemed to have undertaken a theme too lofty for me, so that I dared not to begin."

Shortly after, Dante fell ill, and on the ninth day of his sickness, seeming to grow worse, thoughts of death came into his mind. But strange as it may seem, these thoughts were not of his own, but Beatrice's death. The awful fact that she must die came upon his mind with redoubled force, while his own body was in such a perilous state. While thinking over this most sorrowful fact, he fell asleep, and dreaming, he saw all manner of horrible women, with faces like devils, come around his bed, pointing their hideous fingers at him crying, "Thou too shalt die." Then this group passes away and a still more horrid company come and shriek in his almost deafened ears, "Thou art dead." These move on, and in their stead, comes one of his intimate friends, who says this realastic sentence, "Dost thou not know? Thine excellent lady hath departed out of this world!" * * * * Then he imagines himself to be transported to the room where she lay dead. And a peculiar sweet expression was on her face, which seemed to say, "*Now do I behold the beginning of peace.*" Then such humility through seeing her came on him, that in his peculiar quaint, yet sacred style, he invokes death with these words:—"Most sweet Death, come unto me who greatly desires thee, seeing that I already wear thy color!" Then weeping most piteously, with the words,—"O Beatrice," on his lips, he awoke.

"Thus dreaming dreams and seeing visions, now of Love himself, the youthful god, now of that fair representative of his, supreme above all women,—"the visionary tale flows on." Scene follows scene, in which "the dim, sweet world of frescoes opens on us, and we can almost see the youthful poet watching the streets to see her pass,—and how enraptured he stands, with even a look from her eyes, although without that most sweet salutation! But a change now comes. As the curtain rises on this last act, a far different scene is pre-

sented. In place of the bright gold and blue, red and white of former settings,—we have the melancholy brown, the funereal black, the blood-representing, crimson, and the penitential violet. All now is changed, and from the following cause:

He was one day sitting in his chamber, writing another sonnet in her honor, thinking no evil, when "suddenly the thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the calamity which he had devined in those agonizing gleams of foresight, without apparent warning fell upon him." He had just commenced a "canzone," in which he was trying to express the effect the sight of her had upon him and the unseen influence of her presence, he had written one stanza, which space forbids us to copy, when suddenly the rhythm is broken off, like a snapped thread, and a dash signifying an incompleted sentence follows. Then a solemn line of so terribly expressive Latin, "strikes across the sweetness of the mood, hushing alike the love and the song."

"*Quomodo sedet civitas pleno populo! facta est quasi vidua domina gentium!*" ["How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow, she that was great among the nations!"] BEATRICE WAS DEAD.

And thus ends this bright story! "This is the termination on earth of Dante's love-tale." No more in the "Vita Nuova" do we find those quaint expressions of ecstatic joy or happiness from its author. But as he goes on, his style changes, gradually at first, from that of a pure, boyish lover, to the deep-rooted passion planted in the breast of a man whose feelings toward the loved one cannot even change with death. Surely this is the ideal love, surely we see here what the poet meant when he said,—

> "Love is indestructible,
> Its holy flame forever burneth,
> From heaven it came, to
> Heaven returneth."—*Southey.*

The importance which Dante attributes to this relation is no indication of puerility or poverty of feeling, but gives evidence of the sensitivenes of his imagination to the impressions of a popular superstition, which rested on a basis of natural but unexplained fact. Space will permit but a short résumé of this interesting catalogue. In lieu of any account of Beatrice's death, he gives us a long paragraph containing the reasons, according to his ideas, of the wonderfully intimate connection the number nine had with Beatrice's life and death.

She died the ninth hour of the ninth day of the month, which according to the way of counting in Syria, is numbered nine. She died in the year of our Lord in which the perfect number (10) was completed for the ninth time in that century in which she had been set in this world. Then he gives some reasons why this number was so friendly to her. One reason is because according to Ptolemy and the Christian faith, there are nine heavens, all these were in the most perfect conjunction at the time of her generation. Another reason: "The root of nine is three, and the author of miracles is three. This lady was accompanied by the number nine, that it might be understood she was 'nine,' *i. e.*, a miracle, whose only root (or source) is the Holy Trinity."

But Dante, notwithstanding his elevating, inimitable and heaven-born passion, notwithstanding all his superstitious dogmas, and his visionary wanderings in the realms of poetry, his eternal devotion to the most beautiful Beatrice, his adoration of her as a saint, and his daring flights of fancy when he pictures her as an immediate descendant of the "Triune God,"—Dante, I say, so far as his earthly sensibilities were concerned, was but strikingly human. For soon he tells, that a short time after the anniversary of Beatrice's death, he became enamored with a pair of dark, sparkling eyes, which appeared to sparkle all the more sparklingly when they saw him. Still, while the earthly part of him was overduly attracted by this beautiful maiden,—the soul remained true to its sainted Beatrice; and the quaint, curious way in which he reproves his eyes for feasting on this lady, proves this:—

"I was brought to such a pass by the sight of this lady, that mine eyes began to delight too much in seeing her, whereat I was often angry with myself, and esteemed

myself mean enough. And many a time I cursed the vanity of mine eyes, and said to them in my thoughts:—'But late you were wont to make those weep who saw your sad condition, and now it seemeth you want to forget it by reason of this lady, who looked upon you, and who doth not look upon you save as she grieveth for the lady in glory for whom you are wont to weep. But whatever you are able to do, do; for I will remind you very often of her, accursed eyes; for never, except after death, ought your tears to be stayed."

But soon all this illusive and transitory affection is driven away, at least, so he would make us think,—by a dream,—in which he saw Beatrice in her crimson robe, and going back to his earliest worship, followed out, step by step, the tender story; so that all his thoughts returned to their rightful posssesor. Then, after a few more sonnets, he ends this most wonderfully fantastic story with the following paragraph:—

"After this sonnet, [a sonnet he had written at the request of some lady friends,] "A wonderful vision appeared to me in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that, if it shall please Him, through whom all things live, that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then may it please Him who is the Lord of Grace, that my soul may go to behold the glory of this lady, namely of the blessed Beatrice, who in glory looketh upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia saecula benedictus!*"

And now we have wandered together through this picture-gallery of "old forgotten love," on whose canvasses we have seen painted in the glowing colors so much beloved of all Italians, the story of the most wonderful example of the power and endurance of human love, to be found in the literature of the world. As Mrs. Oliphant has most beautifully remarked:—"To every man and woman who has purely and truly loved, loved for love's sake, 'all for love and nothing for reward,' the 'Vita Nuova' to the end of time will be a revelation not only of Dante and the peerless Beatrice, but of themselves and their own hearts."

WILLIS HATFIELD HAZARD.

Haverford College, May 26, 1886.

MIST FROM THE OCEAN.

Look now, my friend, how the sea-fog comes,
From out of the morning sea,
It seems to rise before our eyes,
But where, is a mystery.

It drifts along as impalpable
As any flying dream,
It seems to drift in its noiselessness
As if it could only seem.

Far through the shifting we hear a roar
Of the breakers by the sea,
And high o'er the mist is a saintly gleam
Of the morning's majesty.

Beyond, unseen, is the blue expanse,
The isles and the morning star,
And the burnished orb that lifts himself up,
From the ocean billows far.

But ever grey and cold and dark
These brooding pieces of night,—
My friend, and what should they never cease
To flit through our haunted sight!

But ever, forever, across should fly
Till all hope for day had died,
Till the ocean's roar should be a knell
From over the blackened tide.

I have sought, have sought, for a brighter day,
And to know a broader sea,
But ever, forever there came as a cloud
My dust-born part over me.

My mist-bound limits imprison the sight
Which would soar of the spirit's choice,
Our mortality thwarts us at every turn,
And hark! 'Tis a warning voice:—

It will not cease! Thou must seek for peace
Forever beneath the cloud;
Thou most peer as thou may for signs of day
While the ocean roars aloud.

CREMATION—1888.

THE "Gentlemen of Japan" gave us on the evening of June 18th, an idea of their method of dealing with an individual who deserves perhaps a worse fate from Haverfordians than from the picturesque subjects of the Mikado—our old friend Wentworth, after having been burnt to death with varying degrees of ingenuity for the past few years, bared his neck this year first to the "snickersnee," before his usual dive upon the burning pyre.

Mr. England, in good Anglico-Japanese, stated the accusations against the annually unhappy man by stating his crimes and failings which are engraven so deeply on every Sophomorian heart. His efforts were so effectual that Mr. Nields, a stranger who spoke in Wentworth's behalf, was completely routed. This was due not only to Mr. England's own logic, but to the fact that Mr. Nield's, speaking in an unknown tongue, was not as convincing as he otherwise might have been. Mr. Dawson, as the hard-hearted Pish Tush, condemned his mathematical friend in short order and ordered him to say his last words in double-quick time. The broken hearted prisoner (Mr. Fred. Morris) sobbed his last farewell just in time, for the lord high executioner grew impatient, and his bloody carcass was flung on the burning pile in short enough time to satisfy even the most sanguinary man in the class.

The costumes and ideas were unique, the singing good though a little weak and the attendance very gratifying in numbers. To vary the monotony from year to year is an important thing for every class to do, and '88 succeeded in her attempt very nicely.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE ALUMNI PRIZE ORATION.

IN the different departments of America's greatness, no class of men rank higher than her statesmen. And, although comparatively young, she has produced men whom she is not ashamed to compare with those of any nation or any age.

Prominent among the names which adorn her history, stands the name of John Quincy Adams,—if not the greatest, certainly one of the most remarkable men that ever devoted their fortunes, their talents, and their lives, to their country.

John Quincy Adams was preëminently a man of character, and for this and for his wonderful adherence to duty, and the opposition he encountered in that adherence, his career is most remarkable. Few men have ever displayed such a noble devotion to duty and such an unswerving obedience to conscience, regardless of consequences, as he, and few men have encountered such opposition in the performance of duty. It has been said that if he had ended his public life with the presidency, his fame would not have attracted special attention. However true this may be of the politician, it is untrue of the man. If his fame as a statesman had not attracted attention, he had already displayed those traits of character which must have made him illustrious, —for character is always remembered and admired wherever found. But he has another fame, not grander, but more brilliant in the eyes of the world. He has the fame of a far-sighted statesman, and the bold champion of a great cause, and he lives to-day in the hearts of the American people under the well-deserved title of "Old Man Eloquent."

It was at the age of 68, when most men commence the quiet life, that he began, in the House of Representatives, a career unparalleled in the history of the country; a career marked by that diligence, punctuality and spirit of labor which was his second nature, yet a career full of the most bitter opposition. It was a continual struggle for free speech. His vigor both mental and bodily is amazing. His zeal and fervor for the next ten years stands without a parallel.

No question could have been brought forward which would have so appealed to every feature of his nature as that of slavery. To the introduction into Congress of these questions as subjects of free discussion, John Quincy Adams contributed more than all others combined. From this time on we see him as the bold champion of anti-slavery principles, but not yet a popular man, for, like Whittier, he gave his life to the cause for conscience sake, and not because it was popular.

At that time the Anti-Slavery party itself comprised only a handful of men, and not even of these did he have the sympathy. They denounced him because he would not push matters as recklessly as they wished. But he was wiser than they. They were right, in their place; even their reckless zeal —I might almost say fanaticism—was needed to arouse the public mind. But equally much was needed the calm, careful management of the statesman, and though they could not see it, he was their wise moderator, and, by his wisdom and prudence, achieved results which otherwise would have been impossible. But he stood alone, except for the little constituency in the Plymouth district, and that was enough. Conscious of the right of his cause, and that the people to whom alone he was responsible were satisfied, he went boldly forward.

When, at the very outset, the Pro-Slavery party tried to cripple him by taking away the right of petition, he boldly told them that their proceeding was unconstitutional and he should not obey it until compelled to by force. Nor was this an empty boast. In the four years following, he presented over 2,000 petitions relating to slavery. It is almost impossible to imagine the wrath of the Pro-Slavery men. They fumed, they raged, they moved to censure him, to punish, and even to expel him from the House. He quietly listened to it all, and, when they had vented their wrath in speeches and sundry motions, he arose to make his defense.

There we have a fine spectacle. There stands the venerable Nestor of Massachusetts, alone, calm and collected in the midst of that great assembly of infuriated men. As he stands there and looks around on them, his very presence awes them; but, when he begins to speak and pour forth his invective, they wince indeed. He sends back their arguments with redoubled force; exposes the meanness and selfishness of their position with merciless clearness; he throws out that stinging sarcasm which he alone knew how to use.

When, finally, he closed with the words "I disclaim not one particle of what I have done, not a single word of what I have said do I unsay," no one of his late fiery opponents was ready to reply. They were subdued. He had won a complete victory But not alone was it a victory for him; it was a triumph for free speech and Anti-Slavery principles. It was the first contest of that great struggle which was decided only by the sword.

This war of words was waged on one side by men who were destined to take a bloodier part and to meet a more destructive defeat; on the other side, by one man, who was fated to spend the few remaining years of his life in quietly, but persistently, following up the victory he had won: and, although he did not live to see the end of the struggle, or even to take such a conspicuous part in it as some that came after him, yet his help to the cause in this its beginning can hardly be estimated. He was born to head the movement, for by his peculiar character he possessed an influence which no other man of that time could have had. His very solitariness proved that he spoke and acted from principle; while his known integrity and good judgment carried with it immense weight.

Besides this necessary fitness of character, he possessed in a high degree that tact and ability of statesmanship which was so necessary to the proper management of so great a cause. He seemed to have prophetic power. He saw clearly what would be the result of any compromise with the nullifiers, and predicted it with an accuracy which subsequent events have clearly vindicated. He was the first to behold the consequences of slavery, and he read with unerring eye "The title page to a great tragic volume."

He has been accused of cowardice and want of sympathy with the cause, because he did not vote for the petitions which he presented. But, if there was one thing which was left out of his make-up, it was cowardice: and for any one to say that he failed to vote for those measures through cowardice, is to acknowledge a woeful ignorance of his character. Also, the charge of lack of interest is entirely at variance with his known zeal.

If, then, he did not vote as the Anti-Slavery party wished, it was because he understood better than they the true state of affairs in Congress. And can we not trust that much to the man who has proved so far-sighted in other things? We surely can, and we can say with Edward Everett: "In the great struggle into which he plunged from a conscientious sense of duty,—in the closing years of his life,—and in the boldness and resolution with which he trod on ground never before thrown open to free discussion, he evinced a moral courage, founded on the only true basis of moral principle, of which there is no brighter example. It was with this he warred, and with this he conquered; strong in the soundness of his honest heart, strong in the fear of God—the last great dominant principle of his life and character."

His character did indeed conquer, as such a character always will. He gained a final triumph without which he would hardly have considered his life a success. That triumph was the respect and esteem of his contemporaries.

Thus far he had stood alone with unflinching firmness. But there is in the human mind a natural craving for the esteem of others, a desire to feel that we are loved and appreciated by our associates,—and especially was this prominent in Mr. Adams; and although he never allowed it to influence his actions contrary to his own conscience, yet, if he had not finally won this esteem, I think he could not have said, as he did at his dying hour, "This is the end of Earth—I am content." But he did win their deepest respect, and those who hated his politics, loved his character. They showed this in a very simple yet significant way, when, as he entered the hall for the first time after a long sickness, they arose in a body and remained standing until he was seated.

Simple as it was, such an honor has never been paid to any member before or since. It was a beautiful tribute to the man, and one which he richly deserved. It was the last public manifestation of their respect to him: it was the crowning happiness of his noble life. A short time after, he was stricken down in that very seat and died in a few hours in the same building.

Thus fell, at the post of duty, one of the smartest statesmen, noblest Christians, and the grandest man of whom America can boast. With him ended a line of true statesmen which has never been resumed until recent times.

"Upon his tomb are the words '*Alteri Saeculo*'—never more justly or appropriately applied to any man than to John Quincy Adams; much abused and cruelly misappreciated in his own day, but whom subsequent generations already begin to honor as one of the greatest of American statesmen, not only preëminent in ability and acquirements but even more to be honored for profound, immutable honesty of purpose, and broad, noble humanity of aims."

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

ACCORDING to the new regulations, the public meeting of the Loganian Society was held on the evening of the 17th. The new president, Prof. Seth K. Gifford, was introduced by Prof. Davenport, the former presiding officer, and delivered an able address on the necessity of a thorough education in literature, and especially classic literature, to produce real culture. He

spoke of the tendency to make the elective system more and more prominent in our colleges, until the college is degraded into a technical school, and "our boasted virtue threatens to become a curse." Our highest talents are debased, and only prized when they aid us in our struggle for material wealth. Our most popular writers are not college bred. Our newspapers are degenerating, and the newspapers are the only literature we read. The only public speakers that we now can boast are our lawyers and ministers, men who earn their bread by their oratorical powers. A staunch adherence to the old principle of affording in our colleges only a thorough classical culture, can rescue us from the present deplorable state. The speaker saw in broad dissemination of higher culture, the real remedy for the reconciliation of capital and labor.

"A Modern Invasion" was the subject of the first oration of the evening, by Mr. Barker Newhall. The great troubles in the labor world are caused by the evil influences of foreign immigration, bringing in its track all the direful train of Trades Unions, Socialists and Anarchists. Our best remedy for this sad state of affairs is to make education compulsory, and to introduce text books of political economy in all our public schools. The naturalization laws should also be made more strict and be more ridgidly enforced.

Mr. Fred. W. Morris next spoke of Thomas à Becket. The speaker traced the history of the wonderful Ecclesiastic in every particular and showed the powerful influence exercised by the church, at this time, over all political affairs.

The next oration, "We Study the Ancient Classics, Why?" was spoken by Mr. F. L. Young. He showed how all our knowledge even scientific, depends on ancient times. The astronomer studies laws which have existed for all time; the geologist delves into the heart of the earth to find the remains of long lost species, and can not be contented to study the habits of "paper animals on a plaster of Paris globe." In the same way we must study the ancient thought of the world in the language in which it was first written, and must content ourself with no translation.

"Savonarola" was the subject discussed by Mr. J. P. Nields. The many sided genius of the great reformer was shown; his wide and almost supernatural influence over ruler and people, and his final defeat, torture and execution.

THE ALUMNI MEETING.

THE Haverford Alumni Association held its Thirtieth Annual Meeting, on Monday before Commencement. About forty members were present at the Business Meeting in the afternoon, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, Charles Roberts, '64; Vice-Presidents, F. K. Carey, '78, J. K. Murray, '64, J. H. Congdon, '69; Secretary, Edward P. Allinson, '74; Treasurer, Samuel Mason, Jr., '80; Orator, Robert H. Chase, M. D., '69, Alternate, R. H. Holure, '76. Executive Committee, Theo. H. Morris, '60; Jos. Parrish, '63; A. C. Thomas, '65; N. B. Crenshaw, '67; C. S. Crossman, '78; J. M. Whitall, '82; A. H. Scott, '86.

The Committee on the Prize reported that the judges were pleased with the contest, but did not think that the orations were quite up to the usual college standard. They recommended more training in Elocution, as the composition of most of the pieces was very good. The incoming Prize Committee were instructed to investigate the methods of teaching Elocution, in vogue at other colleges. The meeting having lasted long after our dinner hour, your editor began to be alarmed, and so he hinted to an Alumnus that it would be the correct thing to invite him to the supper. This, the Alumni very kindly did, much to his satisfaction.

During the afternoon a few of the Alumni played a little "knock-up" on the Cricket Field, but the number present seemed smaller than usual, and the interest in these annual reunions seems to be somewhat dying out, which is a great pity. It looked like old times to see half a dozen '85 men walking around, arm in arm.

The Supper, as is natural, was very well attended, and was an unusually fine one. Quite a large number of ladies were present, and the Senior Class and the Cricket Team were invited. The old Dining-Room was quite transformed.

The annual Address was delivered by Alden Sampson, A. M., at the Public Meeting, in Alumni Hall. The subject was "A Study from Milton," and the writer paid particular attention to the sonnets of that poet. He also told us many incidents connected with his life and work. Everyone present was much interested in the address, which gave evidence of very careful preparation and much literary research. These annual addresses are always of a very high order, and are among the best things we hear at Haverford. The majority of the Alumni seemed to favor this time of the year for their meeting, and, after the conclusion of these interesting exercises, parted to meet again a year hence.

COMMENCEMENT 1886.

THE morning of the 22d ult. dawned with an ominous gloom in the sky, and before eleven o'clock quite a rain was upon us. But the best things show their colors best when under unfavorable circumstances, and Haverford's friends, ignoring the rain, turned out in sufficient numbers to fill comfortably Alumni Hall together with the Library.

Promptly at the appointed hour, the Faculty, followed by the Class of '86, proceeded to Alumni Hall. Upon the platform in addition to the Faculty were James Wood, J. C. Thomas, M. D., John B. Garrett, A. S. Wing, Philip C. Garrett and Henry Hartshorne, M. D., During the silence enjoined by the Acting-President, Pliny E. Chase, LL. D., prayer was offered by John B. Garrett, in which touching reference was made to the death of S. B. Morris of the Class of '89.

E. D. Wadsworth delivered the Latin Salutatory. Its delivery was excellent. The gravity expressed upon the countenances of the audience betrayed that the weightiness of his classic remarks were clearer than the sky outside.

"Napoleon Bonaparte" was a sketch of the General's life by Horace E. Smith. The great reforms introduced by Napoleon were commented upon and especial attention given to Napoleon as a criminal. The orator believed that the press of circumstances, unappreciable to us, more than accounted for, and even excused, deeds which now are considered as crimes.

The oration of Jonathan Dickinson, Jr. upon "Socialism in America" was in many respects a masterly production. Socialism is not Nihilism, nor Anarchy; it aims to elevate society by ameliorating the condition of the laboring man. It is not confined to the poor and degraded; some noted Englishmen, and Bismark, in Germany, have expressed Socialistic principles. The need of some active move in the direction of assisting the laboring classes is shown by the fact that the ratio of wages to profit has decreased four or five per cent. in the last few years.

Guy Roche Johnson then spoke of the "Clapp-Griffith Process" of converting ores. He pointed out the difference between this and the Bessemer process, and the cheapness of the former compared with the latter. The product of this process he said is not steel but partakes more of the nature of cast iron, with many of the properties of steel itself.

"History in Art" made a good subject for the oration of Wilfred W. White. Prehistoric remains in the old world, as well as in the new were mentioned as history in art. Baalbek, the Sphinx, the Parthenon, and the remains of the foundations of Jerusalem tell, in no uncertain words, the history of the past, even though those words are expressed in the art which produced them. But said the speaker, "Art has lost the position it once held as an elevator of mankind."

The Valedictorian of the day was T. Wade Betts, and well did he deserve the honor his class conferred upon him by voting him to voice their farewell to their Alma Mater. His address to his classmates was particularly worthy of praise. "We go into the world to pay, and not to collect a debt. The World owes us nothing; our very lives are gifts to us." His farewell to the Management and the Faculty was earnest and heartfelt, and withal complimentary to both.

Acting-President Pliny E. Chase then introduced James Wood, A. M., of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., who delivered the Baccalaureate address. Seldom have such good practical words been directed to a graduating class. "I have been asked," said he, "to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon. Of course a sermon must have a text; and mine is:—

> 'If little labor, little are our gains;
> Man's fortunes are according to his pains.'

You will find it in the gospel of work." Work is the secret of success in any profession or any calling. He quoted from Isaak Walton. "He who goes fishing for the fish and not for the fishing is not a true fisherman." So with work, we must work for the working and not simply for its results.

Degrees were then conferred as follows: Master of Arts, upon Isaac Thorne Johnson, class of 1881, Rufus M. Jones, class of 1885, and Joseph L. Markley, class of 1885; Bachelor of Arts, upon Jonathan Dickinson, Jr. of New York, A. H. Scott of Philadelphia, Horace E. Smith of Philadelphia, and E. D. Wadsworth of Maine; Bachelor of Science, upon T. Wade Betts of Ohio, Guy R. Johnson of Virginia, W. S. McFarland of New Jersey, Israel Morris, Jr. and W. P. Morris of Philadelphia, A. M. Underhill, Jr. of New York and W. W. White of Indiana. The degree of LL. D. was confered upon Edward H. Magill of Swarthmore.

After the Commencement proper, the audience adjourned to Barclay Hall, to witness the presentation of the cricket prizes. H. E. Smith, '86, presented the prizes on behalf of the cricket club.

Then came the giving of the spoon from '88 to '89. T. J. Orbison, in a humorous strain, made the presentation including two battered canes, the proof of Sophomorian prowess. W. F. Overman, in just as caustic terms, received these tokens on behalf of his class, and all adjourned to the dining-room to do honor to Haverford, physically as well as intellectually.

OBITUARY.

AT the close of the college year, when most of us are anticipating the pleasures of the long vacation, it becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Mr. Samuel Buckley Morris, of the class of '89, at his home in Germantown, on the morning of the 20th ult., after a brief illness. His death was a shock and a surprise to his intimate friends and class-mates as well as to the college. His illness had occurred during that period of the year when the cessation of regular work permits students who live in Philadelphia to spend much of their time at home; and his absence was, therefore, unnoticed, except by a few. Although, to our knowledge, his health was usually good, yet a frame not so robust as that of most college men, prevented him

from finding the same pleasure in college sports, and his circle of friends was, therefore, somewhat limited. He was faithful and persevering in his studies. His last appearance at college was to undergo a severe examination, for which his illness unfitted him. To his class-mates he was a pleasant companion, and an object of warm regard; and, though, in common with the rest of mankind, his character was not without defects, yet envy, jealousy, or malevolence had no place in him. The following resolutions were drawn up by his class :—

Whereas: we the Class of '89, of Haverford College, at the close of our first year, hear with profound regret of the unexpected death of our beloved and honored class-mate, SAMUEL BUCKLEY MORRIS, and, *Whereas*, while this, the first death among our number, admonishes in a solemn manner of the uncertainty of life, it is therefore,

Resolved, that we are encouraged to emulate the good example of our friend who has gone before:

Resolved, that we tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved and afflicted family, and that a committee of the class be appointed to attend the funeral; and

Resolved, that the undersigned be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to his family, and to the editors of the HAVERFORDIAN.

Committee. W. F. OVERMAN, W. L. SMITH, G. C. WOOD, W. G. READE.

Haverford College, 6, 20, '86.

The following resolutions were drawn up by the Everett Society, of which Mr. Morris was a member :—

Whereas, it has been pleasing to the Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, suddenly to remove from our midst, our fellow student, SAMUEL B. MORRIS; therefore be it

Resolved, that in him, we, the members of the Everett Society, have lost an active and promising member, one earnest in his efforts to promote the welfare of the society, and faithful in the performance of his every duty.

Resolved, that we extend to his bereaved parents, our heart-felt sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved, that a copy of the above resolution be forwarded to his family and be printed in the columns of the HAVERFORDIAN.

J. H. ADAMS, President.
D. C. LEWIS, Secretary.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

AS the traveler leaves the train on the Michigan Central R. R., thirty-eight miles west of Detroit, and for the first time enters the low dingy depot, he is compelled to ask himself if this is really Ann Arbor. A few rods to the north of this old depot, which is to be replaced soon by an elegant stone structure, flows the Huron. Along the banks of this river rise many lofty hills crowned with orchards and vineyards.

In south-westerly direction from the M. C. R. R. depot, about a third of a mile, stands the county court house, in the midst of a large open square which is surrounded by the business part of the town; while half a mile farther up, in a southerly direction, and diagonally across the town from the court house, is a table-land, of which the grounds of the University occupy forty acres. These grounds are well supplied with trees which are comparatively young, although there remain a few of the ancient oaks which once covered the entire hill on which Ann Arbor is built. Many of these old oaks scattered irregularly throughout the city, with a grove of them here and there in the suburbs, lend a peculiar beauty to the landscape.

Ann Arbor is remarkable for the number of its little old-fashioned houses and quaint cottages. And these, together with its fine residences, beautiful churches, secret society houses, its regular and well-shaded streets and excellent public buildings, make it a pleasant home for the student; although it must be admitted that its forty-five liquor saloons exert an educating influence unworthy of the place.

When Michigan was a territory, Congress granted lands for the endowment of a University. The income of the fund derived from the sale of these lands has amounted to about thirty-one thousand dollars annually. This sum paid the expenses of the University up to 1857, since

which time the State Legislature has made appropriations when needed. In 1873, a law was enacted which levied a twentieth of a mill tax on the taxable property throughout the state for the benefit of the University.

The University began its career in 1841 by the organization of the Literary Department. Professor Williams, a graduate of Vermont University, was engaged as Teacher of Ancient Languages, and during the first few weeks he and his solitary student represented the University. For forty years Professor Williams was connected with this institution, and when he died, in 1881, was lamented by men in every state of the Union who had been his pupils.

For the first ten years of its existence the College had no President, but a Chairman of the Faculty was elected annually. The first Presidents, Henry P. Tappan, a graduate of Union College under President Nott, assumed his duties in 1852, and it is from this year that the prosperity of the University dates.

President Tappan was in hearty sympathy with the Prussian system of education, and when he came to Michigan he found that the early Superintendent of Public Instruction had recommended this system as the best to follow; while the Constitution and Laws of the State provided for the education of its people from the primary school to the University.

President Tappan believed that the first requisite of a university was able men. Accordingly he rallied around himself such men as Frieze, Boise, Bruennow, Watson, White, Cooley, Winchell, Haven, Palmer, Ford and Campbell. During President Tappan's reign, which extended from 1852 to 1863, the number of instructors increased from eleven to thirty; while the number of students increased from two hundred to more than six hundred and fifty.

H. O. Haven then followed with a prosperous administration of six years. From 1869 to 1871, Henry S. Frieze served as Acting President, and in 1871, James B. Angell, who is now President, was elected.

In 1870, young women were admitted to the University on equal terms with young men. Twelve years before, some young ladies had applied for admission; but the Faculty, in harmony with the views of a majority of the leading educators of the country, deemed it unwise to admit them. The question was discussed throughout the State, until, in 1867, the State Legislature expressed the opinion that it was the duty of the Faculty to admit women. And so, in 1870, the Board of Regents—a body of men elected by popular vote, and who have the general charge of the University and of its funds,—stated substantially that they knew of no law prohibiting the admission of women. The members of the Faculty who opposed the admission of young ladies now willingly admit that their fears were groundless. Co-education is to-day one of the most harmonious features of this institution. The young ladies have generally enjoyed good health, while their average scholarship has not been inferior to that of the young men.

In the Literary Department, under the elective system, about one-half of the four years work is elective. And while almost any required study can be taken in any one of the four years, it is better for the student to take the required work early in his college course. And so, practically, during the first two years there are few elective studies.

No marking system is used. Attendance at chapel services is optional; and while there are no rules requiring attendance at recitations, it is at least tacitly understood that a student must seldom be absent.

In the line of sports, lawn tennis has by far the largest number of devotees. There

are two "field days" during the year, one in the Autumn, the other in the Spring. These exercises take place on the Fair Grounds, within half a mile of the University. The ordinary athletic contests are engaged in, and the winners receive prizes.

Perhaps the most interesting contest of the year is the foot-ball rush between the Freshmen and Sophomores of the Literary Department. The result of this contest depends on numbers and physical strength rather than on skill. The ball is placed in the centre of the field, while the opposing classes, usually numbering a hundred or more each, form in close bodies facing each other, with the strongest men of each class close to the ball. At the signal from the umpire, the two classes jam together, each striving to push back the other, and at the same time to hustle the ball along with their feet. This struggle usually continues for only a few minutes when some one is crowded down under foot, and at a word from the umpire the game halts. As soon as the man has regained his feet, the rush continues. At times the ball is forced out of the crowd, when some one gives it a kick, and if it is caught the catcher is entitled to a free kick, although a player is not allowed to run with the ball. The party that succeeds in putting the ball over the specified limits twice out of three times wins. However, it sometimes takes two or three afternoons to close the contest.

In January, 1858, without much doubt, the first Y. M. C. A. in any college in this country was organized here. Inasmuch as young ladies are now members of the Association, the name has been changed to the Students' Christian Association. Besides the regular prayer meeting of the Association on Wednesday evening, four other prayer meetings are held during the week, viz: by the Freshmen "Lits" and Sophomore "Lits" on Monday evening, by the "Laws" on Tuesday evening, and by the "Medics" on Thursday evening. The S. C. A. has largely contributed to that condition expressed by the poet when he says of this University:

> "Here, there are lights of far more sacred hue,
> Than Grecian fane or altar ever knew;
> And here is Hope's superior arch of blue,
> To shed o'er glowing student-life and heart,
> The grace of old, the charm of younger art;
> While Christian Virtue, clad in Heavenly Truth,
> Here doubly arms each noble-minded youth."

LOCALS.

The latest literal translation, "Fasse Muth." "Open your mouth."

How our quiet life was startled by the approach of those two ferocious bears, monkey, and gypsies! How the quarters vanished like the morning dew. The beautiful maiden enraptured us all by the artless grace, with which she sang her tuneful (?) lays, but fled with such natural modesty from our applause.

Soph: "If we revolve an *amateur*, (armature), it produces a current."

If there is any one time more than another when an undergraduate feels like kicking himself, it is during the Alumni supper.

An '89 man renders Homer's familiar *Βοῶπις Ἥρη* as "wall-eyed Juno."

The ancient poetry was chanted to the music of the lyre, and it is due to the ever-ready accompaniment of champion whistler F. N. Vail, that we can readily imbibe the spirit of Latin verse.

George S. Patterson's batting average of 135 in scrub matches during the past year is unprecedented at Haverford.

Prof. (in Botany): "Name the different kinds of pods."

Student: "Well, there's anthropods and rhizopods and brachiopods."—

Whether Vail caught the whistling fever from Shang, is as yet undecided, but he's got it *bad.*

G. S. Patterson distinguished himself at the Germantown-Young America match, by batting in fine form for 107. He has our congratulations.

When the "Begonicen," in his accusation of Wentworth, rattled off those Trigonometric formulas with such marvellous rapidity, some one in the crowd was heard to exclaim, "My! hasn't he got those Japanese words down fine!"

"Mothers and Gardeners!"

While the fellows were putting up the execution stand, two turkey-buzzards were seen circling overhead. Quite significant was it not?

On visiting Haverford a few days after Commencement, the front of Barclay Hall was found covered with a scaffold, preparatory to repairing the masonry. Internal alterations and repairs were also going on. The two large middle rooms are each being cut up into two small rooms. The clump of dead evergreens on the lawn in front of the building is being removed.

That clover-and-daisy bouquet wasn't much, but it "got there all the same."

It struck one of the erudite scribes on the HAVERFORDIAN staff, that he needed a shave, judging from the general condition of his face; this was an unusual thought, and, as if impressed with its novelty, he proceeded to find a razor. He was late and in a great hurry to catch a train, when he found, of course, that his own implement was in town, and the first thing loaned him was a safety razor. For cutting hair it was about as useful as the backside of a paper-cutter, while for cutting flesh it was as successful in its humble way as the toy-pistol. He gently laid it on the floor behind the wash-stand, and started for something else. He bounced into a neighboring room, face half lathered and shirt-sleeved, to find himself the centre of a bevy of giggling girls. He broke the ten-yard record to the door, and sought the Biddy for a pass-key. With almost unsurmountable difficulty, he succeeded in opening another door, but only to find everything under the lock, but not under the key. Here for a little vent to his pent-up feelings, he started the cuckoo clock, and tried by turning the hands steadily to keep the cuckoo on a perpetual jump. Finally, some good Samaritan lent him a razor with a nick in the blade. Being now somewhat worked up, he drew the instrument of torture across his face. The Rubicon was crossed! It left a dull, red reminder of the hole, but the thing must be done, and the editor doubled up to the slaughter. Squares and parallelograms, ridges and holes, were marked out with strange distinctness, but court-plaster, alum, powder and patience won the day. There is enough heroism displayed in the torture of shaving at Haverford, to supply a hundred Christian fathers with back-bone for a century.

PERSONALS.

[Will Alumni or others favor us with items for this column.]

'39, Thomas P. Cope, with two nieces, has sailed for an European tour.

'75, Miles White, Jr., will spend the summer across the water.

'76, Charles Brady, teacher in the Friends (Hicksite) High School, Baltimore, paid us a flying visit on the 17th.

William A. Blair is studying Psychology, etc., for degree of Ph. D., at Johns Hopkins, *not* medicine.

'84, A. D. Hall, is in the High School in Beverly, Mass., not in Brunswick, as stated in a recent issue.

'86, Edw. D. Wadsworth has entered Hon. Wayne McVeagh's law office.

'86, William S. Macfarland is second chemist at the Pottstown, (Pa.) Steel Works.

'86, A. M. Underhill, is in Richmond, Ind., in the Engineer's Office, Chicago, St. Louis & ———R. R.

'87, F. L. Young will have charge of the discipline at Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'87, J. E. Parker will "attend school," at Earlham, next year.

N. B.—It would oblige the HAVERFORDIAN Editors, if persons giving them personals would be very careful as to their accuracy, as it is pleasant to no one to have misstatements made about them, nor to the editors to make the corrections.

LITERATURE.

[All books received before the 20th of the month will be reviewed in the number issued on the 10th of the following month.]

WE have here, in the form of fiction, a treatise on the most important subject of our age. Few men of understanding and thoughtfulness can find in the study of Socialism any ground for a hopeful view of the future; and the thanks of humanity are due to any one who can bring us nearer the solution of this great question. We doubt, however, if "Demos" has satisfied us. The author's theory is that life is enjoyed as much among the slums as among the wealthy; that happiness is evenly distributed; that the wealthy and cultured, from increased sensibility, are subject to mental afflictions which correspond to the physical sufferings of the poor; that the lower classes need only "regular employment under the old conditions," to be perfectly satisfied. We feel certain that no thoughtful and earnest man will accept this conclusion. The life of the poor, hitherto, has been too largely a merely animal life; and we cannot but believe that humanity itself demands for them mental and moral elevation and that any attempt to stifle their desire for higher state is alike hostile to justice and to humanity. But, though we dissent from the author's conclusion, we are bound to acknowledge that the work contains much that is profound and much that is interesting and valuable to the scholar. "Demos,"—A story of English Socialism—Harper's Franklin Square Library.

In this volume of poems, the editor has benefitted alike the poet and his reader. Justice has been shown to the poet by allowing him to submit to his own age a specimen of his powers at their best; the reader has been aided by enabling him to appreciate contemporary poetry and to form a just idea of the abilities of respective poets without the labor of an extensive and extremely unsatisfactory course of reading. "Representative poems of living poets, American and English." Edited by Jeannette Leonard Gilder. With an introduction by George Parsons Lathrop. N. Y., Cassell & Co.

We knew that there were men who attached great importance to manual training; but we did not know that any one valued it it so highly as Mr. Ham. The hand, he says, is "the mind's moral rudder," and he might have added, without any inconsistency, "the mind's mental rudder." According to Mr. Ham, mental exactness is acquired not by algebra but by the plane; rectitude and unselfishness come not from books but from tools, the world's great benefactors are not statesmen but inventors. "Manual Training the Solution of Social and Industrial Problems." Charles H. Ham. Illustrated. N. Y., Harper & Bros.

Not only antiquaries but all readers will find pleasure in the first two volumes of the "Old Time Series." The lottery and spinning-wheel are the centre of a vast number of associations which are dear to Americans and which are revived by Mr. Brooks; and, though we may not grieve for the "good old days," yet we cannot but find amusement and instruction in a glimpse of life as it was in the early days of America. "Curiosities of the old Lottery." "Days of the Spinning Wheel." Vols. 1—2. Old Time Series. Selected and arranged by Henry M. Brooks. Boston, Ticknor & Co.

A select Literary Club of Cleveland met to decide upon the greatest novels of the present century. "The Newcomes" led the list; "The Scarlet Letter," and "Tale of Two Cities" followed, each with the same number of votes; "Romola" and "David Copperfield" next received an equal vote.

"The Church," of New York, remarked, a few months ago' that, beyond doubt, the six poems of the English language which are most widely read, are "Hamlet," "Paradise Lost," "Gray's Elegy," "Childe Harold," "In Memoriam," and "Evangeline."

EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to chronicle even so late in the college year, the advent of another new exchange. This time our new friend comes up from Kentucky, and bears the name *Atlantis*. There seems to be good material in the editorial board, and the novel plan is to be adopted this summer of publishing monthly numbers throughout vacation. We are glad to see the firm stand taken by the *Atlantis*, against all cheating in examinations. As yet, the paper has a rather antiquated appearance about the cover, and there is no exchange department in the May number, but no doubt age will correct these youthful faults.

While speaking of covers we are reminded of the clumsy designs on the face of our worthy contemporary, the W. T. I. The interior of this paper is far in advance of the blind and stupid looking creature labelled *Vulcan*, (a doubtful compliment, by the way, to the sturdy old god), and the silly, ill-cut characters on his left, encircled in a vine which defies all classification. There surely must be talent enough in the Institute to produce a more sightly cover.

"A Talk about the West," in the May number of the *Indiana Student*, is an article worth reading. The thoughts of the author are clear, and he has stated them in a manner worthy of imitation.

The *Dartmouth* for June 18th, states that a literary monthly will be published at that college next year, and the board of editors is already elected. This plan of conducting two or more papers at our large colleges is a good one, and allows students to choose their kind of journalistic work. The College Weekly, or Bi-weekly, is a good school for those intending to become newspaper men, while the thoroughly literary paper gives good practice to any, who may have a desire to contribute to the standard magazines.

We have received a little pamphlet containing the dedication oration of the Albert Lea College, Albert Lea, Minn. This college is for the education of young ladies exclusively, and if the oration contained in the pamphlet above mentioned, is any indication of the doctrines to be taught there, the college will fail in its mission. What would be thought of a school for the sole benefit of Irishmen, which should teach the sublime truth that the Irish were not fit to take part in any government? Or what would be said, if a system of government should be proposed, for the professed purpose of granting all reasonable rights and privileges to our male citizens, which cut off all opportunity of selecting their own officers, or taking any part in the politics of their country? Yet, this is just the ground which this new college takes in regard to women. Only our deep set prejudice, and the cowardly fear that we would be surpassed in political ability by our sisters, if we granted them their rights, prevents the injustice and tyranny of the last instance from being as apparent as the others.

The *Princetonian* for June 14th, being the decennial number, contains a history of the paper and its gradual development from a monthly to a bi-daily. The *Princetonian* in its present form is among the best college newspapers, and is a good example of what journalistic enterprise and ability will do for a college paper.

A recent exchange contains the following item, "The white girl graduates of Vincennes, (Ind.,) High School recently, distinguished themselves by refusing to take their diplomas rather than appear on the stage with a negro girl graduate." Such action would disgrace scholars in the bitterest sections of the South, but when displayed in a State such as Indiana, the smallness of the folly is beneath all words of contempt.

We always enjoy reading the science department of the *Illini*. Although we do not always agree with the editor of this department, yet it is encouraging to see, at least, one in the number of our exchanges, who has the courage to think independently, and not only that, but to express his opinions openly. We hope to see this admirable feature continued with even greater energy next year.

The *Purdue* for June takes exception to the continued article in the HAVERFORDIAN, "The Essentials of Human Progress," terming it a *chestnut!* and that it can not all be digested at once. We are much surprised. The *Purdue* is the last paper we should ever have picked out as being so thoroughly acquainted with the "essentials of human progress," that they became a "chestnut." However, we suppose that all progress being such a chestnut to the *Purdue* is the reason that this valuable exchange contains so little of a progressive nature. Perhaps a little stomach tonic might improve your digestion, and prepare you better to relish ideas of advancement.

The *Concordiensis* for May 25th, speaks of the little good derived from the study of "Christian Evidences." It says: "We fully understand Hickok's argument for compulsory religious education, and willingly acknowledge the benefit of a careful study of the subject, yet we cannot help thinking that it has been of little value to the class this year. It is a study, in our opinion, which is complete in itself, and has no further influence like the other philosophical subjects of the course. More than that, if the debasing of religious notions of the class is an injury, we think the subject has been quite injurious." How the study of the "evidences" of a country's religion can possibly be debasing, we do not understand, unless it is debasing to substitute rational ideas for superstitious awe.

There is a good little essay, "The Undertone," in the college Transcript for June 17th.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Allegheny College has the Monday holiday.

Lieut. Greely recently addressed the Brown students.

Princeton will have entrance examinations held at Denver, Col. this year.

A novel has been published lately, written by a Brown University Junior.

The University of Pennsylvania holds its one hundred and thirtieth commencement this year.

Ex-President Hayes' name is mentioned in connection with the presidency of Adelbert College, Ohio.

It is said that 50 Dartmouth students have been suspended until they pay for their tuition.

Prof. Libbey, of Princeton, is making a photographic exploring expedition to the wilds of Alaska.

Difficulty is experienced at Princeton in getting students to stay after examinations to commencement.

The New York Alumni of Princeton have been working hard to increase the size of the next Freshman class.

A party of Smith College ladies will be chaperoned through Germany, this summer, by their professor of German.

Edward Everett is to become an honorary member of the class of '86, Vassar, and will attend its exercises and reunions.

"At the University of Wisconsin a feature of field day was an egg-race. Each contestant was required to carry an egg on a shingle one hundred yards."

The committee in charge of Harvard's 250th Anniversary Exercises includes members of all the classes from '17 to '86. Bancroft, the historian, will represent '17.

Baker, '86, Harvard, recently broke the amateur records for 180 and 220 yards dashes. He ran the 180 yards in 17 seconds, thus also breaking the world's record for that distance.

Of six Yale Seniors who this year received the highest literary honors—the Townsend prizes for oratory,— one is captain of the base ball team, another is captain of the foot ball team, two rowed in their class crew, one played on the class nine, and the sixth is a good general athlete.

PEARL.

Once I went to a pic-nic
Along with a jolly girl;
It's lucky you don't know her, -
We'll say her name was Pearl.

She's much beyond description;
Her eyes,—yes, she has eyes,
And cheeks and a mouth, yes, a rose-bud
Which I thought about my size.

With a box of honey between us,
A box with panes of glass,
We sat right close together,
All cosily on the grass.

We each cut little dip-holes
In the comb of liquid sweet,
And dipped from them in silence; —
Sometimes our eyes would meet.

I watched the rose-bud closely,
Too closely far, I fear,
And grudged the lot of the honey,
As I saw it disappear.

I saw so very gently,
Her eyes with pleasure beam,
That at last I whispered to her,
"Let's join our honey stream."

So Pearl she cut a channel,
Across the golden comb,
A channel joins the dip-holes,
The streams together roam.

Two other streams united,—
Four lips became as one—
Two vows in silence plighted,
And the magic deed was done.

CRICKET.

The class match between '87 and '88 was very close and consequently exciting. '88 won finally by one wicket to spare. '87 went to the bat first and did little but careless work. Evans made a wonderful catch at drive, and Garrett and Morris bowled well the first innings. For '88, Patterson did the best work, using his captaincy to good effect. Here is the score:

'87.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
E. C. Lewis, b. Patterson	3	b. Patterson	2
H. W. Stokes, b. Sharp	5	ct. Morris, b. Patterson	17
A. C. Garrett, ct. Morris, b. Patterson	9	b. Patterson	8
W. E. Hacker, ct. Hilles, b. Patterson	5	ct. Morris, b. Patterson	5
P. H. Morris, b. Collins	16	b. Patterson	0
F. H. Strawbridge, b. Collins	0	ct. Morris, b. Sharp	2
C. H. Bedell, b. Collins	0	not out	1
H. Y. Evans, not out	0	b. Patterson	0
J. E. Philips, ct. Lewis, b. Collins	0	ct. Patterson, b. Sharp	3
J. H. Adams, ct. and b. Patterson	0	absent	—
F. L. Young, b. Collins	0	b. Sharp	0
Extras	8	Extras	8
Total	46	Total	46

'88.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
F. Morris, b. Garrett	2	b. Garrett	8
G. S. Patterson, not out	32	ct. Morris, b. Stokes	2
J. Sharp, hit wkt, b. Morris	1	ct. Lewis, b. Morris	10
F. Collins, ct. Stokes, b. Morris,	0	ct. and b. Garrett	0
J. V. Hilles, run out	5	ct. Lewis, b. Stokes	0
R. J. Morris, b. Garrett	1	ct. Evans, b. Garrett	10
T. J. Orbison, ct. Morris, b. Garrett	2	b. Garrett	0
W. D. Lewis, b. Morris	0	not out	3
G. B. Roberts, ct. Strawbridge, b. Garrett	4	run out	2
E. Pope, b. Morris	1	run out	0
L. P. Beidelman, b. Morris	0	not out	0
Extras	4	Extras	5
Total	52	Total	41

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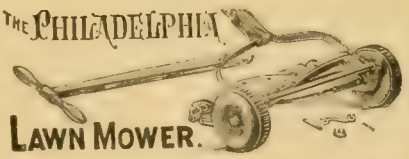

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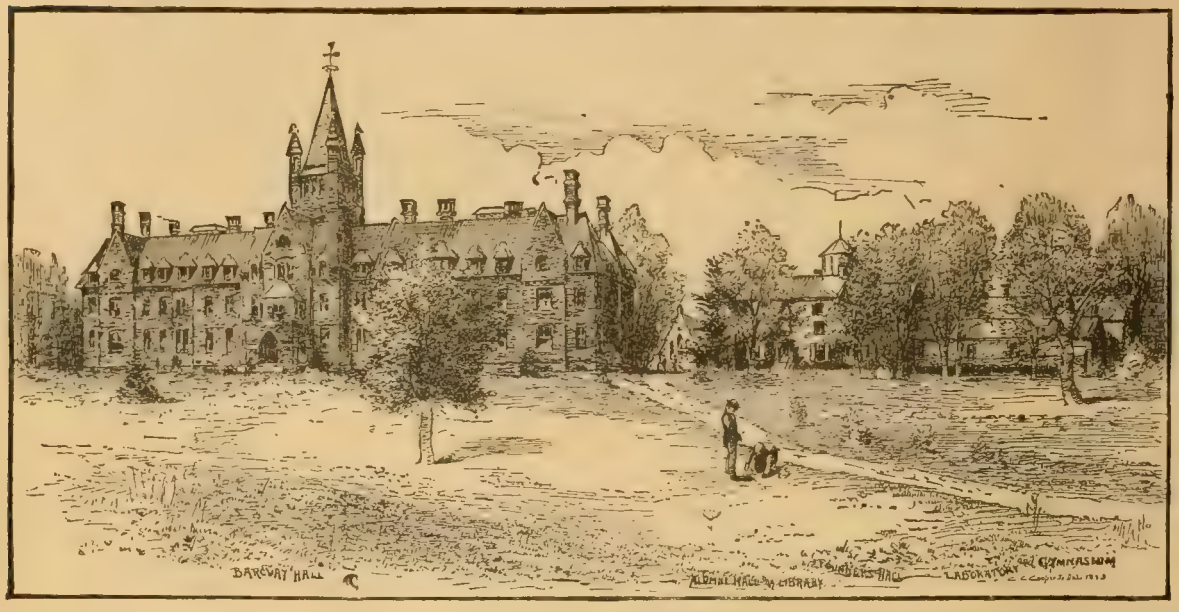

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